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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 7. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:40.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Emerald Slippers—A fantasy, primarily for children, by José Alcarez. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 1 and 3:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6.)... **butterflies are free:** Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **forty carats:** Zsa Zsa Gabor and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) ... **no place to be somebody:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Wally Taylor, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **plaza suite:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Danielle Darrieux heads the cast of this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Company—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé as* they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays, except Sept. 8, through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **The Fantasticks:** Bread, butter, honey. Haines, come in. The grub is ready. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **Fiddler on the Roof:** Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts. Where's the sugar? O, jay, there's no milk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) ... **Hello, Dolly!:** Stephen fetched the loaf and the pot of honey and the buttercooler from the locker. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **Hair:** A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **Man of La Mancha:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **Oh! Calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **Promises, Promises:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) ... **You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

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BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of a two-week non-subscription season—Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 2:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Friday, Sept. 4, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustre," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Tarantella," "Agon," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 6, at 1:15: "Bugaku," "In the Night," "Tarantella," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Gary Visconti, Marei Langenbein, and Anna Galmarini. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day. Closes Sunday, Sept. 13.)

OUTDOORS

New York Dance Festival—Final performances in a two-week series of free performances. Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 8: Ballet Brio, Lar Lubovitch and Company, Donald McKayle Dance Company, and Traditional Jazz Dance Company.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8: Matteo's Indo-American Dance Company, Lar Lubovitch and Company, Donald McKayle Dance Company, and Traditional Jazz Dance Company.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 4, at 8: Ballet Brio, Lar Lubovitch and Company, Bonnie Mathis and Dennis Wayne, and Talley Beatty Company.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 4 (primarily for children): Talley Beatty Company, and Ballet Team.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8: Twyla Tharp and Company, Cliff Keuter and Carla Wolfangle, Rudy Perez, Ballet Team, Dance Theatre Workshop, and Ellen Klein and Company.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 6, at 4 (primarily for children): Matteo's Indo-American Dance Company, and Ballet Team.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 6, at 8: Rain date for Saturday, Sept. 5. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **The Sound of Music**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer-composer Bert Sommer will trade sets with folk-rockers Hackamore Brick until Wednesday, Sept. 9, when the Chapins and Randy Newman will take charge. Performances at nine-fifteen and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are different, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. From eleven to three, well-wrought electrified jazz comes from Joe Beck's guitar and piano, assisted by Tony Levin's bass. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—A popular spot that uses brick walls and candlelight to enhance its ambience of modish intimacy. Some idiosyncratic jazz (Blue Lou meets the Farmer in the Dell) from eleven until one on piano and electric bass and guitar. Advanced dining. No music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The eponymous axe is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. (Individualists will be delighted—groupies will be disappointed.) The current guitarist is Attila Zoller. On Sunday, Sept. 6, he will make way for Skeeter Best, who on Wednesday, Sept. 9, will hand things back to Zoller. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Infra-Mason-Dixon dining.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, who—when he is in there swinging—plays a tenor sax that has few contemporary equals, blends his skills with those of Mousey Alexander, Victor Sproles, and Ross Tompkins. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that usually includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A hot time in the old banjo palace. If the music doesn't zap you (and it may), you can contemplate an old fire engine, some stuffed specimens of *Ursus maritimus*, movies on the wall, and peanut shells on the floor. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Twang! went the banjo, six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody looked so jolly, wearing fake straw hats and

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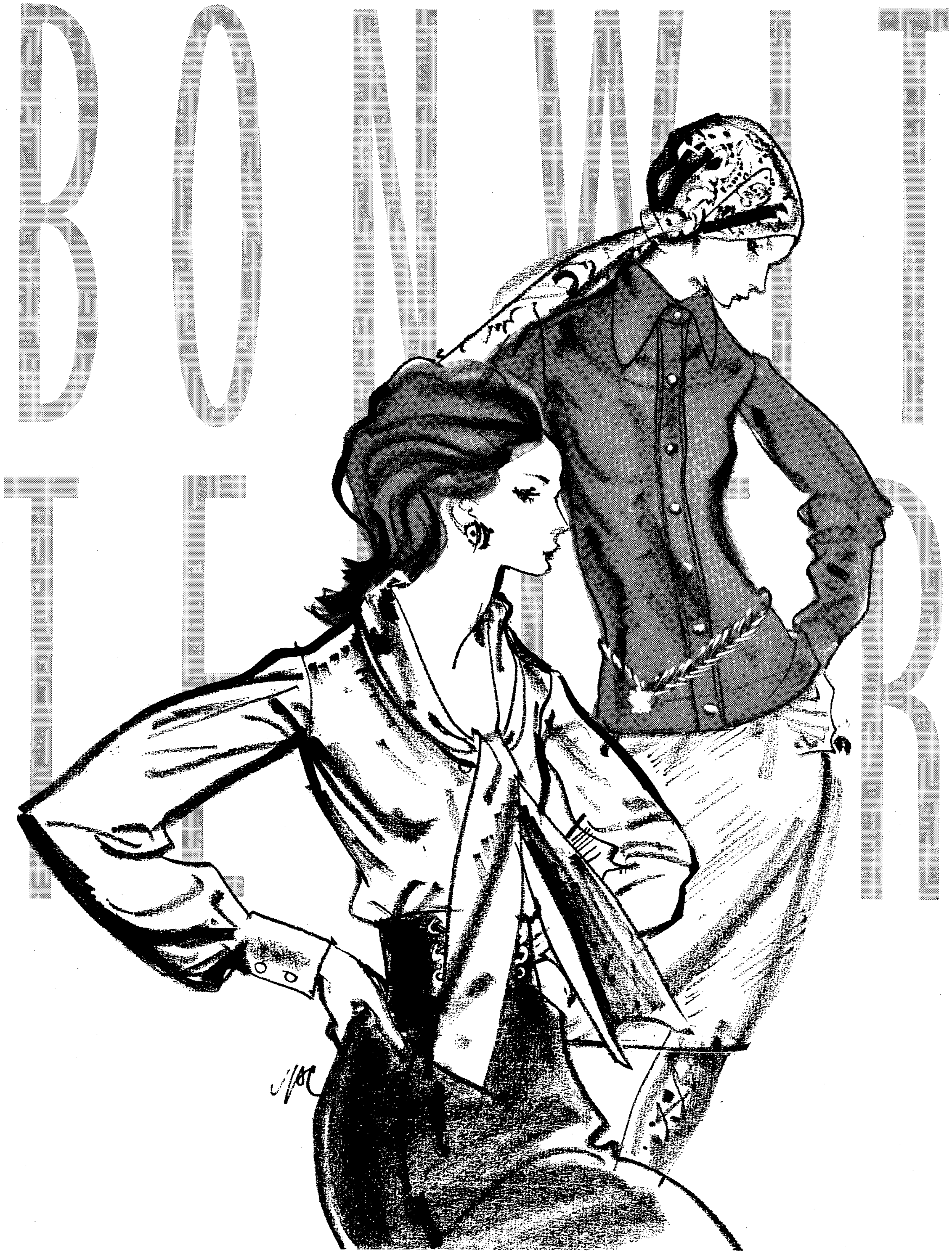

frilly garters, that it seemed that all the happy, friendly folks would never leave, but they did. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable part of town. (Taxis may be hard to find when you leave. Beware of cumulonimbus clouds.) Jazz most nights from nine until closing by a quartet whose leader, Elvin Jones, drums without remorse. On Monday, Sept. 7, a group led by another able drummer, Roy Haynes, will come in. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, Charles Mingus's trio, which he calls his Jazz Workshop, plays some solidly grounded exploratory stuff for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: A rock policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Through Saturday, Sept. 5, the Unspoken Word; Sunday, Sept. 6, 7th Century; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 8-10, J. F. Murphy and Free Flowing Salt; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, Jake and the Family Jewels. Music from ten Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—The Charles Rouse quartet is onstage in this small and funky basement. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 7-12, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band will perform. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Bill Lee and Lance Hayward Thursday through Sunday.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est quoi?* Well, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The *discaire* switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, adequate dancing (from ten to three or four), and a well-developed cuisine. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—An intelligently run restaurant that opens one of its glittery, soft-carpeted rooms to dancing two nights a week. The recorded music continues from eleven until three on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. Reservations required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—The *doyenne* of New York discothèques, having been around practically as long as rock itself. The restrained recorded music—more Warwick than Hendrix—runs from nine to three or four. On weekends, reservations are recommended. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—From the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, patrons look out on Midtown glitter—dancing, as it were, in a neon ionosphere. Live groups alternate with records. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—Again the heights, this time with a fine view of the Park, and with an interior graced with colored lights and wicker animals. Many well-chosen recordings. Dancing from ten every night. Dinner until eleven. Reservations are recommended.

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Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—In the heart of Yorkville, a basement has been turned into a facsimile of a street, with real shops, some bars, some café tables, and pavement on which people are encouraged to dance to 45s—which they do from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Descend a flight and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The bill of fare is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; Sundays, Thursdays, and Saturdays begin at two. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Come into the garden, Maude, to sit, and sup, and dance under the spreading chestnut trees. Music from seven-thirty or so, and everyone indoors (including the music) if it rains.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, has good ideas about several matters of national concern, and a few of the solutions it offers are entertaining. The cast, though, operates on the premise that experience is not necessary. Nine-thirty and midnight, but not on Sundays. The revue closes Wednesday, Sept. 9.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Mediterranean (and subterranean) clearing house, predominantly Israeli because of Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, players and jokers. Plenty of other music, and plenty of life. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—On Thursday, Sept. 10, the Royal Box reopens, and every night but Sunday Totie Fields' casual broad-beam humor will be available during dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans, keenly devoted to the welfare of all dance music, will do the tunes here.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A celebrated Freedom Rider (she has her native Cuba on her mind) is Olga Guillot, whose arias are equally passionate about other topics. No silent evenings, ever, on these premises. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Juan Jimenez and the voice of José Sordiall. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—As though there were not enough songbirds in captivity (the record companies supply the gilded cages), we now have Donna Theodore on tap for the main event. She will be replaced, on Thursday, Sept. 3, by Dick Jensen, a tenor Pied Piper of some standing. No quiet nights here. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Las Vegas. No quiet nights here, either.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—A large specimen of Moon Rock is on display, provided by the Canadian armada named Illustration, which sounds like no r. & r. outfit on Earth. A dance group is likewise in session. Closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room will be restored to life on Wednesday, Sept. 9, with songs by Joey Heatherton during the dinner hour (she'll be on hand at dinner and supper thereafter). The bands of Burt Farber and Marke Monte will be returned to office the same evening. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room's autumn concerts, from seven to ten-thirty (Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano), will resume on Tuesday, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (nine to one, except Sundays and Labor Day).

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The end of a glorious reign arrives on Saturday, Sept. 5, when Duke Ellington and his men-at-arms move out of this mountain fastness. The benign Jonah Jones brings in his trumpet and his crew on Tuesday, Sept. 8. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday and Labor Day, and dance music commences at eight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On Wednesday, Sept. 9, the Maisonette resumes its career, which will involve, as always, feast (not famine) and footwork by the guests. No larks, nightingales, or tenors on the podium this season, though. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 8, Ray Hartley, pride of Australian drawing-room pianists and a ranking pianist in this country, enters La Boite (across the way), which otherwise deals only in feast.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 9, and Diana Ross will be the soprano at dinner the first night, at dinner and supper from then on. Dance music the rest of the time.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at

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knowing your zipper is broken...
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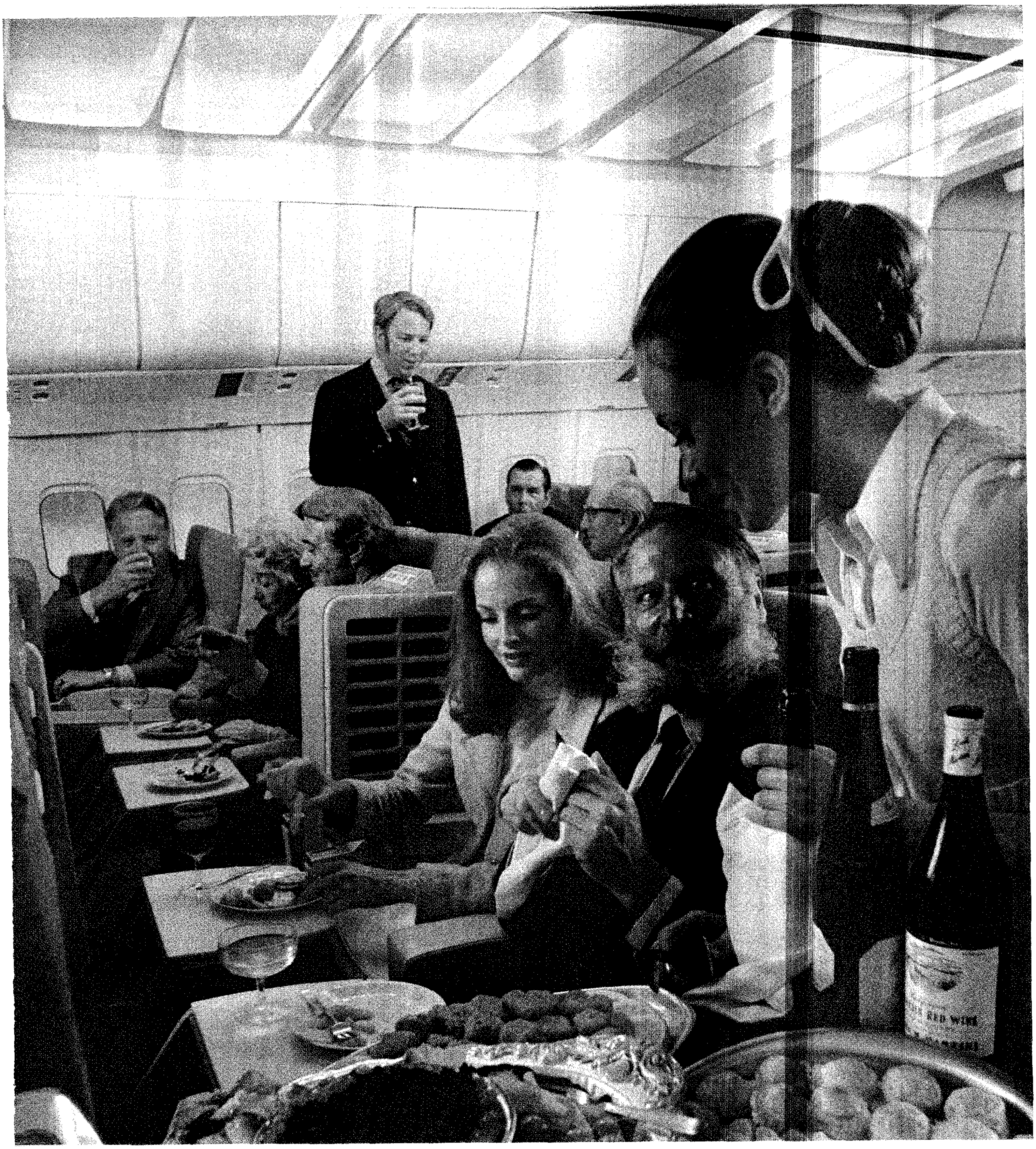

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and an eight-foot-high ceiling. You can get up and walk around and feel perfectly at home doing it.

The cabin is eight seats and two broad aisles wide. All seating is two abreast, the seats themselves generously wide and deep. The sort you'd like to take home for your den. There will be movies, wide screen of course. And superb, unharried service from the TriStar galley downstairs.

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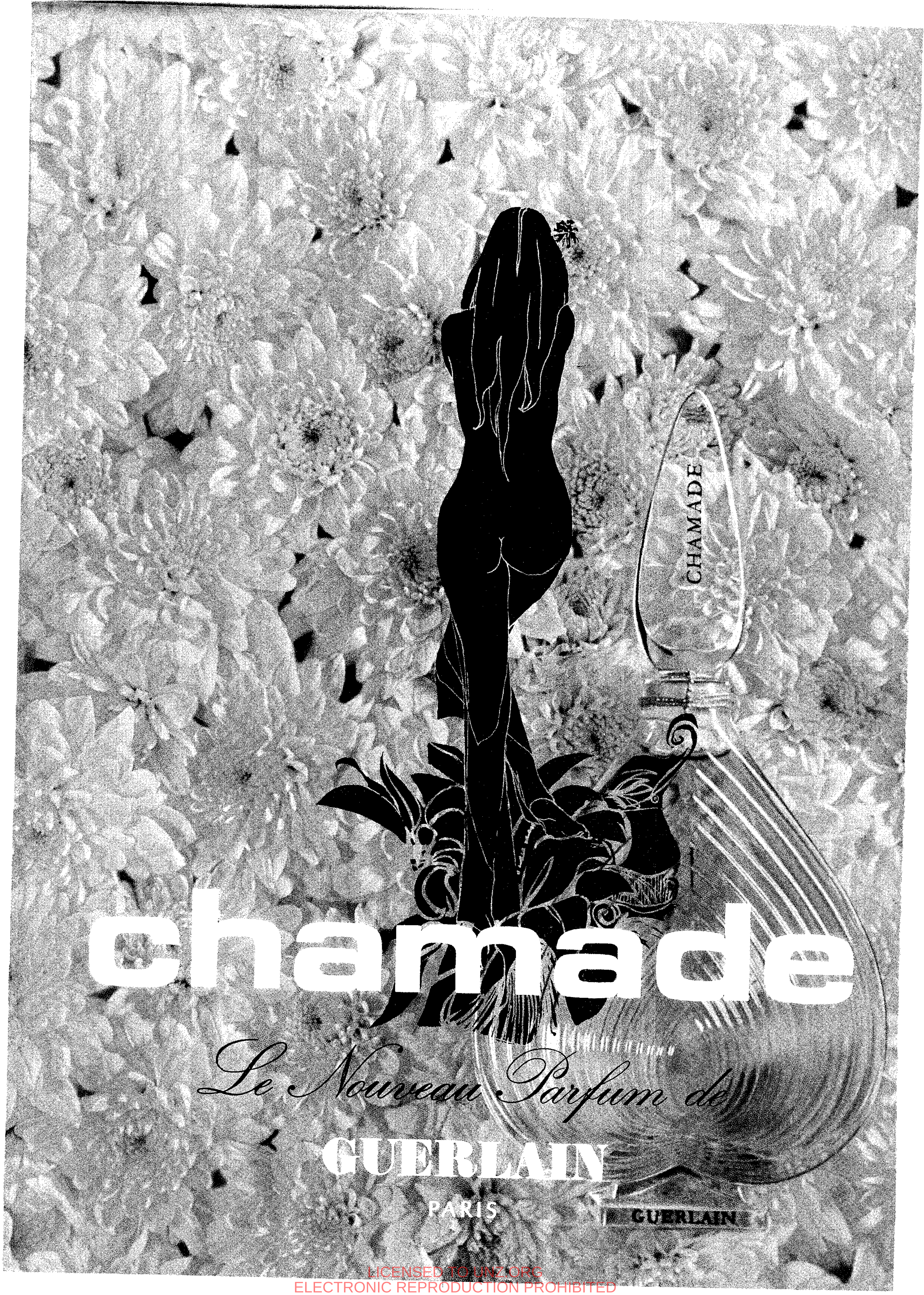
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37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by an Athenian dance quartet intent indeed upon its happy work, not to mention liberal helpings of song. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 9. Rita Dimitri, who lives in, will perch herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour and chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of, and mild dance music will start rustling at eight. Fridays and Saturdays, Mlle. D. does a reprise at midnight. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The town's opera season opens on Wednesday, Sept. 9, and before the evening is over, every man jack, right down to the second salad chef, will have had a crack at "Rigoletto" and environs. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 9, as a souvenir of the Budapest of another day. Béla Babai's orchestra will adumbrate, and Tibor Rakossy will be lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Dancing. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On Thursday, Sept. 10, Bobby Short and his two musketeers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, begin a new season for connoisseurs of the sung word.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five-thirty until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody. George Feyer's eminently satisfying summertime stand-in. He is on point duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Eureka, Europa! The old Viennese salon as before, with a dance trio setting to at half past eight during the week, at seven-thirty Sunday and Monday. Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who are given to food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina, are prevalent, too, but the only instrument they play on Sunday and Monday is hooky. They begin at five-thirty. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a far-away one, but still of the original Village villagey. On the lower deck, circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two; every night but Sunday, there is loose-limbed piano on the top deck. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): Care and thought have gone into preparing the open-air court for diners (there are even umbrellas to ward off City Fallout) and listeners (music, electrified, from noon to two-thirty, from eight to one, except Sundays). . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holiday that this place has been having ends on Wednesday, Sept. 9, when all troops, including the local itinerant musicians, are recalled to the colors in the forum.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed on Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

MAX PECHSTEIN (1881-1955)—Oils and watercolors by the well-known German Expressionist; through Sept. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Saturday, Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Sept. 27. (Closed mornings.). . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 16. (Open Saturdays, noon to 5.). . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: New works by gallery artists, among them Bishop, Peirce, Cadmus, Vickery, Rosenthal, and Sepeshy; through Sept. 26. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by such gallery artists as Elizabeth Frink, William Pye, Augustine Filipovic, and Sue Fuller; through Friday, Sept. 11. . . . **TIROCHE,** 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist and School of Paris artists; through Sept. 14.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown, starting Friday, Sept. 4, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 20.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Monday, Sept. 7. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 4. On Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 2-3, at 2, 3, and 4, in the Nineteenth-Century America galleries, the Chamber Players of New York will perform nineteenth-century American music.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on

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paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ "Information," a compilation of works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20. On Mondays at 3:30 and on Wednesdays at noon, a program of short films is shown in connection with this exhibition. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions—a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 13. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged. . . . ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, weekdays, 6 to 10.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twenty-two large dramatic scenes depicting events in the trek of the Mormons to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, painted by Carl Christensen, a member of the colony who made the trip; through Monday, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Visionary architecture and city planning exploring possibilities of future living by Paolo Soleri, an Italian-born architect who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Letters, clippings, and objects sent to the artist Ray Johnson in response to designs and other materials he has been forwarding through the mail to prominent members of the art world; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 15—Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 7:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Mary Cross Lueders, Norman Treigle, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 10, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 11, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Elaine Bonazzi, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Mary Cross Lueders, Norman Treigle, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and David Clements. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

THE BYRDS; DELANEY, BONNIE & FRIENDS; AND GREAT JONES—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

NAUMBURG ORCHESTRA—Emerson Buckley conducting excerpts from Gounod's "Faust" and Boito's "Mefistofele," with Patricia Craig, soprano; Beverly Evans, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; and Malcolm Smith, bass. The final concert of the season. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 2, and Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 4, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 5-6, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Montreal, Monday, Sept. 7, at 1:05 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, Sept. 8, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, Sept. 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 11, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2:15.

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Croton Point Park, Harmon. Sunday, Sept. 6.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—FRIDAY, SEPT. 11: Southern University vs. North Carolina A. & T. (benefit game), at Yankee Stadium, at 8. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 12:** Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Colgate, at Annapolis, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Browns, exhibition game. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 5-7.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 10-13.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 12.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 5; the Governor Nicolls, Monday, Sept. 7; and the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays and Labor Day between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30, and through Labor Day from the Consolidated Bus Terminal, 201 W. 41st St., between 9:30 and 11:30.)

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Sept. 2, through Sunday, Sept. 13. Weekdays at 12:30; Sundays at 1. For information about tickets, call 564-4400.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays, except Labor Day, at 8:15, and Labor Day at 2:15; last day Saturday, Nov. 14.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

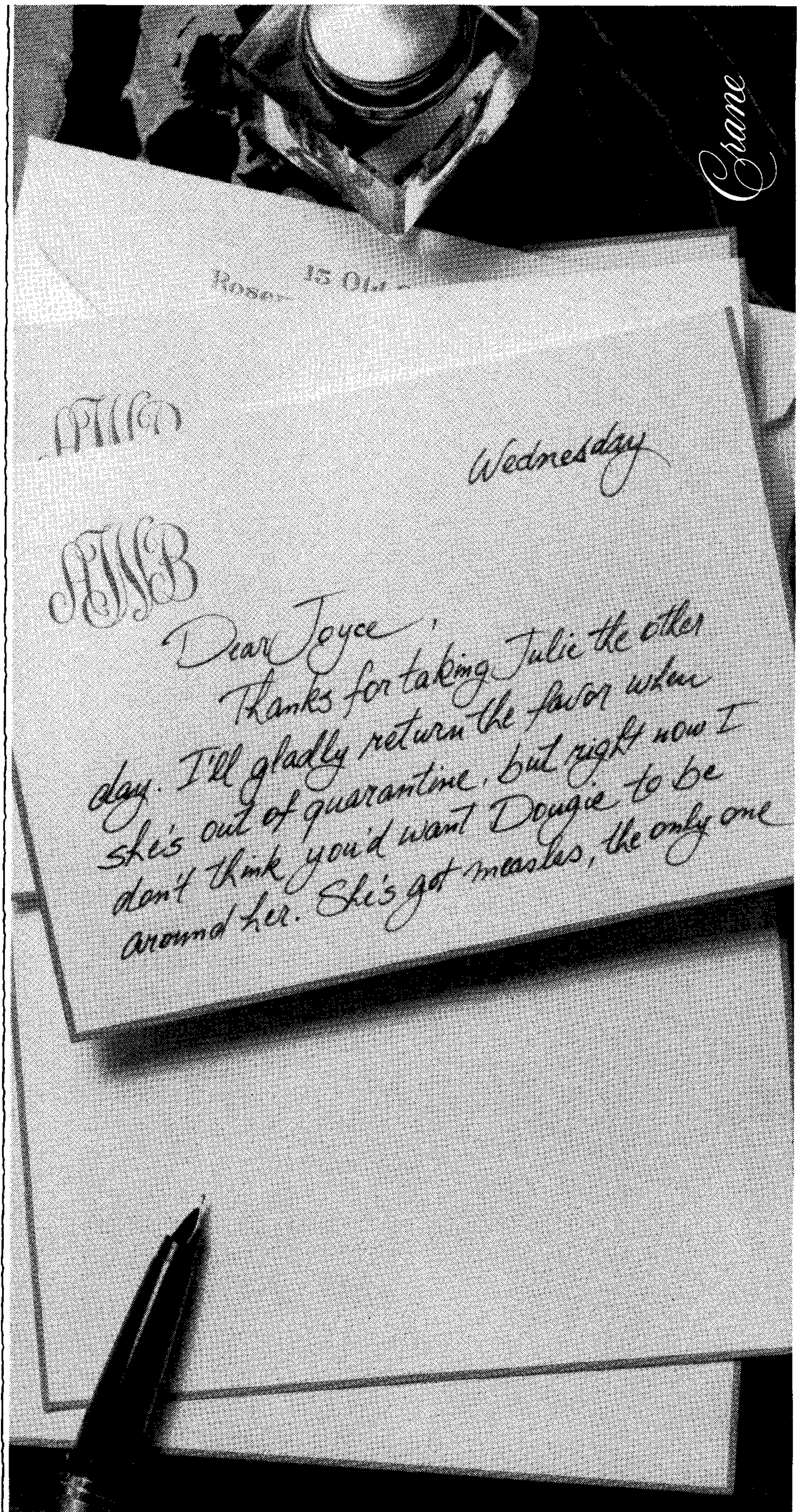
NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The first programs in an eleven-day series of international films—At PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424). Thursday, Sept. 10, at 9: "The Wild Child" (France).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 11, at 9:30: "Five Easy Pieces" (United States).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 4: "Zorn's Lemma" (United States) and "Double Pisces" (Great Britain).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 9:30: "Le Boucher" (France/Italy).... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911). Friday, Sept. 11, at 6:30: "Wind from the East" (Italy/France).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 6:30: "Othon" (West Germany/Italy).... NOTE: Special films illustrating various cinematographic techniques, styles, and concerns will be shown concurrently with the Festival from Thursday, Sept. 10, through Wednesday, Sept. 30, at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts (874-4070) and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 25-27, at Alice Tully Hall (362-1911). The schedule is rather complicated, so it would be best to call the box offices for details.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Eight programs in a series of films directed by George Cukor: Sept. 2 at 2 and 5:30, "Camille" (1937); Sept. 3 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Dinner at Eight" (1933); Sept. 4 at 2 and 5:30 and Sept. 5 at 3 and 5:30, "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932); Sept. 6 at 2 and 5:30 and Sept. 7 at 1:30, "Little Women" (1933); Sept. 8 at 5:30, "What Price Hollywood" (1932); Sept. 9 at 2 and 5:30, "Camille" (1937); Sept. 10 at 2 and 5:30, "Romeo and Juliet" (1936); Sept. 10 at 8, "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936).... ¶ Sept. 5 at 11:30: "Casablanca" (1943), with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.... ¶ Sept. 7 at 6 and Sept. 8 at 2: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Sept. 2 at 4 and 6: "Applause" (1929), with Helen Morgan.... ¶ Sept. 3 at 4 and 6: "The Major and the Minor" (1942), with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland.... ¶ Sept. 4 at 4 and 6: "The Heiress" (1949), with Olivia de Havilland and Montgomery Clift.... ¶ Sept. 5 at 4 and 6: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934), with Marlene Dietrich.... ¶ Sept. 6 at 4 and 6: "Belle of the Nineties" (1934), with Mae West.... ¶ Sept. 9 at 4: "Once a Lady" (1931), with Ruth Chatterton.... ¶ Sept. 10 at 4 and 6: "The Lady Eve" (1941), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St.—The final programs in a five-week series of international films from the Cinémathèque Française, in Paris. Sept. 2 at 6: Rossellini's "Apostles, Part I" (Italy, 1969; no English titles).... ¶ Sept. 2 at 9: Rossellini's "Apostles, Part II" (Italy, 1969; no English titles).... ¶ Sept. 3 at 6: Schroeter's "Eikka Katappa" (West Germany, 1970).... ¶ Sept. 3 at 9: A tribute to Darryl F. Zanuck. (For information about tickets, call 879-5500, Ext. 656.)... EISNER AND LUBIN AUDITORIUM, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.—Additional films from the Cinémathèque Française are being shown, through Sept. 4, at 2 and 4. For information about programs, call 598-3015.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Sept. 13 (day), Sept. 18 (night), Sept. 19-20 (d), Sept. 29 (n), Sept. 30 (d), and Oct. 1 (n).... YANKEE STADIUM: Sept. 15 (twi-night doubleheader), Sept. 16 (night), Sept. 17 (day), Sept. 21-23 (n), Sept. 25 (twi-night doubleheader), and Sept. 26-27 (d).... AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES: Start Oct.



Wednesday

Dear Joyce,
Thanks for taking Julie the other day. I'll gladly return the favor when she's out of quarantine, but right now I don't think you'd want Dougie to be around her. She's got measles, the only one around her.

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when words alone are not enough

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Albany — *De Witt Clinton* Sept. 18*, 19
Baltimore — *Lord Baltimore* Oct. 24*, 26
Buffalo — *Statler-Hilton* Sept. 8, 9, 10
Charlotte — *White House Inn* Oct. 31*, Nov. 2
Cincinnati — *Netherland Hotel* Oct. 2*, 3, 5, 6
Cleveland — *Statler-Hilton* Oct. 7*, 8, 9, 10, 12
Columbus — *Neil House* Sept. 21*, 22
Dallas — *Hotel Adolphus* Sept. 24*, 25, 26, 28, 29
Dayton — *Sheraton-Dayton* Sept. 30*, Oct. 1
Denver — *Brown Palace Hotel* Sept. 8*, 9, 10, 11, 12
Detroit — *Sheraton-Cadillac* Sept. 28*, 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3
Greensboro — *O'Henry Hotel* Oct. 29*, 30
Houston — *Texas State Hotel* Sept. 14*, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
Indianapolis — *Hilton Hotel* Sept. 18*, 19
Kansas City, Mo. — *Muehlebach* Sept. 14*, 15, 16
Louisville — *Brown Hotel* Oct. 6*, 7, 8
Memphis — *Sheraton-Peabody* Oct. 1*, 2, 3
Minneapolis — *Radisson Hotel* Oct. 20*, 21, 22
New Orleans — *Roosevelt Hotel* Sept. 8*, 9, 10, 11
Omaha — *Blackstone Hotel* Nov. 21*, 23
Philadelphia — *Bellevue-Stratford* Oct. 20*, 21, 22, 23
Richmond — *The Jefferson* Oct. 27*, 28
Rochester — *Hotel Sheraton* Sept. 11*, 12, 14
San Antonio — *Gunter Hotel* Sept. 21*, 22
St. Louis — *Gateway Hotel* Oct. 7*, 8, 9, 10
Syracuse — *Hotel Syracuse* Sept. 15*, 16, 17
Toledo — *Commodore Perry* Oct. 5, 6
Tulsa — *Alvin Plaza* Nov. 16*, 17

Hours from 9:30 to 6 unless specified. Last day closes at noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3. . . . **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Oct. 10 in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 13.)

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sept. 27.). . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 3.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 19:** Army vs. Baylor, at West Point, and Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 26:** Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton; Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Northeastern, at Cambridge; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 3:** Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence; Fordham vs. St. Peter's, at Fordham; Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 10:** Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover; Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

Professional Football—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Chicago Bears, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Oct. 11. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, Oct. 10.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N. J. Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Sept. 20 and 28 (exhibition games) and Oct. 14 (first official game of the season here).

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 17-20.). . . ¶ Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 26.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 19.). . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 7 and 10.)

Sports-Car Racing—At **WATKINS GLEN:** Oct. 4. . . . **THOMPSON SPEEDWAY,** Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 3-4.

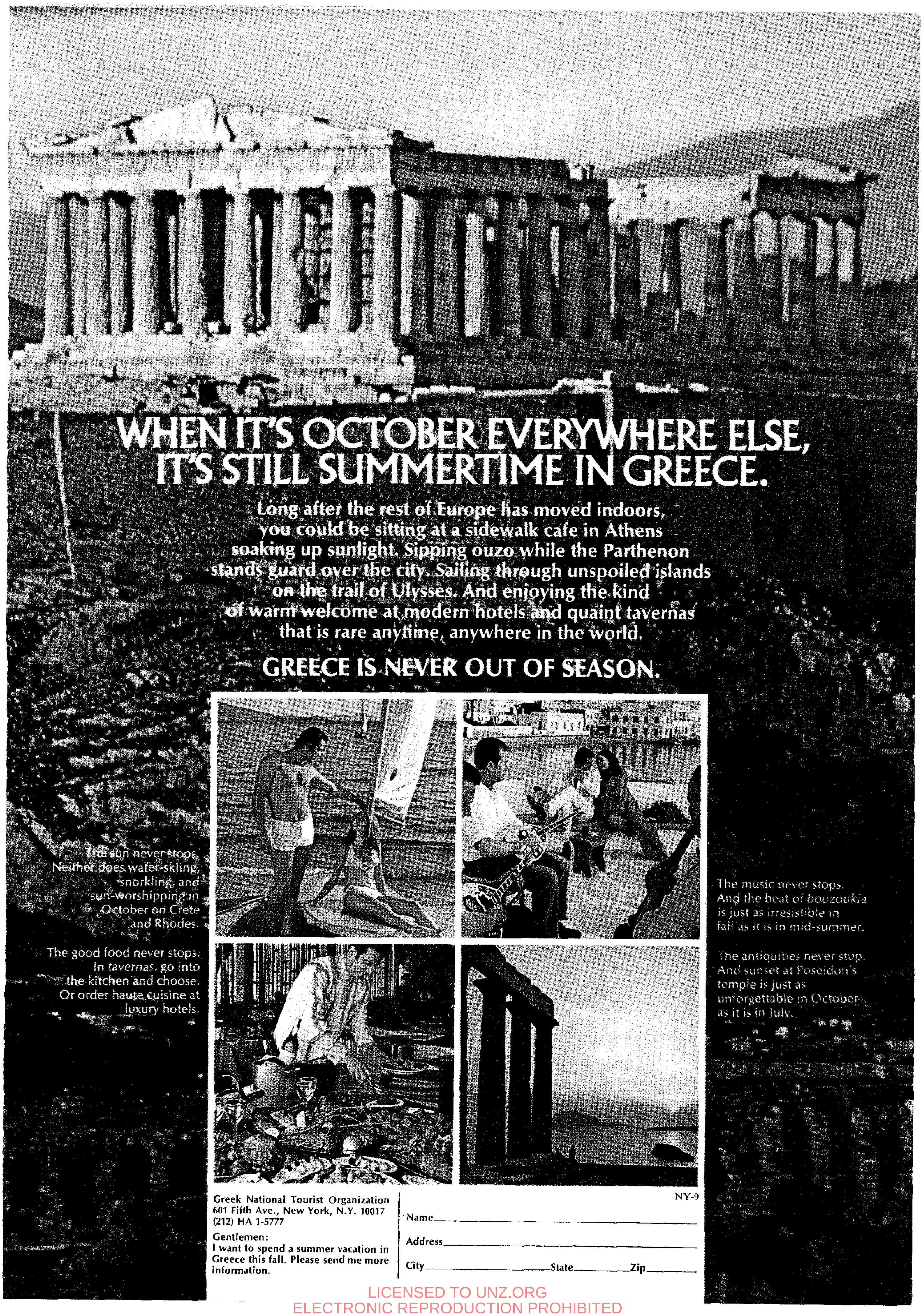
Yachting—America's Cup Races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 15.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season will open on Sept. 14, with Verdi's "Ernani," and will run through April 17. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Sept. 22 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 24 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ Sergio Franchi, tenor, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sept. 29. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Oct. 8. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE PLAYHOUSE** (535-5350): Fernando Valenti, harpsichord, Oct. 7. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (564-4400): The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of the Coldstream Guards and the Black Watch, Sept. 16-18 and 20.

Ballet—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Sept. 29-Nov. 8.

Theatre—Scheduled to open during the next several weeks are: A two-week engagement of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre's production of "Othello," with Moses Gunn in the title role. . . . ¶ "Bob and Ray—The Two and Only," a series of skits by Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding. . . . ¶ Paul Jones and Jeremy Clyde in a London import, "Conduct Unbecoming," by Barry England.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The twenty-fifth session of the United Nations General Assembly is scheduled to convene here on Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 3 elections, Oct. 3 and Oct. 5-6. . . . ¶ The Royal Lipizzan Stallion Show and the Wonderful World of Horses, at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 9-12. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Monday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 69th Regiment Armory, Oct. 12-18.



WHEN IT'S OCTOBER EVERYWHERE ELSE, IT'S STILL SUMMERTIME IN GREECE.

Long after the rest of Europe has moved indoors, you could be sitting at a sidewalk cafe in Athens soaking up sunlight. Sipping ouzo while the Parthenon stands guard over the city. Sailing through unspoiled islands on the trail of Ulysses. And enjoying the kind of warm welcome at modern hotels and quaint tavernas that is rare anytime, anywhere in the world.

GREECE IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON.

The sun never stops. Neither does water-skiing, snorkling, and sun-worshipping in October on Crete and Rhodes.

The good food never stops. In *tavernas,* go into the kitchen and choose. Or order haute cuisine at luxury hotels.

The music never stops. And the beat of *bouzoukia* is just as irresistible in fall as it is in mid-summer.

The antiquities never stop. And sunset at Poseidon's temple is just as unforgettable in October as it is in July.

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Take the aviation industry. In our very first issue—over 40 years ago—our major story was on "aeroplanes." Even though that was the heyday of the Graf Zeppelin, when a lot of supposedly "smart" money was riding on lighter-than-air machines as the best bet in air travel.

But to us, planes looked bigger. So we went to great lengths to tell the business community what the airplane industry was doing to remove the hazards from air travel.

That first big aviation article was written from a non-technical viewpoint. To inform potential investors, business travellers, long-range planners—anyone whose business might be affected by new developments in an expanding technology.

We're still at it. Recently, one of our major features was on the 747 jumbo jet. And the potential ups and downs of what could literally be the industry's biggest boon or biggest bane of the decade.

The point is, every week for four decades we've told businessmen what they need to know about the growing changes in business. The first issue covered business from Agriculture to Zeppelin. Just as we cover things today. All the major business news from A to Z is in one magazine. Fast.

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Business Week
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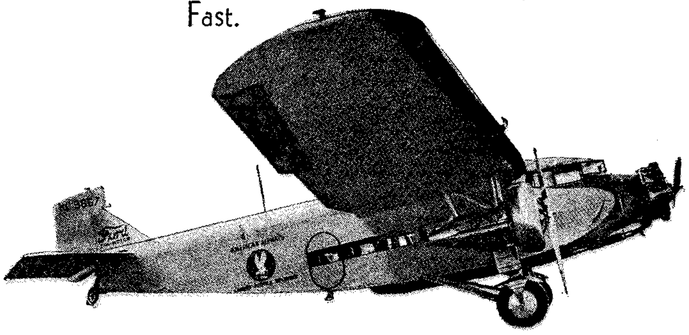
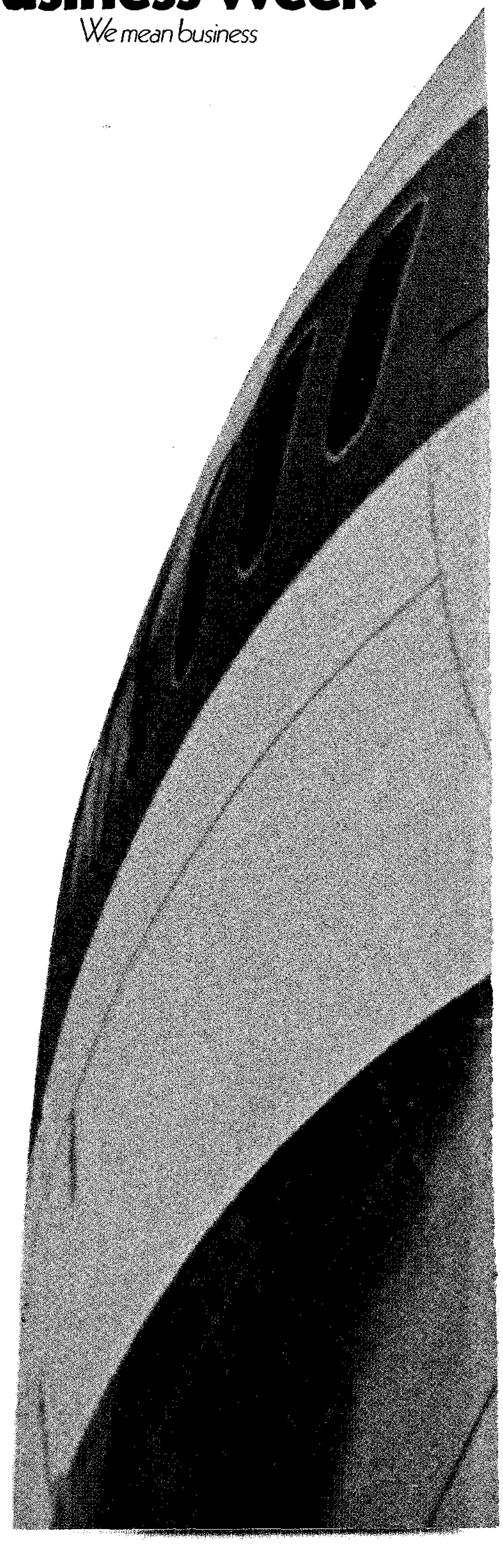
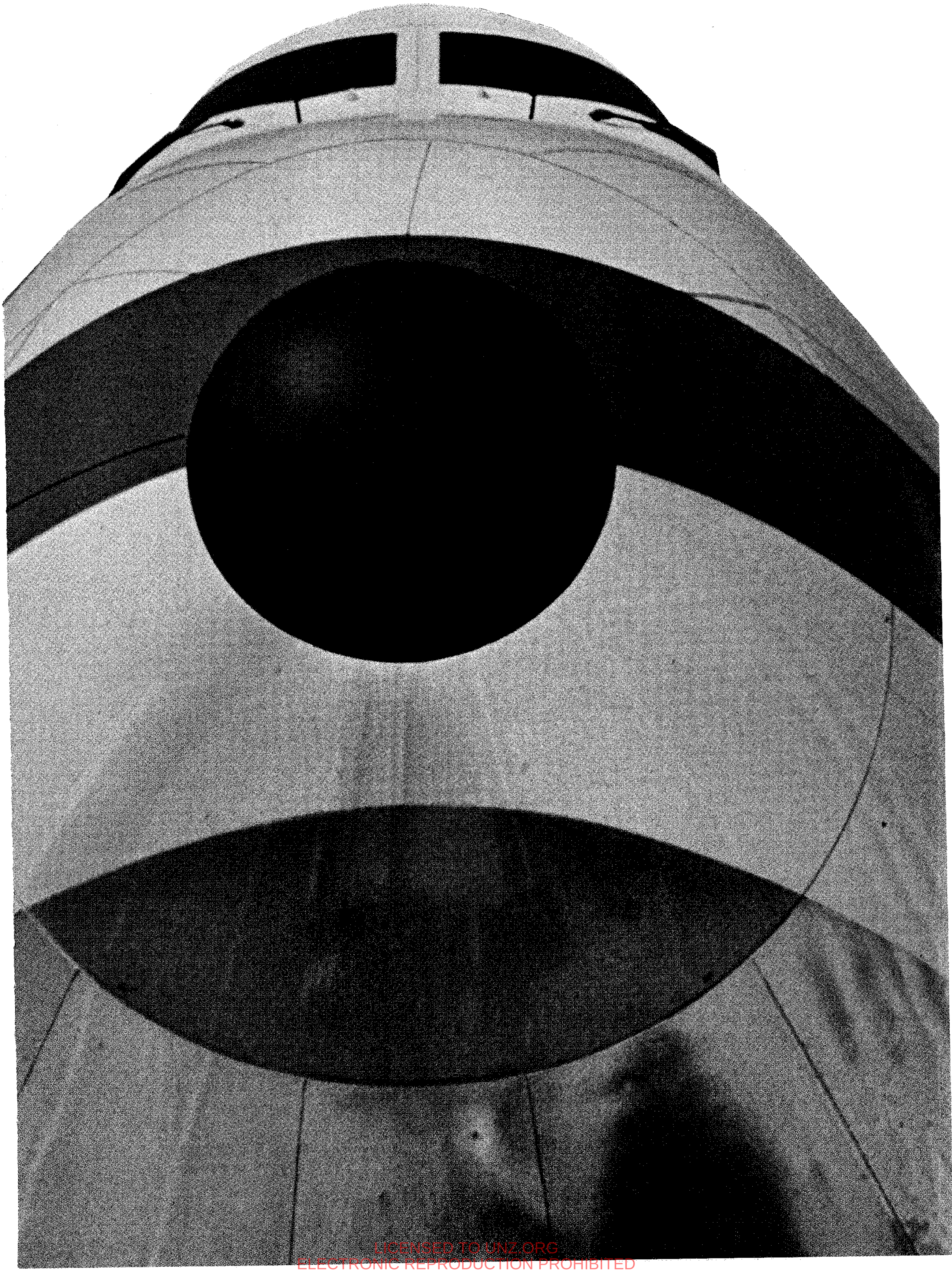




Ford Trimotor courtesy American Airlines 747 courtesy Pan American World Airways



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10		

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives his best performance as a self-centered working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 8.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece—a study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 3-7).

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 8-9.)

Belle of the Nineties (1934)—Without Cary Grant, the Mae West pictures didn't have much class, and in this tawdry melodrama, with Roger Pryor and Johnny Mack Brown opposite her, she isn't funny enough, either. But the tawdriness is so explicit that the movie is rather fascinating, and Miss West sings marvellous honky-tonk blues. With Duke Ellington. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 5.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630. . . . ¶ Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Sept. 8.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 3-9.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is perfect as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

Devi (1962)—Sharmila Tagore is the young girl who is led to believe she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali in Satyajit Ray's subtle, ironic film about Indian superstitions, which was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. Ray's feeling for the beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century land-owning class makes this one of the few honest films ever made about decadence. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in the affected *cinéma-vérité* film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 2.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting. Michael Ritchie directed. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 9.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A brilliant text by the late, young Joe Orton, scripted for film by Clive Exton, and directed by Douglas Hickox. Marvellously acted, very funny, and forcibly shocking. Beryl Reid, Alan Webb, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 9.)

Fellini Satyricon—For Fellini, pre-Christian Rome resembles a stoned circus. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 9.)

French-Cancan (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 10.)

Hard Contract (1969)—A political killer of the extreme middle, played by James Coburn, goes on a three-victim mission in Europe. Directed and written by S. Lee Pogostin. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 8.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a *Happening*—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.' " (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 2.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 10.)

Klondike Annie (1936)—Mae West and Victor McLaglen. They don't bring out the best in each other. Raoul Walsh directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 5.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., 674-3210; Sept. 2.)

Loving—An unusually intelligent film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that because he doesn't like his life. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., 674-3210; starting Sept. 10.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Orson Welles achieved some great sequences of family life; the Ambersons, his second film, has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it lacks the satirical dimensions and was not completed by Welles. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 3-7.)

M*A*S*H—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties during the Korean war. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's *cinéma-vérité* record of the 1967 Pop festival, with Otis Redding, Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, and Ravi Shankar. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 2.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style smothered his feeling for character, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Oh! What a Lovely War (1969)—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, *et al.* Richard Attenborough directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 9.)

One Plus One—Jean-Luc Godard's film about revolution in motion. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the world outside, likewise fidgety, at work, changing, and constantly falling apart, seems to be rehearsing something too. Godard makes his own special use of interviews, readings in bookshops, political cant spilled into tape-recorders. This is a beautiful picture, ferocious and poetic. Also called "Sympathy for the Devil." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 3-9.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 8-9.)

The Out-of-Towners—Prospective citizens of New York City come up against a holdup man named Murray, among other hazards of urban life. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; through Sept. 8.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 10.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this warhorse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high *kitsch*. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 6.)

Rembrandt (1936)—At times, the visual style seems more Vermeer than Rembrandt, but that's closer than most movies about painters get. Charles Laughton plays Rembrandt, Gertrude Lawrence plays the artist's shrewd housekeeper, and lovely young Elsa Lanchester is the kitchenmaid who becomes his mistress. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

The Revolutionary—Jon Voight, rather expressionless, in a good film directed by Paul Williams, aged twenty-five. It's about the changing course of a young radical from a bookish, well-heeled leftist into an activist, who ends the film with an unthrown bomb in his hand. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 9.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's best film for many years, and one of the most interesting documents about history and power that the cinema possesses. The director made it in 1965-66 for French-Italian television. The view is Brechtian, sly, funny, very intelligent; life in the splendid palaces is seen in all its mixture of luxe and squalor. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about the bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a strait jacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 10.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here (1969)—An ideological Western that sets out to demonstrate that America is a brutal, racist nation. Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian, Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 8.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's neo-realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés and yet, in its solemnity and beauty, it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

This Strange Passion ("El;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 8.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make a wild Gothic experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; starting Sept. 9.)

Woodstock—An amiable gloss on the Woodstock Festival. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Sept. 3.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and then through the city and university in "Aparajito," marries and, after the loss of his bride (the exquisite Sharmila Tagore), grows beyond self-consciousness to the destruction of his egotism and the rebirth of feeling. Rich and contemplative, and one of the rare modern films that is an affirmation. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

The Young and the Damned ("Los Olvidados;" 1952)—The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some great Surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 8.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 8.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 8: **Z** (in French).
From Sept. 9: **FELLINI SATYRICON** (in Italian).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Mandabi" (in Wolof); and "Antonio das Mortes" (in Portuguese).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
YELLOW SUBMARINE; and "Let It Be," the Beatles.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 8: **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS**; and "The Lawyer," Barry Newman.
From Sept. 9: **THE REVOLUTIONARY**; and **DOWNHILL RACER.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
EASY RIDER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe," Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
M*A*S*H.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Performance," Mick Jagger, James Fox.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Things of Life" (in French), Romy Schneider, Michel Piccoli.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pound," a Robert Downey film.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
PATTON.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Darker Than Amber," Rod Taylor, Suzy Kendall.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Borsalino" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Alain Delon.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Eldridge Cleaver."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife," Richard Benjamin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"A Quiet Place in the Country," Vanessa Redgrave, Franco Nero.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
To be announced.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The People Next Door," Eli Wallach, Julie Harris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Sept. 2: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and "Teorema" (1969; in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.
Sept. 3-9: "Diary of a Schizophrenic Girl" (in Italian); and "Last Summer" (1969), Barbara Hershey.
From Sept. 10: **LOVING**; and "A Walk in the Spring Rain," Anthony Quinn, Ingrid Bergman.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 8: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS**; and **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**
From Sept. 9: **WOMEN IN LOVE.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 8: "Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.
From Sept. 9: **ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE RISE OF LOUIS XIV (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 2: **IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PARTS I AND II** (both in Russian).
Sept. 3-7: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**; and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).
Sept. 8-9: **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** and **ORPHEUS** (both in French).
From Sept. 10: **KING KONG**; and **ROOM SERVICE.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 3: **WOODSTOCK.**
From Sept. 4: "Which Way to the Front," Jerry Lewis.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Darling Lili," Julie Andrews, Rock Hudson.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Soldier Blue," Candice Bergen.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
M*A*S*H.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Carry It On," a documentary film on Joan Baez and David Harris.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Ann and Eve," Gio Petré.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
8½ and **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (both in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone," Angela Lansbury, Michael York.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 8: "Sabata," Lee Van Cleef.
From Sept. 9: **WOMEN IN LOVE.**

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 8: **THE BOYS IN THE BAND**; and "The Grasshopper," Jacqueline Bissett, Jim Brown.
From Sept. 9: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 8: **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS**; and "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn.
From Sept. 9: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 2: **MONTEREY POP**; and **DON'T LOOK BACK.**
Sept. 3-9: **ONE PLUS ONE**; and **BREATHLESS** (in French).
From Sept. 10: **FRENCH-CANCAN** and **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (both in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 8: **HARD CONTRACT**; and "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!," Sidney Poitier.
From Sept. 9: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR**; and **DOWNHILL RACER.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 2: **ALFIE**; and **SOME LIKE IT HOT.**
Sept. 3: **LA TERRA TREMA** (in Sicilian dialect); and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).
Sept. 4: **STOLEN KISSES** and **A WOMAN IS A WOMAN** (both in French).
Sept. 5: **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**; and **KLONDIKE ANNIE.**
Sept. 6: **THE RED SHOES**; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; in French), Ludmila Tcherina.
Sept. 7: **HORSEFEATHERS**; and **MONKEY BUSINESS.**
Sept. 8: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish).
Sept. 9: **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII**; and **REMBRANDT.**
Sept. 10: **THE WORLD OF APU** and **DEVI** (both in Bengali).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

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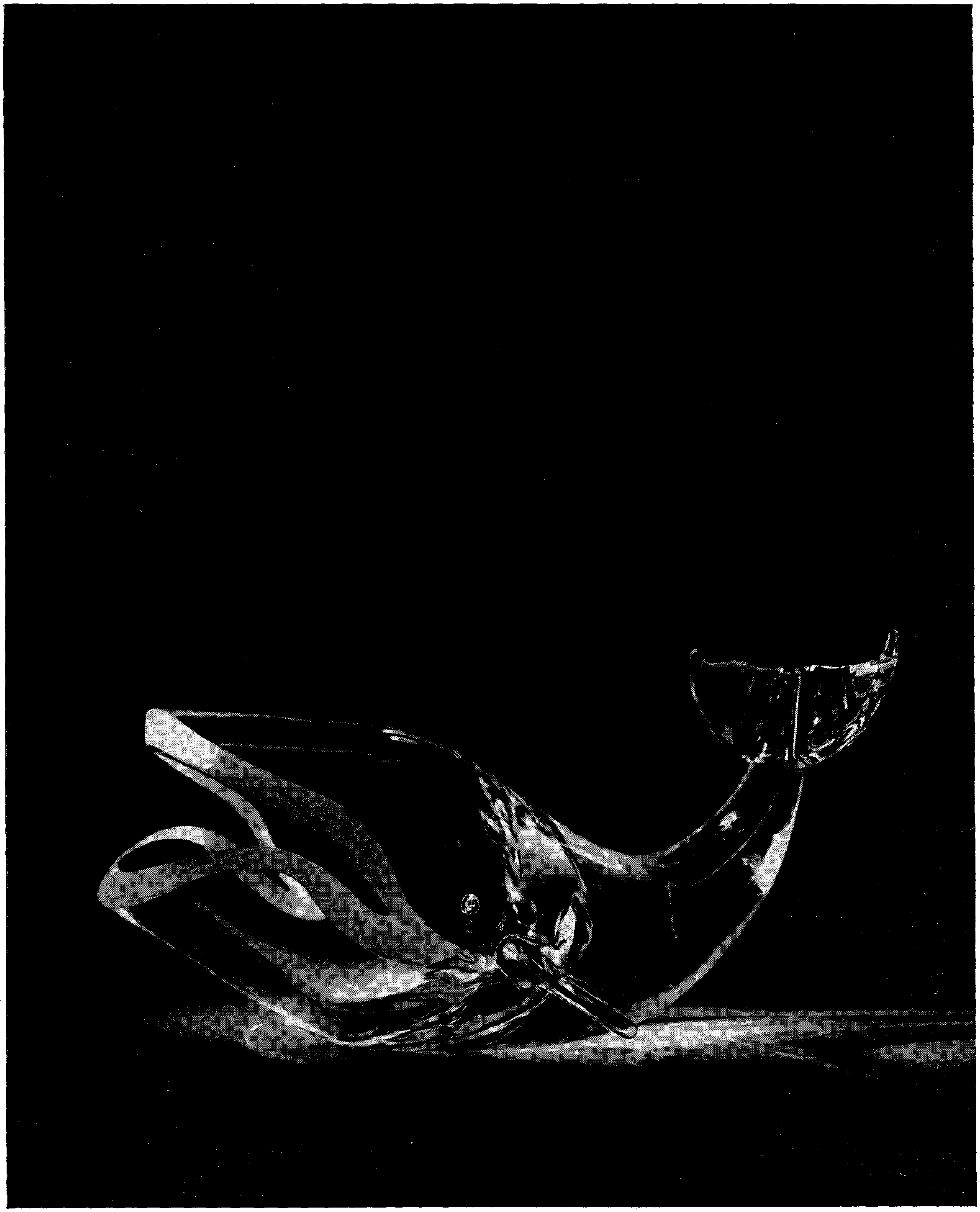

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A VACATIONING correspondent writes: "We see few newspapers here, and have no radio. Yet even so it was strange, the other night, to look out the window at bedtime and see that a brown bite had been taken, unannounced, out of the moon. 'It's a cloud,' my wife said. Minutes passed, and the bite remained. 'Nonsense,' said I, at last. 'It must be an eclipse.' 'But,' said she astutely, 'we haven't read about it in the newspapers.' As it happened, we *had* bought the *Times* that day, and I groped into the living room, eerie by broken moonlight, and located the blessed rag, and found nothing on its front page concerning eclipses, lunar explosions, or celestial portents. I broke the news—the lack of news—to my stargazing helpmeet, yet insisted, 'It looks like an eclipse to me.' 'It can't be,' she said, 'or it would have been in the papers,' and, this verdict given, she relaxed into the sleep of the just. For some more minutes, I, as surprised as any savage, watched the gentle progress across the full moon's top half of this shadow: the lower edge, I reasoned, of our own floating globe—the underside, Antarctica or China, in silhouette. If a sufficiently tall penguin or Maoist had stood up and waved his arms, I would have seen his image inverted on Mare Serenitatis. How precious and intimate, I mean to say, that sleepy little vigil was—me and my private eclipse, me and it and the shushing of the surf and the smell of the grass alone in the night. How rare, in this media-permeated age of the predicted and the forewarned and the judged likely, for the universe to be allowed to perform without the hissing of the prompter being heard. We also, let me add, see the stars here. Truly, they are fiery orbs, and seem to be headed someplace. We hear a lot about the man who invented the wheel or the man who invented the alphabet, but the fellow I feel close to sometimes is the man who, sleepless in the desert, first noticed that the stars overhead revolve. A bright spatter rigidly turning on an immense invisible disc. The hint of system must have been awesome. And the stars are awesome still, awesome and comforting, wonderfully untouchable; sometimes I look up and tell myself, 'Well, there's something we can't pollute.' "

The Park

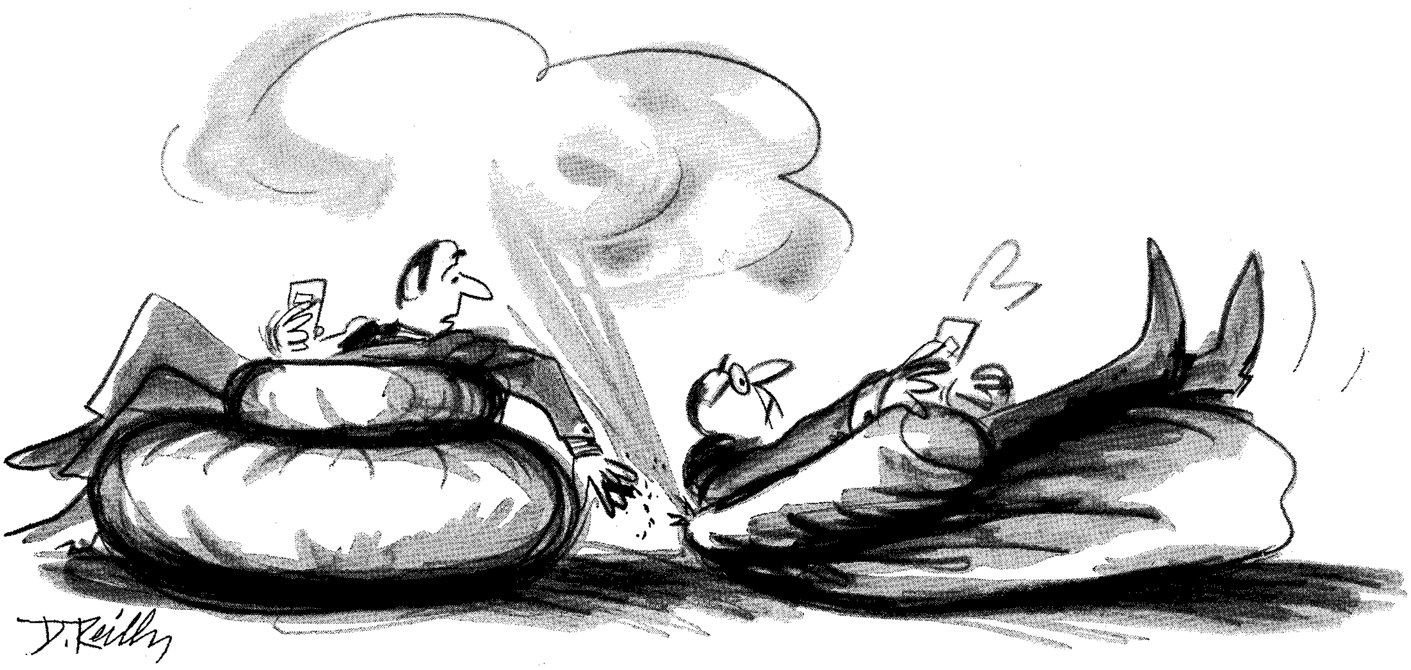
ENVIRONMENT! is the name not of a new musical but of one of the more imaginative and energetic private ecology-action groups that have sprung up in recent months. It has been busy on many fronts, but since the first week in June its main project has been the creation of a park on a vacant lot between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, west of Tenth Avenue, in Hell's Kitchen. Many of the kids who worked on the project drew their inspiration from the attempt to build a "people's park" in Berkeley, California—an episode that ended with mass demonstrations, arrests, and the killing of a bystander by police gunfire. Here in New York, the official response to unauthorized park-building has been dramatically different. Although the lot in question is owned by the Board of Education, and although the Environment! volunteers descended upon it with very little advance notice, the City took a tolerant, even encouraging attitude. Various agencies, including the Parks, Highways, and Police Departments, the Mayor's Office, and the Environmental Protection Administration, lent the project moral, and even some material, support. And, to make it all retroactively legal, the City's Department of Real Estate recently leased the property to Environment! for a dollar a month.

Last week, we visited The Park, as it is informally called (the formal name, New Earth Park, was dropped as too euphonious), to see how things were getting along. Graham Mackenzie Gordon, a twenty-nine-year-old architect who helped design The Park, and who prefers to be called Mac, showed us around. The Park is in the middle of a long block, and there are parking lots on either side of it. It consists of a rectangular patch of grass that extends from street to street and is big enough to play softball on, and an adjacent smaller rectangle that has been paved over and provided with four backboards for basketball. There is a berm, or artificial hillock, at one end of the grassy patch, and a path lined with flowers and benches runs between the asphalt and the grass. Beyond the berm are several remarkable pieces of improvised playground equipment, including a Pisa-like tower made of huge cable spools, and a kind of no-tree treehouse with a cargo net for climbing.

"It cost us four thousand dollars, which probably makes it the cheapest park in the city, but for us that was a lot of money," Mac said. "A good bit of the money went for topsoil, but, of course, labor was free. We had hundreds of volunteers from Environment! and from Students for Environmental Action, and lots of community people, too. Mostly kids, but after a while some of the older people joined in. Construction workers from the neighborhood and long-haired kids working side by side—that was really something to see."

Mac took us over to meet Victor Gillio, who was sitting at a table made from a cable spool. A dozen or so small children, mostly Puerto Rican, cavorted nearby. Mr. Gillio, seventy-two years old and extremely healthy-looking, is a junkman who lives across the street.

"You should have seen this place three months ago," Mr. Gillio told us. "Dump trucks used to pull in here



"Oops! I am terribly sorry, old man."

• •

and leave garbage, and it was loaded with stolen automobiles. There was a gang that would bring the cars in at three or four o'clock in the morning and strip them for parts. The children used to break the windows and run in and out of the cars. That was their recreation. What else was there for them to do? Now, since The Park is here, that gang has disappeared. It's a paradise for the children, and in the evening this whole place is filled with people."

A few feet away, two little boys were splashing each other in a long white tub filled with water. We asked Mr. Gillio if the tub was one of his contributions.

"Yes," he said. "It's an old dough-mixing vat from Field's bakery, one of the places I'm the junkman for. We'll have the children play in it until the weather gets a little colder, and then we'll make a planter out of it."

A little while later, we crossed the street with Mac and Mr. Gillio to meet Philip Huncik, a tall, muscular, deliberate-looking man with blond hair going white. Mr. Huncik owns a metal-working business, the Wire Frame Shop, facing The Park, and the playground equipment was built in his shop and donated to the children.

"This is a wonderful man," said Mr. Gillio. "He deserves all the credit."

Mr. Huncik replied that, on the contrary, it was Mr. Gillio who deserved the credit, and for several minutes the two argued amiably.

Mac shook his head in mock exasperation and smiled at us. "We've been pretty lucky all around," he said. "It's not every vacant lot that has both a metal fabricator and a junkman across the street from it, you know."

Liberation

LAST Wednesday, on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, the Women's Liberation movement staged its first large-scale national action—the Women's Strike for Equality. Here in New York, there was a march down Fifth Avenue and a rally in Bryant Park, in the early evening, which drew a crowd of almost twenty-five thousand, and a number of other events throughout the day that involved smaller numbers of people. The march, rally, and events were in support of three specific demands: (1) Free abortion on demand, and no forced sterilization. (2) Free, twenty-four-hour, community-controlled child-care centers. (3) Equal pay for equal work.

At 11:30 A.M., the park in front of City Hall contained more than a hundred policemen and policewomen and a bare handful of female demonstrators, most of them young women toting children in canvas-and-aluminum back packs. Inside City Hall, in Room 9—press headquarters—several miniskirted female reporters had arrived to help their male colleagues cover the events of the day. Ed Clark, an Associated Press reporter, checked the back of the building and reported with obvious relief that it looked like a six-horse demonstration. We asked what this meant, and Mr. Clark explained that there were six police horses tied up under the trees—an indication that the police were expecting a medium-sized crowd.

"Lindsay is in Jackson Hole, Wyoming," said a gray-haired reporter gloomily.

"How did he manage that kind of luck?" said another reporter, peering out the window.

Across the empty driveway (no demonstrators were permitted in or near the building), in the shaded northern end of the park, Mrs. Elinor Guggenheimer, a trim, attractive woman in a red-and-white dress, who was once a member of the City Planning Commission, was organizing mothers and children into several demonstration child-care groups. "I've been fighting for day-care centers for twenty years," she told us as she walked through the park inspecting depots of sandwiches and milk, "because I'm convinced that women ought to be able to go to work knowing that their children are safe and happy. Today, we're arranging for the mothers to leave their children here with qualified teachers so they can take part in planned activities."

We sat down on the grass next to a thin, pretty, brown-haired girl wearing bluejeans who was sharing a lollipop with a plump blond baby. "My name is Carol Marshall McKee, but I prefer to be called Marshall—my maiden name," she told us. "This is my son, Doug. He's a year and three-quarters."

"Why did you come here today?" we asked as Marshall turned Doug loose on the grass.

"I want to show all these beautiful people that I believe in the movement," she said. "I do what I can at home, but now is the time to get out of the house and make things happen."

A white-haired man wearing a seersucker jacket walked over and asked if anybody wanted to buy a flag.

"It's the wrong moment, man," said Marshall, looking amused. "A plastic flag is just too much."

"I hope the plastic melts in the heat," said a statuesque blonde, who was clutching an equally blond daughter. "Those flags represent exactly the kind of male-chauvinist symbols we're fighting to get rid of."

As noon approached, a sizable crowd of onlookers—two-thirds of them men—was compressed by the police into the sunny southern end of the park. A stocky girl with close-cropped brown hair vaulted over a low iron fence and threw her arms around a young man in a navy blazer. "Hello, you male-chauvinist racist pig!" she said, kissing him on the cheek.

He returned the embrace and said, "Honey, I have to act my role and you have to act yours."

We circled the edge of the crowd—which the police estimated at fifteen hundred—and noted several signs: "Repent Male Chauvinists, Your World Is Coming to an End;" "Sisters Unite, Fight the System That Keeps You Down;" "Oppressed Women: Don't Cook Dinner! Starve a Rat Today!!"

At twelve-thirty, Deputy Mayor Richard Aurelio, a burly, black-haired man in a double-breasted gray suit, read Mayor Lindsay's proclamation of Equality for Women Day, in an almost inaudible voice, from an improvised rostrum on the roof of a white car. ("The Declaration of Independence it's not," muttered a bright-eyed girl with a mop of blond curls.) He was followed by Eleanor Holmes Norton, chairman of the New York City Commission on Human Rights ("My mandate to enforce the law against sex discrimination is an empty mandate unless women can have twenty-four-hour day-care centers to leave their children while they work"); Bess Myerson Grant, Commissioner of Consumer Affairs ("Men are reluctant to take women in politics seriously. We're serving notice today that our economic and political power will be put to the service of our cause"); and Bella Abzug, congressional candidate from the Nineteenth District ("We want equality, and we want it *now*").

On his way back to his office, Mr. Aurelio was cornered by three female journalists, who asked what the Lindsay administration was doing to promote equal opportunities for women in city government. "Very few women are even talked about for top jobs in City Hall," said Lucy Komisar, a willowy brunette in a purple-and-white pants suit. "Why can't the new Commissioner of Commerce be a woman?"

"We're doing the best we can," replied Mr. Aurelio. "We're looking for competent people regardless of sex."

"How come no woman heads a super-agency?" demanded Ms. Komisar.

"I don't think that's significant," replied Mr. Aurelio. "We have two distinguished women commissioners here today."

"Two out of thirty!" said Ms. Komisar scornfully.

At about two-fifteen, a couple of dozen women representing NOW—the National Organization for Women—were stalled in front of the vast new U.S. Customs Court and Federal Building while the spokeswoman for the group, Ms. Betty Berry, who had been permitted to go inside with six members of her group, tried to set up a discussion with the Regional Social Security Commissioner. Several more women had tried to follow her in through a revolving door and had been pushed back roughly by guards, who then proceeded to lock all the entrances to the east side of the building. "Get out of my way, you piglets! I'm a federal taxpayer!" screamed a slight blond girl, beating her fists against the thick glass doors. The guards retreated somewhat nervously to the center of the lobby and appeared to be holding a conference.

"They act as if we were wild animals," said a husky woman wearing bluejeans and a tank top as she focussed her camera and took a picture.

"I keep telling my husband that either his ideas or mine will have to change," said a thin girl with a Southern accent, "and every time something like this happens I get more and more convinced that it's going to have to be him."

After a considerable delay, part of the group was admitted to a ground-floor conference room while Ms. Berry presented its demands to Mr. Joseph J. Kelly, the Regional Commissioner. "We are here today," said Ms. Berry smoothly, "to ask for a revision of the Social Security law, so that widows and divorced women do not lose the benefits, as so frequently happens. At present, a divorcée or a widow has to have been married for twenty years and received substantial support from her husband to be eligible. We feel that depend-

THE SMITHS
AND THEIR COLOR TV LIVE HERE

ent spouses should be guaranteed coverage."

"There is a bill pending in the Senate that eliminates the support requirement for divorced wives and widows, but it does not remove the twenty-year rule," said Mr. Kelly.

"We also feel," said Ms. Berry, "that the housewife should be insured as an individual, because the services she contributes are worth a lot of money."

"As a married man, I know that the value of the housewife's contribution is immeasurable," replied Mr. Kelly. "The Social Security Administration is always interested in receiving recommendations for changes and improvements. I will be happy to forward them to Commissioner Ball, in Baltimore."

"Is this a serious or a symbolic gesture on your part?" asked a girl holding a notebook.

Mr. Kelly looked politely surprised. "Of course I'm serious," he said. "As a man, I can say that your proposals have pluses and minuses but that on balance the pluses exceed the minuses."

"Right on!" said a chorus of female voices from the back of the room.

BY three-thirty, about sixty women, most of them in their twenties, had crowded into the immaculately modern reception room of the Katharine Gibbs School, on the third floor of the Pan Am Building, and were engaged in a discussion with the president of the school, Alan L. Baker. The Gibbs School had been chosen because it is the leading secretarial school in the country and therefore, the women felt, it helps perpetuate the custom whereby women are channelled into secretarial jobs while men with similar qualifications are placed in junior-executive or management-trainee positions. The conversation was sharp but polite, and all concerned seemed to be making an effort to be reasonable.

"How many men are enrolled at Katie Gibbs?" a woman asked.

"Well, right now we have none," said Mr. Baker, who is tall and sleek, and who was wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a dark-blue tie with little yellow lions on it. "None have applied."

"What a peculiar coincidence," another woman said.

"Why did Katharine Gibbs start this school?" asked a third. "Because she couldn't get a job?"

Mr. Baker smiled, and said, "In 1911, women couldn't get responsible jobs in business at all. The women who worked in offices were called 'typewriters'—they were actually called that. Secretaries were usually men. Katharine Gibbs' point was to get women into those jobs."

Someone asked about the school's dress code, and Mr. Baker said, "We don't expect our girls to wear white gloves and hats anymore. I think that was abolished in about 1964."

"I would say that when you're old enough to have children and earn your living, you're entitled to be called a woman instead of a girl," said Ann Di Leo, who works in Wall Street and is an official of NOW. "At what age does a boy become a man?"

"Being a secretary actually *diminishes* your chances of getting an executive position," said a dark-eyed young woman who had a tiny Women's Lib emblem—a clenched fist inside the biological female symbol—painted on one cheek, in addition to her usual makeup. "Men never have to have that word 'secretary' on their résumés."

"Do you have any men secretaries working here?" a woman asked.

"No, but *I* was a secretary once," Mr. Baker said.

"You were?"

"Actually, the job title was 'administrative assistant.' "

The women smiled cynically. Mr. Baker smiled sheepishly.

As the conversation continued, several women who were standing in a nearby corridor, next to a door marked "Students' Powder Room," talked with students at the school.

"Do you think women should be drafted?" a student asked.

"I don't think anybody should be drafted, but if there has to be a draft, women might as well go," one of the women replied. "You don't have to be rough and tough to write press releases out at Fort Hamilton."

"In the Israeli Army, women fight," someone put in. "And I hear the Swedish Air Force is training women to be jet pilots."

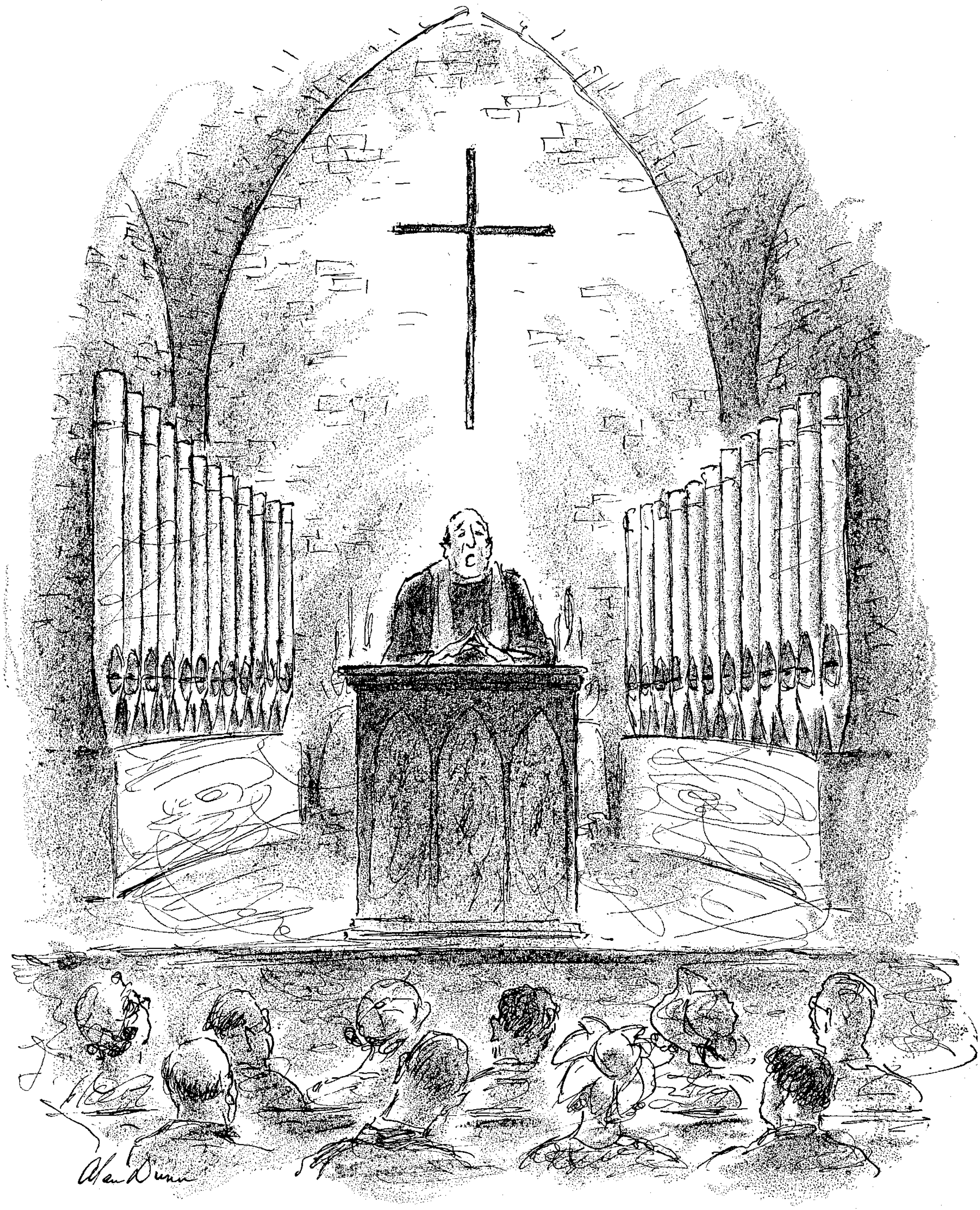
"Is there much Women's Lib activity here?" the student was asked.

"Well, all of us feel it's a terrible thing that you can graduate from college and then the only way you can get a job is to be a secretary," she said. "But I guess we're going along with that by being here. I want to go into broadcast journalism, but at N.B.C. they told me, 'If you can't type fifty words per minute and take shorthand, we don't want you.' "

"The same thing happens to so many women," said one of the visitors. "When you're in college, you think, I can lick the world. Then, as time passes, the possibilities get smaller and smaller."

THE turnout for the march and rally, late in the day, was far greater than either the organizers or the police had anticipated. The police insisted until the last minute that all but one lane of Fifth Avenue would remain open to cars and buses, and when the women made good their promise to occupy the Avenue from sidewalk to sidewalk a huge traffic jam resulted. The blare of automobile horns blended with the high-pitched Algerian war cry that some of the younger women who favor a militant style gave forth. From Sixtieth Street north, Fifth Avenue was a sea of cars, and from Sixtieth Street south it was a sea of people—thousands upon thousands of marching women, and thousands of spectators, who stood four and five deep. Most of the marchers were young and white, but the parade included women (and, for that matter, men) of every age, color, political persuasion, and style of dress. Most simply marched, with obvious pride. Many periodically gave the clenched-fist salute of the radical movement, and a few gave a new Women's Liberation salute—the fist with thumb and index finger extended to form an L. There were hand-lettered banners and signs—"Lysistrata Rides Again;" "I Love You, Susan B. Anthony;" "Fight Sexism, Whistle at Truckdrivers;" and, perhaps most telling of all, "Eve Was Framed." The harshest and grimmest sign was carried by Gloria Steinem, the beautiful feminist and writer for *New York* magazine. It showed a picture of victims of the My Lai massacre, with the caption "The Masculine Mystique." As wave after wave of women passed, the spectators watched quietly and attentively. It was difficult to tell whether their expressions were of stupefaction or respect. A few men—surprisingly few—shouted remarks of the kind that any woman who has had occasion to walk unescorted in the streets of this city is familiar with, but in the prevailing atmosphere of female self-confidence their leers seemed forced and vulnerable.

The rally that ended the Women's Strike for Equality filled Bryant Park



"And now a prayer for Con Ed to keep those kilowatts rolling."

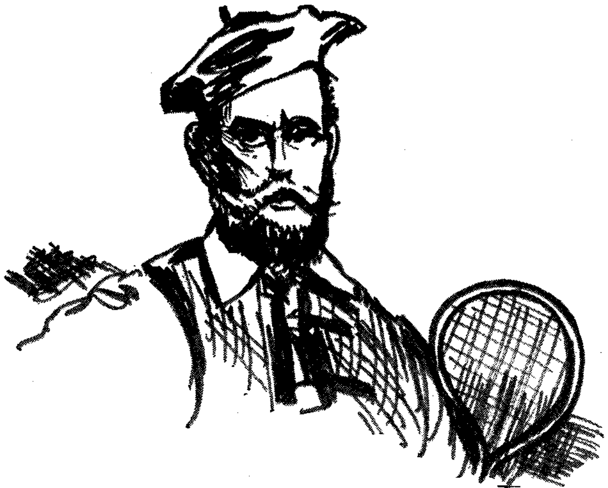
from the back steps of the Public Library to Sixth Avenue. When Gloria Steinem stepped to the microphone, a gaggle of male photographers swooped toward her, blocking the crowd's view. The crowd chanted "Sit down, sit down," and at last the photographers did sit down—one with the assistance of three angry young women. The second speaker was Nancy Stearns, a lawyer who was active in the successful campaign for legal abortion in New York State. She said that while legalization was an important step, the fight was far from over. "Now we have a medical system that's charging fees for services as much as the market will bear," she said. "When abortions are performed at public expense by trained women—whether they are doctors or not—only then will we have free abortion on demand. And we can get it."

When a representative of the Third World Women's Alliance attacked the strike's sponsors as "reformist" and went on to say, "The only answer is revolution—to smash the capitalist monster through armed struggle," the crowd listened politely, but when Eleanor Holmes Norton stood up, she was more enthusiastically received. "I wear the dress of my African forebears not to be senselessly symbolic but to emphasize that black women have a stake in equality for all women," she said. "Sex, like color, is a meaningless criterion and an oppressive criterion when it is made a condition for a job. Women, like men, want to work for reasons of self-fulfillment, but, like men, most women work because they have no choice. The average working woman is thirty-nine years old and lives with a husband who needs her salary to supplement his income. Do these sound like women with time on their hands?"

The last scheduled speaker of the evening was Betty Friedan, the author of "The Feminine Mystique" and the founder of NOW. "We have learned that the enemy is us—our own lack of self-confidence," she said feelingly. "We know now that the enemy is not men. Man as a class is not the enemy. Man is a fellow-victim of the kind of inequality between the sexes that is part of this country's current torment and that is perpetrating violence all over the world. There were men marching with us today, men who can say, 'We don't have to be dominant and superior to everybody in the world to prove our manhood.' Men who can say, 'We can be gentle, we can be afraid, we can even cry—and we are men.' In the Orthodox Jewish faith, the religion of my ancestors, every day is begun with the prayer 'Thank Thee, Lord, that I was not born a woman.' Today, I feel absolutely sure that every woman in the world will say, 'Thank Thee, Lord, that I was born a woman.' " When Betty Friedan finished speaking, the audience rose as one woman and cheered for several minutes.

WAITING FOR WINGFIELD

"In the summer of 1873 the guests at an English house party near London were entertained by



from a drawing after an engraving after a photograph in the Illus. Sporting and Dramatic News. London, July 31, 1875.

Major Walter C. Wingfield

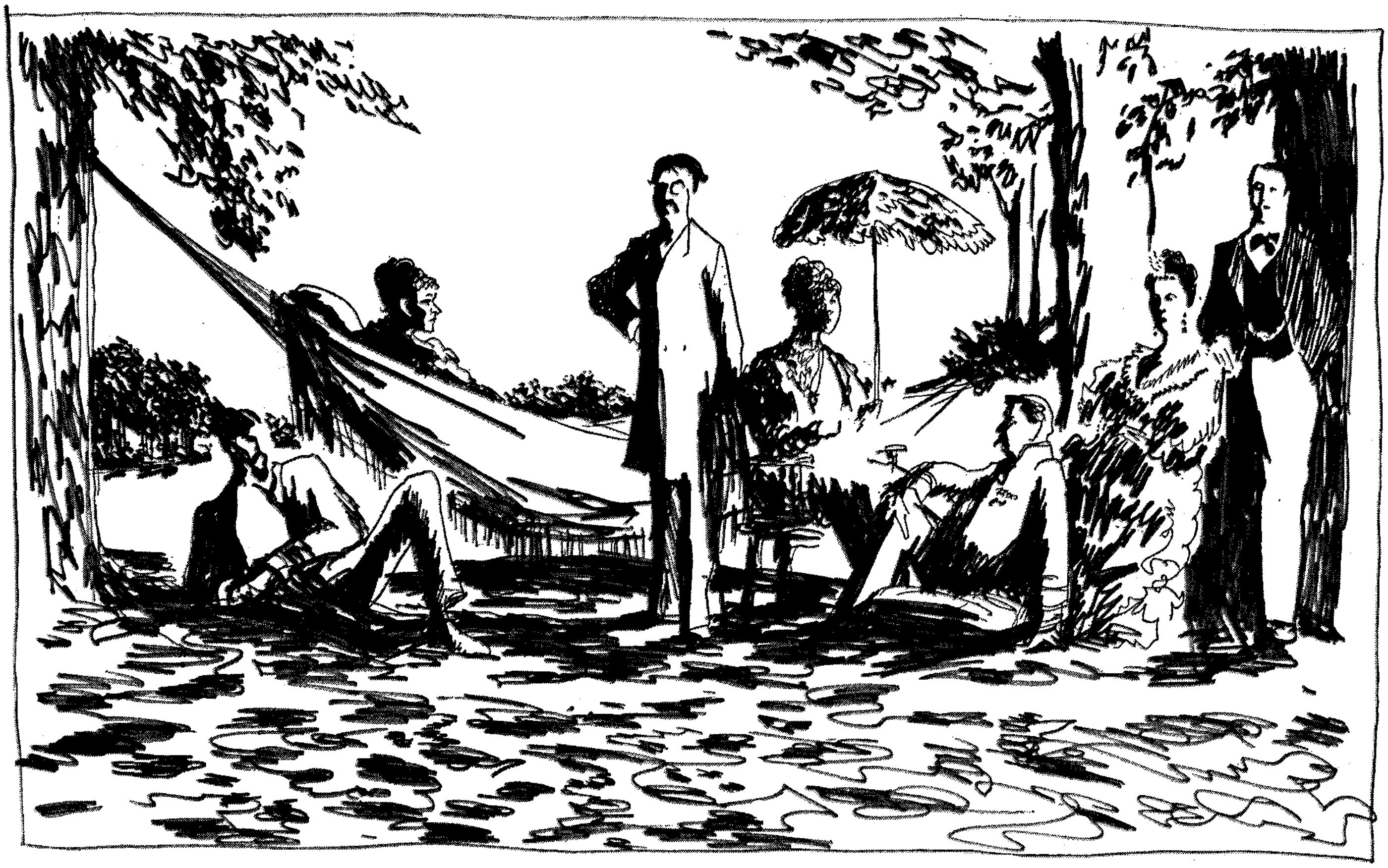
of the BRITISH ARMY

who taught them a new lawn game

which he considered

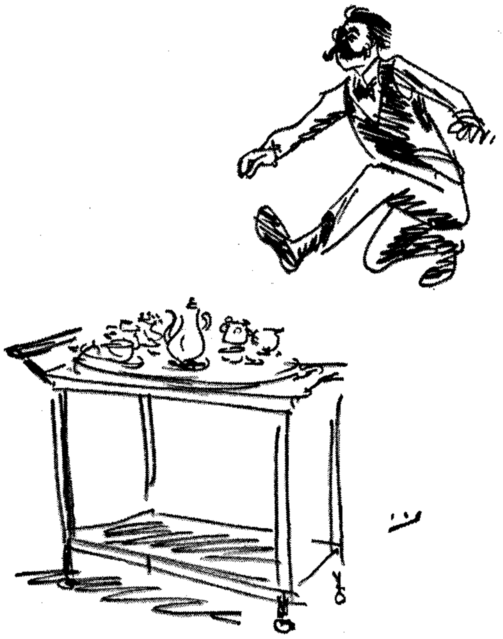
SUPERIOR TO CROQUET."

—*From "The Pageant of America," 1929.*

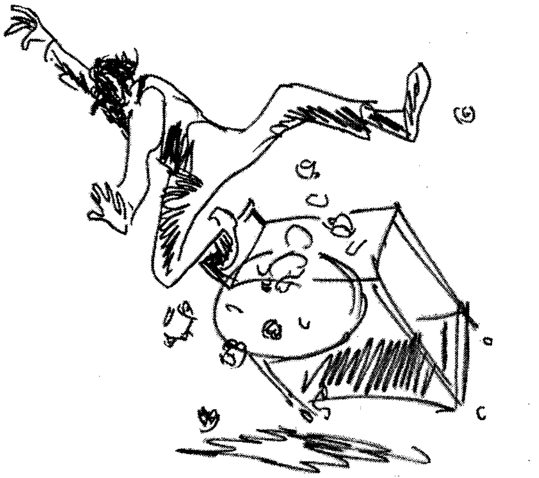


Members of the house party moments before arrival of Major Wingfield.

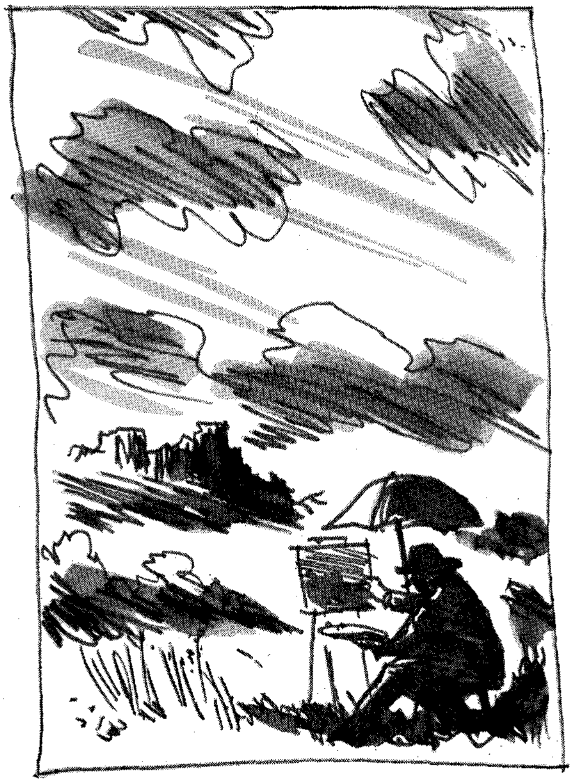
LAWN GAMES AND HOUSE-PARTY ACTIVITIES, TRIED ON SATURDAY MORNING BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF WINGFIELD, WHICH DID NOT "CATCH ON."



When asked to perform his celebrated leap over the tea table, Sir Lawrence readily assented. For the first time in his life he . . .

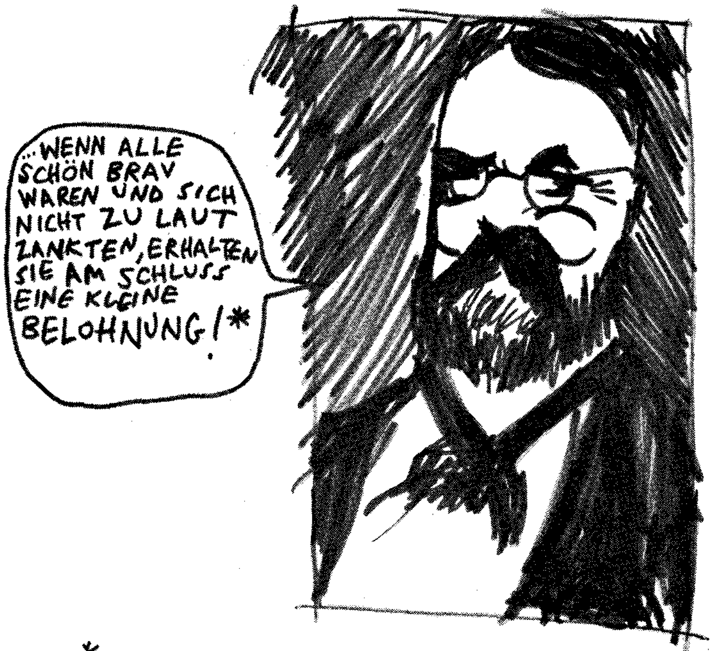


. . . missed, and destroyed a set of Staffordshire, which, the hostess explained, was of no great value—although of enormous sentimental importance to her family.

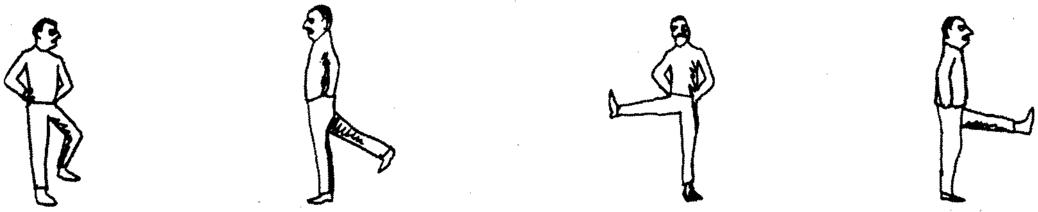


H. Farrington withdrew from group activities entirely and spent the day painting a ruin on the estate next door. (A rebuke to his host, whose own ruin was several centuries older.)

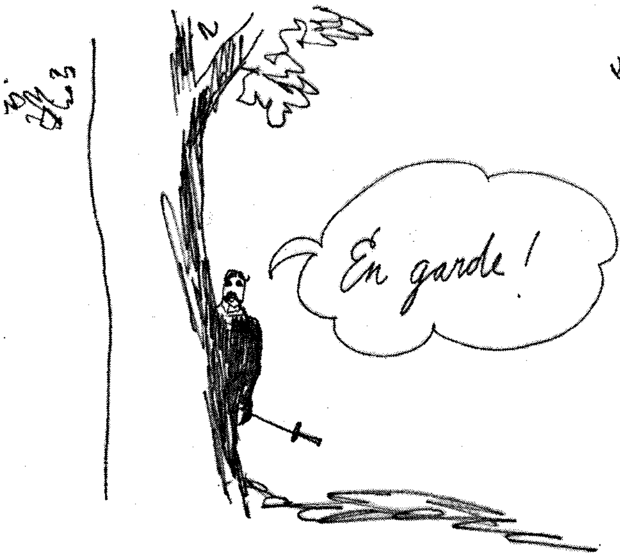
Baron Strüssendorf came prepared with a game *he* thought superior to croquet, but it was so complex that no one could understand the rules.


...WENN ALLE SCHÖN BRAV WAREN UND SICH NICHT ZU LAUT ZANKTEN, ERHALTEN SIE AM SCHLUSS EINE KLEINE BELOHNUNG!*

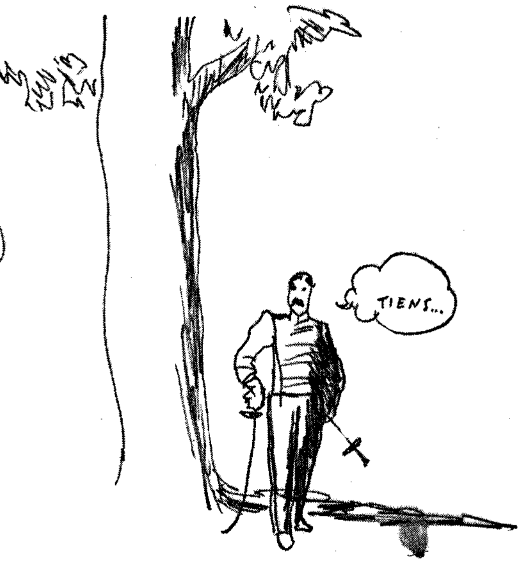
*IF THEY ALL BEHAVE NICELY AND DO NOT QUARREL TOO LOUDLY THEY ARE GIVEN A SMALL TREAT AT THE END.



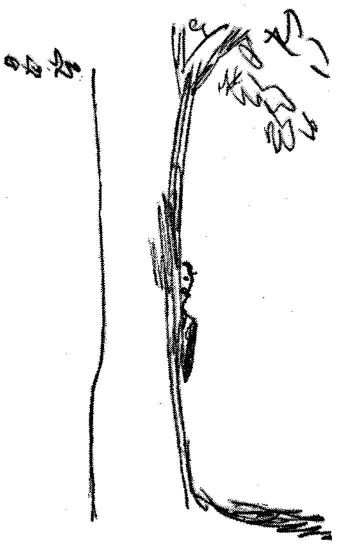
"*Mens sana in corpore sano!*" said Otto von Weber with a chuckle. "Here is something you will laugh and enjoy. *Follow me!*" He began some simple exercises from the gymnasium, chanting, "*Frisch, fröhlich, und frei.*" No one followed. "So you wish to humiliate me?" he cried. Then he smiled abruptly. "It is interesting that Metternich suppressed the *Turnverein*," he said, sitting on the ground and wiping his brow. "Ah, but it is stupid, this nonsense from the *Turnplatz*. I myself was never a member."



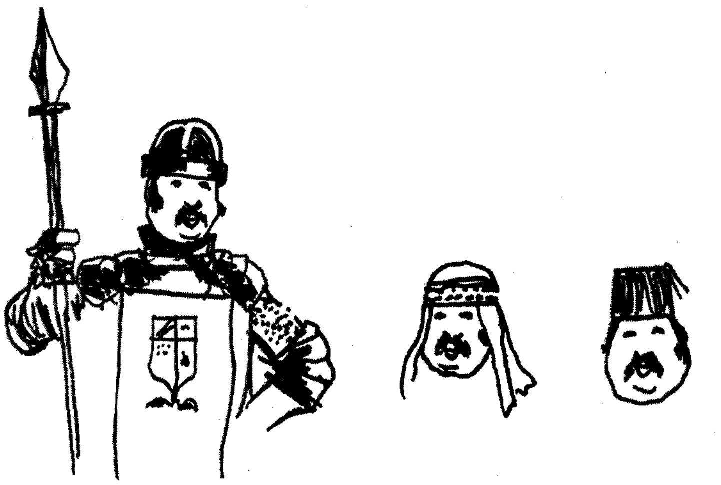
Those who took a stroll near the arboretum were likely to encounter Honoré Ouillet, who stepped out from behind a tree, with a pair of épées and a cry of . . .



No one wanted anything to do with him, so . . .

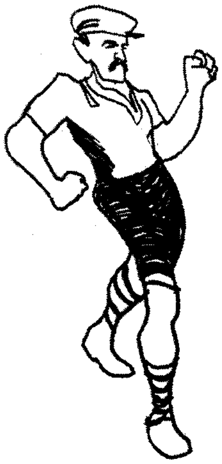


. . . he hid again behind the tree.

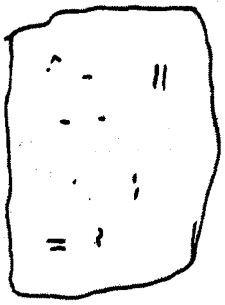


11:15 A.M.   11:45 A.M.   11:50 A.M.

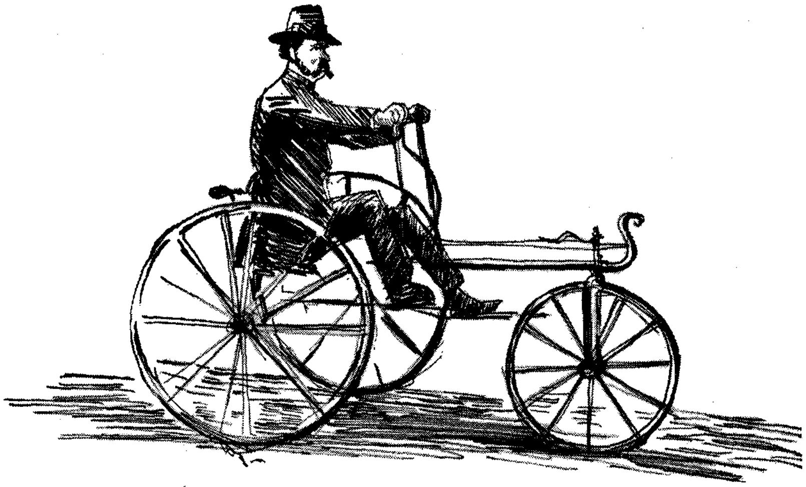
The Duke, as usual, thought it might be amusing if everybody "dressed up." He did, but no one else did. (This did not dampen his spirits, however. He changed costume three times before noon.)



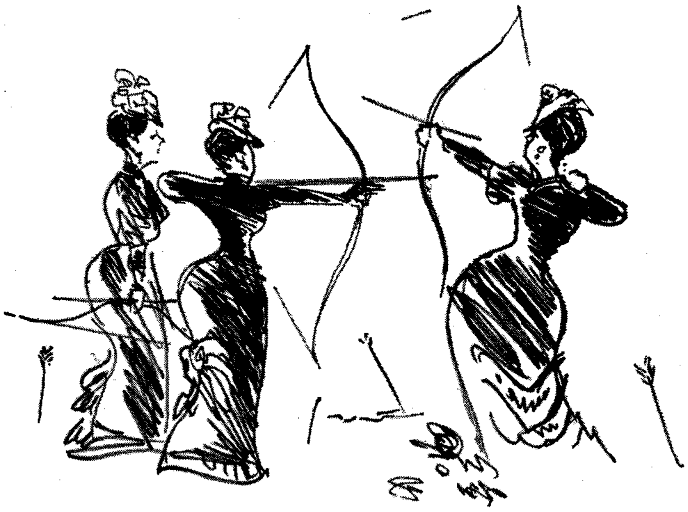
In the midmorning heel-and-toe race, Sir Thomas G. Cowdrey outdistanced everyone, partly because he yelled, "On your mark, ready, get set, *go!*," and began while the others were still discussing whether or not to have a race. Sir Thomas crossed the moor in 1:17.53, and when he came to the railroad station he boarded the 11:23 and was not seen again.



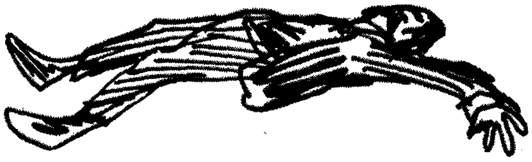
Others tried their hand at translating the "Kinos Monolith" (which had been discovered by Sir Bernard near the famous "falling palaces" in a pile of debris discarded by Schliemann. It remains untranslated to this day but is available to scholars; Sir Bernard keeps it in the trunk of his Hispano-Suiza. Sir Bernard had planned to reconstruct the entire palace of Kinos but had lost interest halfway through the mosaic floor of the throne room. "Bloody awful lot of little pieces. What?" he said, and abandoned the project).



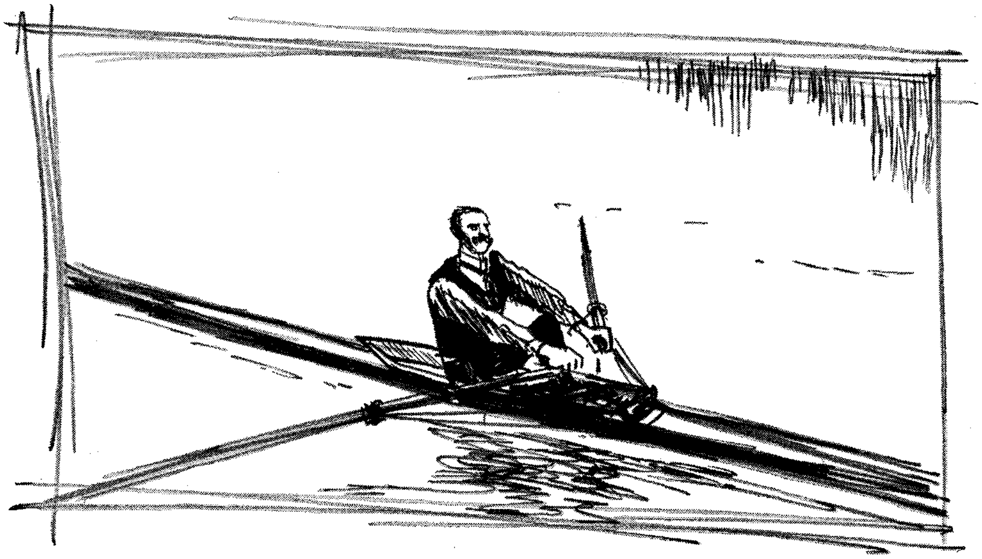
Several guests tried a ride on the skiff Velocipede, but no one enjoyed it very much, except Fred Rivers, from Ohio, U.S.A. (cousin of the host), who took two turns.



Archery caught on briefly with some of the ladies but failed as a group activity, since no men could be persuaded to enter the area.

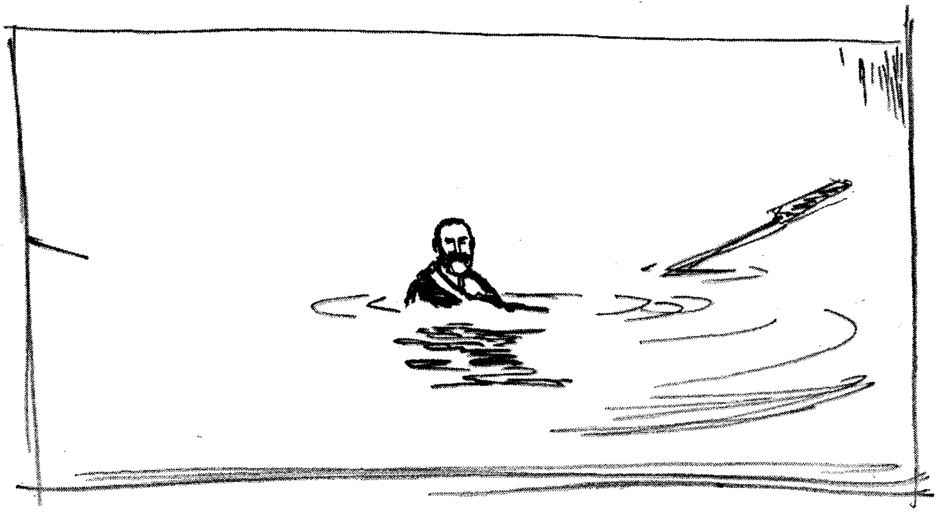


An early sign that the day would go poorly was the argument at the breakfast table. Arthur Tenkesbury, livid after having been labelled "crackers" by Cecil M. V. Halstead-Brown, regarding the Henley winner of 1831, flung down his napkin and ran headlong into the dining room's trompe-l'oeil mural, which depicted an open door leading to a meadow, with trees and a river.

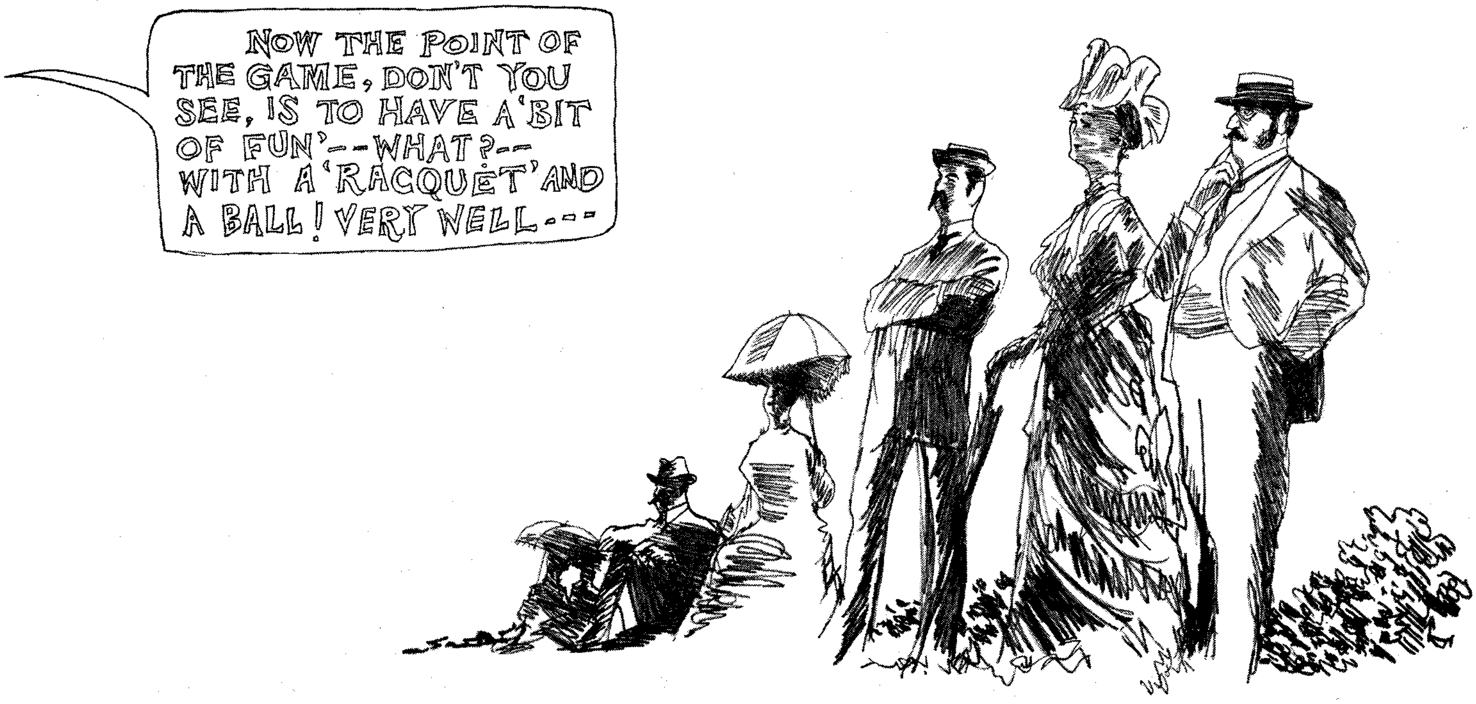


William Worcester went down to the river and took a single scull from the boathouse without inquiring into the condition . . .

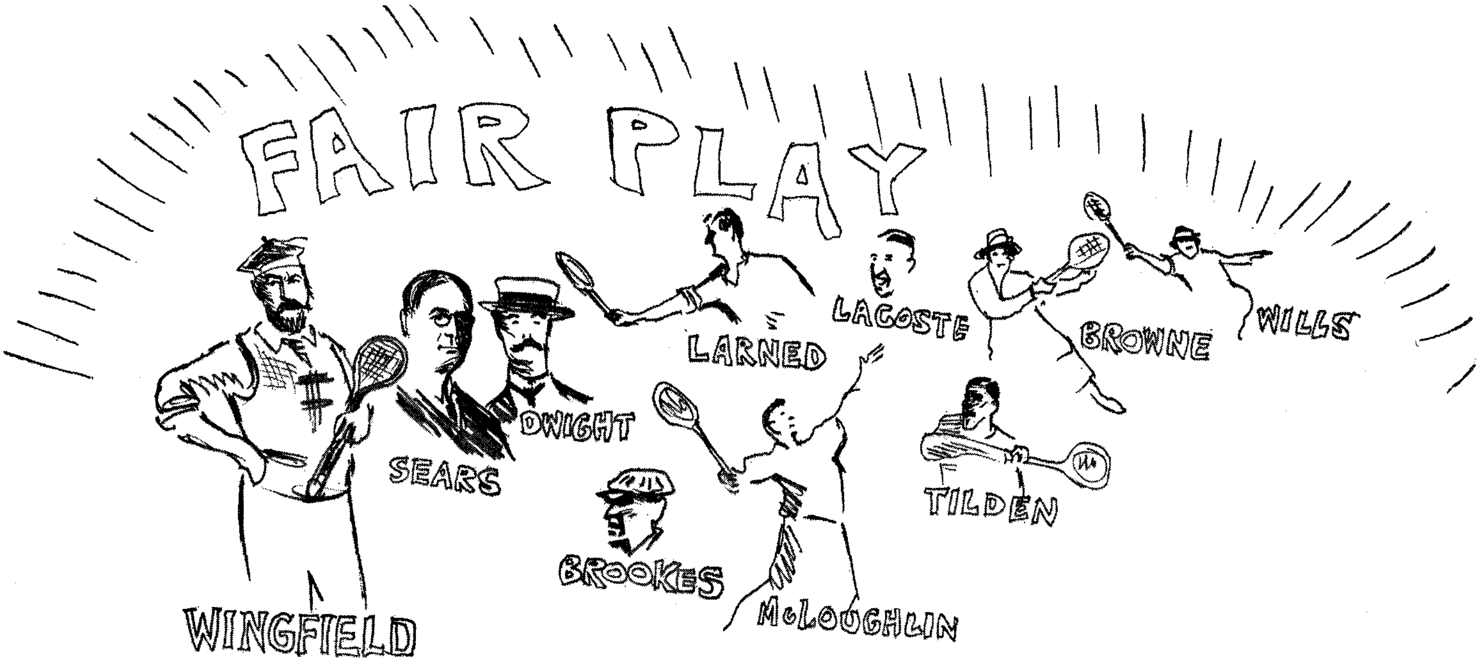
. . . of the shell.



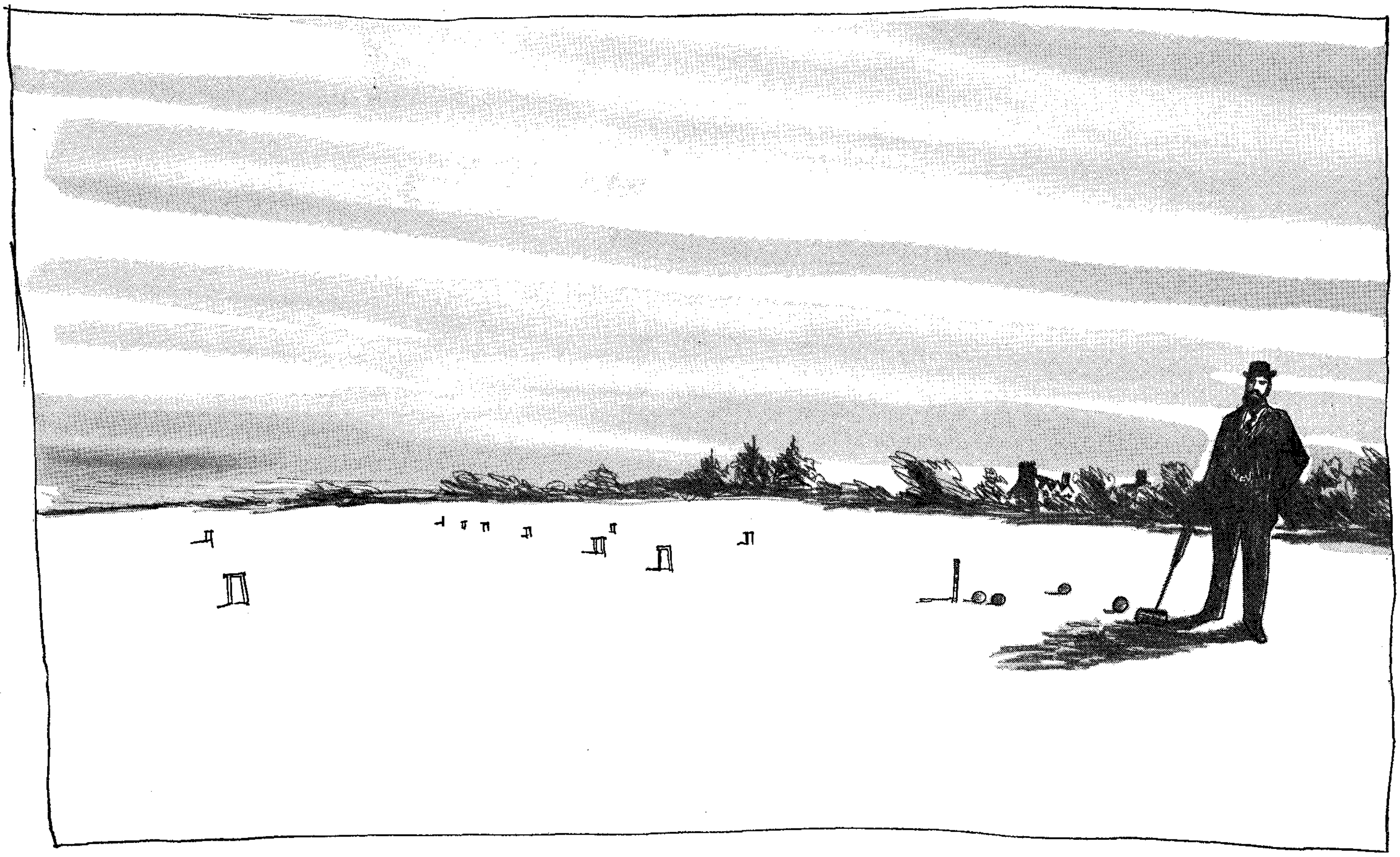
AT NOON, MAJOR WINGFIELD ARRIVED AND TAUGHT THEM THE NEW LAWN GAME.


NOW THE POINT OF THE GAME, DON'T YOU SEE, IS TO HAVE A 'BIT OF FUN'--WHAT?--WITH A 'RACQUET' AND A BALL! VERY WELL...

By late afternoon, a new day had dawned in the history of lawn games. Within a year it had crossed the Atlantic, within a decade swept the globe.


FAIR PLAY
WINGFIELD
SEARS
DWIGHT
BROOKES
LARNED
McLOUGHLIN
LACOSTE
TILDEN
BROWNE
WILLS

Ahead lay Wimbledon, Forest Hills, Wright, Ditson, and the Davis Cup! However . . .



. . . Sir John remained firm in his belief that croquet was superior to tennis.

—James Stevenson

THE ENCLAVE

THE KIND AND QUIET

THERE is a kind of withdrawal, courteous but cabalistic, one meets in trying to talk with Quakers about their faith if one is not a member of the Society of Friends and is plainly not trying to become such. On the other hand, opposite to the logic of discipline and self-control, there is the dewy-eyed sentimentality of people of other Christian sects who think of Quakers as men of infinite brotherhood and patience and understanding and good will and everything basically to be desired but left unattained in modern life, at least by non-Quakers. Between these two extremes, which are no greater than those between a Sephardic Jew from Lisbon and a band of hippie poets who have served their time in the Haight-Ashbury, there are Quakers like those I grew up with, when I was a child in Whittier, California.

All children can be cruel, and all children mimic their elders, and I was teased indirectly for being a non-Quaker and directly for being of foreign descent by the peers who walked amiably every morning to school with me, sat with me all day without a sneer or snub, and then often turned vicious on the way home. The interesting thing about their almost ritual tauntings, which faded and flared according to the moon and the seasons, was that I knew nothing of cruelty and thought theirs was part of normal life. My friends, for such they were, were only saying mocking things they had heard at home, from the kind, quiet lips of their Quaker parents.

My father was an intruder in the little town, not a member of the Society nor with recognizable references, and in a settlement founded by and for its own members he could not last long. He seemed like a respectable young man, and his wife, from what one saw of her, was well mannered. But she was said to be of Irish descent, with her foreign mother living right there in the house on Painter Avenue. The two women had to be either from the Protestant North or, even worse, from farther down with the papists. Most Irishwomen in America, of course, were cooks. As for my father, the young fellow trying to run the *News*, he bore a name—Rex Kennedy—that was Irish or Scottish, and most men of his race and build, from what the peaceable citizens of Whittier knew, were either policemen or rowdy brawlers.

All this surmise, as my parents settled firmly into the community, was apparently aired now and then at family tables, and the next day I would pay for it, as the gang of little girls and an occasional boy would tag behind me while I walked toward home. In the mornings they always stopped at our house, and we walked and hopped together through the quiet, sweet-smelling streets, planted with bushes never seen now, and tall handsome trees brought as seedlings by the courageous, homesick pioneers across the Great Desert. Mornings were nice. Afternoons sometimes were miserable, but I never let on that I would like to cry or yell. On a bad day, with classes over and the Penn Street schoolyard deserted, I would walk home alone, with my friends of that morning tagging me, perhaps twenty paces behind, like a pack of suddenly captious, taunting dogs.

"What does your big fat Irish mother do?" the litany might start.

"My mother takes care of us," I would call back, disdaining to reply to any of the adjectives.

"Oh, no she doesn't! She's the cook. All Irishwomen are cooks."

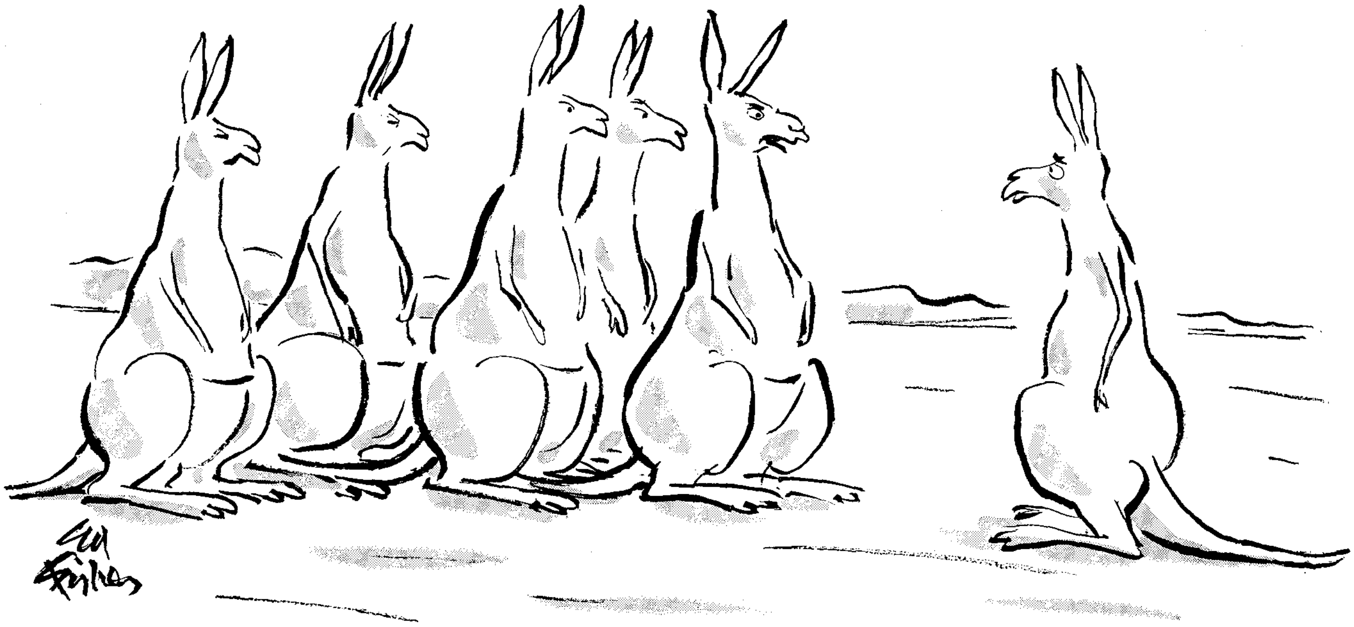
My mother stayed out of the kitchen as much as possible, except for making divinity fudge perhaps once a year, or an occasional cake, like the monument for Father's birthday called a Lady Baltimore, or patting together egg croquettes for the cook to fry in Lent. There was no use explaining this to the kids, especially since they kept their distance and it might sound foolish in a shout. So after another half block, which I paced as fast as possible without seeming to run and thus satisfy them, somebody would yell, "What does your big skinny Irish father do?"

Again I would let the adjectives slide past me, and yell back that he ran the *News*, not bothering to explain that he sprang from Scottish border country, and my daylong, yearlong friends would shout with laughter, and howl, "Oh, *no* he doesn't! He's a cop. All Irishmen are cops."

It seems strange to me now, so twisted am I by prejudices and their effects, that this sporadic gibing never really angered me. It did not occur to me to speak of it at home. My friends plainly didn't know what they were talking about and would be all right tomorrow. I thought it was part of being there, an enclave of non-Quakers in Quaker Whittier, just as other kids in other kinds of ghettos have the same passive acceptance . . . until they can leave. I knew that the next day a lot of those savages would stop for me on the sidewalk in front of my house, and speak politely to Mother if she stood on the porch steps, and that then we would tag, discreetly gambolling, to the schoolyard, shying loquat or date seeds along the gutters, or green apricots, according to the seasons, hopping puddles amicably after it had rained on the lumpy sidewalks. It would be ridiculous

W. Steig

"O to be young and a jackass again!"



"Perhaps you have some other kind of court to suggest?"

• •

to try to prove anything at all to them.

I am not sure what a doctor would say about the apparent passivity on my part, this lack of anger. The teasing was part of life there, unimportant as such and certainly unworthy of my attention. I knew my mother was not a big fat cook and my father was not an Irish cop, but our private life was so apart from my friends' that it seemed pointless to try to explain their misconceptions.

I never bothered to ask where those children heard what they sometimes felt impelled to mouth, but it is plain that what they heard came from the mouths of some of the adults many non-members of the Friends' Society deemed almost saintlike. I knew a lot of them as I grew older. Some were sanctimonious bastards. Some were truly gentle and fine, almost worthy of my parents.

I was never asked inside a Friend's house in the more than forty years I lived in Whittier. When I was a grown woman, occasionally a handful of them came to ours, especially after my mother died and my father needed the company of his familiars, no matter how fabricated the social excuse: a birthday, an anniversary of the newspaper, something like that. Then a few of the people who had long known and respected him, and had permitted themselves to like him as much as they could an outsider, came and nibbled titbits and even sipped dry sherry with him, safe enough outside their own austere purlieus. But even when I was a little girl I never stepped inside a Quaker dwelling. Instead, all the pack came to our house, freely and often.

If we were thirsty, we went by way of the back porch (Don't tramp through the house and wake Grandmother . . . or the new baby . . . or Mother) for long, gasping slurps from a shared tumbler under the kitchen tap. On the way out, we each took an orange from the row that always stood on the ledge under the screened window, or an apple or a pear in season. If I limited the party to four, and saw to it that everything was left tidy, I could serve cornflakes and milk on the long piano bench in the living room. (Those debauches were limited to young ladies.)

And twice while we lived on Painter, and then once soon after we moved down to the Ranch, Mother gracefully did something for little people she was literally incapable of doing for adults: she gave beautiful, balanced, exciting parties for us. The first was in honor of my birthday, and the last for my sister Anne's, and I forget what brought on the one in the middle, but they were fine routs, attended by all our Episcopalian Sunday-school associates and many nice Quaker children we knew at school. By now it is easy to wonder what Mother's motives were, if any. Perhaps she was saying flatly to the other ladies of the town that we lived in such-and-such a way and were glad to share it? Certainly she produced the only children's parties in my own experience, and in an uncharacteristic way, and if there were other such celebrations going on in Whittier we never knew of them.

Rarely, I heard a mother "thee-and-thou" one or another of my friends, but in general this leftover linguistic trait, which had already become a deliberate mannerism, was not used, at least in front of non-Quakers. Of course, I was familiar with it, being an Episcopalian and on close terms with godly language, in which we could be more familiar with our Deity than our dogs. I liked it, and always have, and wish that we could use it again in our intimacies. In Whittier, the only person who ever said "thee" to me was a tall, good-looking widow, highly respected because her own mother had been a minister. She was called Mrs. Osmun. Once, she invited me to drive clear to San Gabriel with her and a friend, in a surrey—the only one left in town. I think I was five. Mother let me go.

There was a man with us, but I do not remember anything about him except that he took care of the horse. It was a long, hot ride, with an occasional automobile whipping past us. The two ladies were swathed in dust-colored clothes and veils, like those Mother wore in our Ford. Almost as often as I would have liked, little boxes and baskets were pulled from under the seats (I rode backward, as befitted my stature and age and so on), and we ate tepid but delicious dainties. We forded a wide, shallow river, perhaps the Rio Hondo. Once in San Gabriel, we could only look from the outside at the old mission and its outbuildings, in spite of the signs begging for visitors, for the place was Catholic. Then we turned around and headed for home, and it is interesting that when I finally returned to San Gabriel as a free heathen I felt

THE LAST LETTERS,

whether they be followed
by what we call a natural death
or suicide, tend to be the most engrossing.

A certain amount of excitement,
sensationalism even, attaches to them.
But that's real enough and not to be denied,

a kind of undressing
so complete nothing else can possibly compare.
Beyond that, as we lean closer,

squinting at the lines,
we have the sense of drawing near
not only the most but the ultimate of living.

For here—whatever the strength
of the occasion and the affectations,
not to say disingenuousness, death may induce—

a man, precisely
as he turns his back on what
he has been thirty years or seventy, is bound,

as much as he ever can,
to tell the truth. And turns his back as well
on all the future, as though to say

not all its promises
can make him tarry; that, or what
he's in for, he now knows, can only grow worse,

the emptiness, the deprivation,
worst if he's been happy. And even if nothing
more than nothing should ensue,

the void ("he took his dog
for its evening walk, then shot
his brains out" or "she set out her rare plant

to catch the rain,
made several phone calls, and downed
an overdose of pills"), something must crackle

over that last broken line,
something, we cannot help feeling,
from the other side, of that life even as it

is being consumed,
even as it consumes itself forever
in its own private flame, now breaking loose,

like some great moth
throwing itself into the fire
that is itself to enlarge it, but lost to it

in the very moment of having.
And most of all if it is someone who has been
a success. As we say, a great gift,

gifts, he finally admits,
of no help to him, a burden rather.
Surely something immense for him to be willing

to—or have to—abandon them.
As if to say we also, whatever love we'd felt
for him, did not find his gifts enough.

Not till now.

—THEODORE WEISS

• •

that I had really been there before, even so tentatively.

The important thing about this first visit—somewhat peculiar if one considers what energy it took to get four people and a horse there and then back again—is that I was called "thee" and "thou," as naturally as leaves floating down a little stream, by the beautiful old Mrs. Osmun. I was a real child to her (even if the Episcopalian Mission was not a real church!). It made me feel fine. It sounded right, and this had nothing to do with either religion or semantics.

Once, an older cousin of ours from Iowa was accepted—as a paying lodger, of course—into Mrs. Osmun's large, empty house. He stayed there while he worked as a reporter on the *News*, between two somewhat more active sojourns in Greenwich Village, the modish place for all young men from Iowa to go. He has told me that he heard his landlady talking quietly on the telephone with her sister, about some proposed purchases in Los Angeles. Mrs. Osmun said firmly, "Well, Susan, thee can bee-ee-tee I wouldn't pay any such price for a footstool!" He said it was as if the Deity were a not very bright child, but as a longer resident in the town I believe that a respectable Quaker lady simply did *not* use loose terms, such *words*, straight out.

Nobody ever said "thee" to my parents, although after a few decades of the forty-two years we lived in Whittier some men began to call my father by his first name, at least in the right surroundings—Chamber of Commerce meetings, Rotary, the country club. Rex had been given a year, tacitly, to decide that Whittier was not the right place for him, but Quakers accept with their deliberate philosophy the belief that men should live side by side as brothers, whenever racially and professionally agreeable to the community, and after a considered and cool look at my father they allowed him to stay. I doubt whether he ever let himself be aware of this tacit "permission": *he chose* to be there, to run the *News* and raise his family there, and finally to die there, without any nod except from the Supreme Being. That is how it was, for him.

My mother, asocial both by training and because she was personally unsure, remained aloof from people after the first few years of being the loyal young clubwoman wife of the struggling new editor, but she had quiet and lasting affection for one or two of the Quaker ladies, and they for her, although of course she was never invited to drink a cup of tea with them. In fact, the nearest any of us ever came to sharing

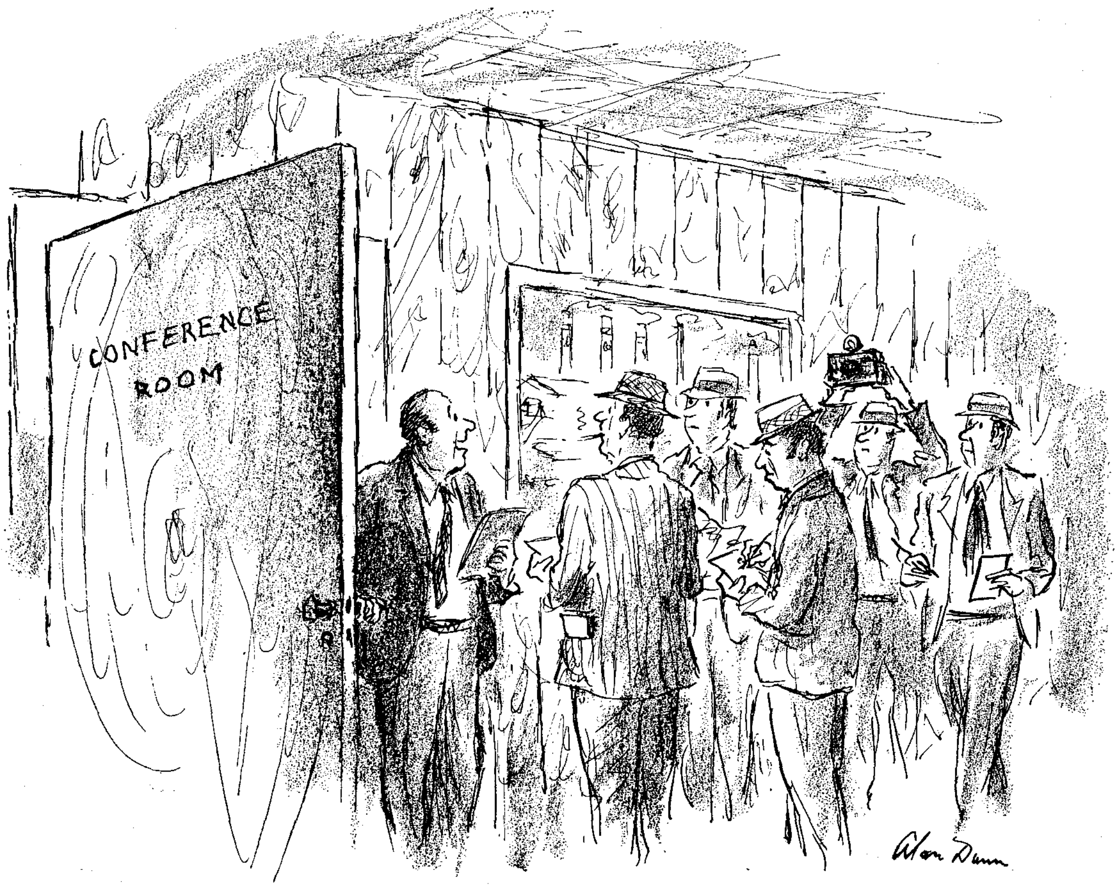
"Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream. Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily . . ."

• •

food with them was the day she died, when Caroline, the banker's eldest daughter, brought us a delicious apple pie, "to help a little, with all the arrangements to make now," as she said sadly.

My sister Anne and I often went into the Friends' Church for missionary lectures with Grandmother when we were little, but I was not invited to meeting until I was almost fifty years old—and then by a revolutionary member of the Society who was fighting to return to the old simplicity and do away with things like vested choirs and processionals and such, which were warping and bedecking the first patterns of worship. As my school friends got to the marrying age, I was invited to a few weddings in the big church, and true enough they had a Romish flavor, with an unseemly pomp that in our own congregation would not have surprised me.

When I was still young enough to be forced to take piano lessons, my Quaker teacher was also the organist at her church, and I could never have endured the privilege of practicing "In a Persian Market" if my family had



"Gentlemen, nothing stands in the way of a final accord except that management wants profit maximization and the union wants more moola."

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not been given unwritten approval to employ her, admittedly the only "acceptable" musician in town. After we moved into the country, Mother eased me out of that situation with daring and wiliness, and put me into the much less skilled hands of *our* organist, but her dreams of listening to me ripple through Chopin and Schubert, as she herself had learned to do, were soon broken rudely when the Episcopalian decided that I was best left thudding through the marketplace.

BUT how can anyone talk as I do, saying mean things with apparent malice and misinterpretation, about the quiet Quakers, so universally known to be filled with humility, brotherly love, and the general vision of George Fox on the hilltop? It reminds me of some friends of mine who asked an exchange student from Japan to spend two weeks with them. They knew a great deal about his native culture. They were highly sensitive and articulate people, and had gone far out in Zen and allied questings. They had studied and practiced and, of course, preached almost every Westernized version of Eastern thought, and with typical earnestness they preferred the more refined and esoteric aspects of it, counting them to be the truest. Their guest was a solid good son of a fisherman, from northern Japan, and he had forgotten the meaning of the word "hokku," if he had ever heard it, and knew nothing about tea ceremonies but a surprising lot about computers, radar, and *Mad* magazine. He liked to grow fruits as a hobby, kill bugs and rodents for a living, and scratch himself. His hosts were disbelieving, for they were as sure that all Orientals are subtle and poetic artists as many people are that Quakers are perforce deeply sensitive and wise philosophers. But they came to like him very much, after their first cultural shock, and he thought they were very nice, too, in their own peculiar ways. (He much preferred chocolate malted milk to the delicate tea they poured for him, and peanut-butter sandwiches to the raw-fish *sushi* they prepared laboriously in the name of ecumenism.)

In Whittier, perhaps we non-Quakers learned more about brotherly love than was intended, and largely because it never entered into the scheme of things, as such. We were never hurt physically. What is more important, our own culture or lack of it was never questioned or invaded. It was ignored, as long as we behaved ourselves. We, in turn, never thought of trying in any way to "understand" and participate in the religious and social habits of the people we lived with; we were not of their persuasion, which in itself was not exactly friendly but on the other hand was not antagonistic. They, in turn, had less than no interest in our foreign goings on in front of our own altars.

The townsmen who very gradually began to call my father Rex, and even to down a nip of his Scotch after they had played together around the golf course like good community leaders, were not being Christian, or understanding, or kindly. They simply liked him. He was no more nor less their brother than the Japanese fisherman's son was spiritual sibling to my earnest culture lovers.

In Whittier, we all led our own deliberately separate lives, with mutual respect. The Friends were there first, and if they seemed a little smug it was probably because they still felt, after a few generations, like refugees from a scorned and even persecuted minority group—and what can be more holier-than-thou than a persecuted minority? They had been brave in their flight, and strong and canny in their chosen haven.

There were many good, kind, generous (well, I do not feel sure about that loosely used word, for Rex always said it was like pulling teeth to get money for some of his projects) . . . There were many good, kind people in the town, I know, as well as a few mean, cruel ones, and at one time they had the biggest and richest meetinghouse in the Quaker world. I went there with Grandmother to the free missionary shows. Once, there were Swiss bell ringers, for some reason, along with a preacher from Palestine who illustrated unforgettably the phrase "My cup runneth over." He poured many too many grains of wheat into a basket instead of a goblet, which I thought would have been more fitting, but it was a good act anyway, and nobody had to bow his head in prayer, which my grandmother approved. (It stuck in her throat to think of my mother, her own daughter Edith, kneeling and perhaps even genuflecting in the local outpost of Anglican popery and second-hand mouthings of the Scarlet Woman of Rome.) Grandmother would never have made a good Quaker, being too belligerent of nature, but she appreciated and enjoyed what they offered her as a decent Christian woman and made no attempt to question them, especially since they would not think of doing so to her. Once more, brotherly love may have hung invisibly in the air of the enormous wooden hall, as the missionary roared and capered, and the stolid musicians tinkled their bells, and we sucked hungrily at the free orange of entertainment.

I sometimes wondered why my school friends—the ones in whose meetinghouse I sat so happily for these shows—were never there. They went to bed correctly, at the proper time, while I caroused. Dramatic performances were not for small children, and were generally frowned upon in those days by their parents. Perhaps they were offered to us, the "others," a little as Caesar gave circuses to the potentially troublesome Romans, to soothe them. Or perhaps they were a gesture of ecumenism, as my cultured scholars of the Orient offered rare tea and rice sandwiches to the Japanese visitor. Whatever the motive, my introduction to high Camp entertainment began in the fine old wooden church, and no amount of later compromise, with vested choirs leading the category, can erase the feeling of friendship and excitement it gave me when I was a child.

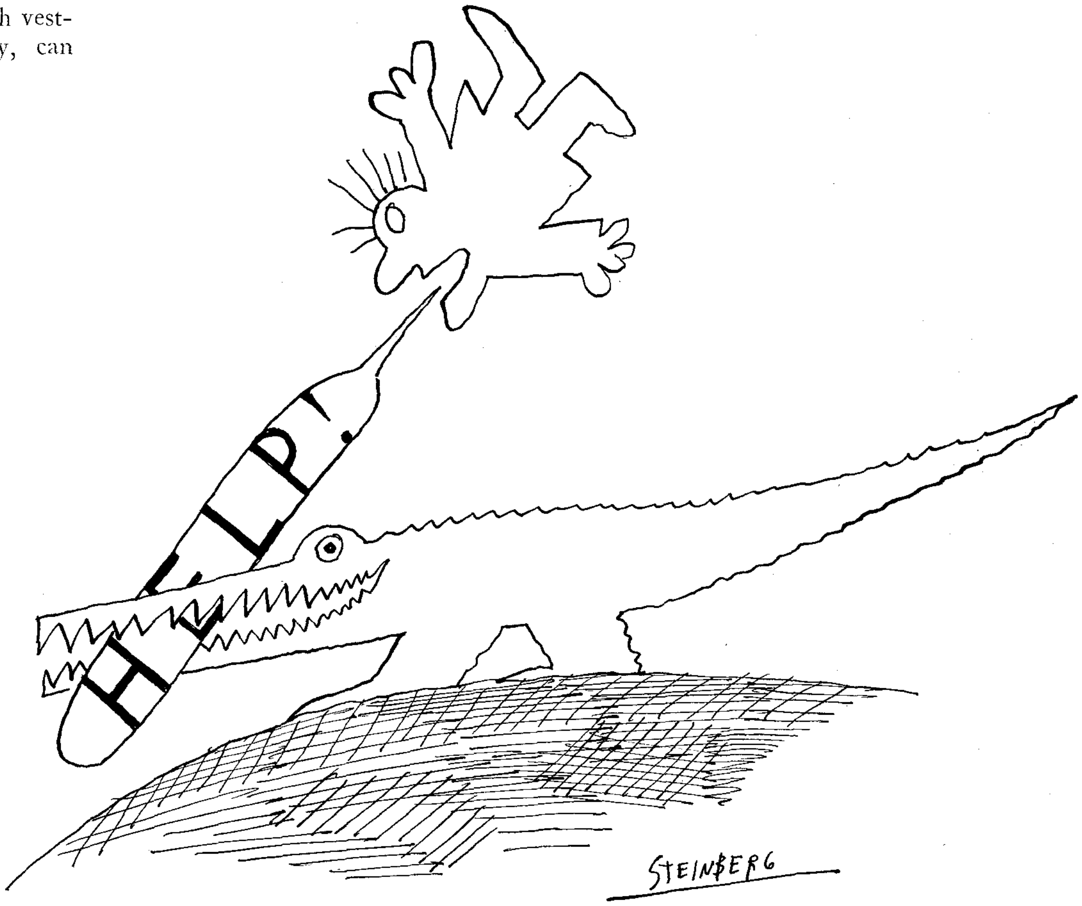
My music teacher played there. My friends went there to Sunday school. People rang bells and even water glasses right up there in front, the place where in my own church we were never allowed to set foot or even to kneel until after confirmation. Later in my life, there would be splashy Quaker weddings, and the church would be rebuilt, no longer the biggest Friends' meetinghouse in the world but very luxurious and even elegant—and rich, of course. (It was then that a few rebels split off and went quietly and often mutely to a room in Whittier College, where they sat together until the Spirit either moved them or did not, and then as silently went home again. They had no need for organists, hymns, or ritual, and, with the smug and even sanctimonious attitude of all religious refugees, they knew themselves to be One with their fathers.)

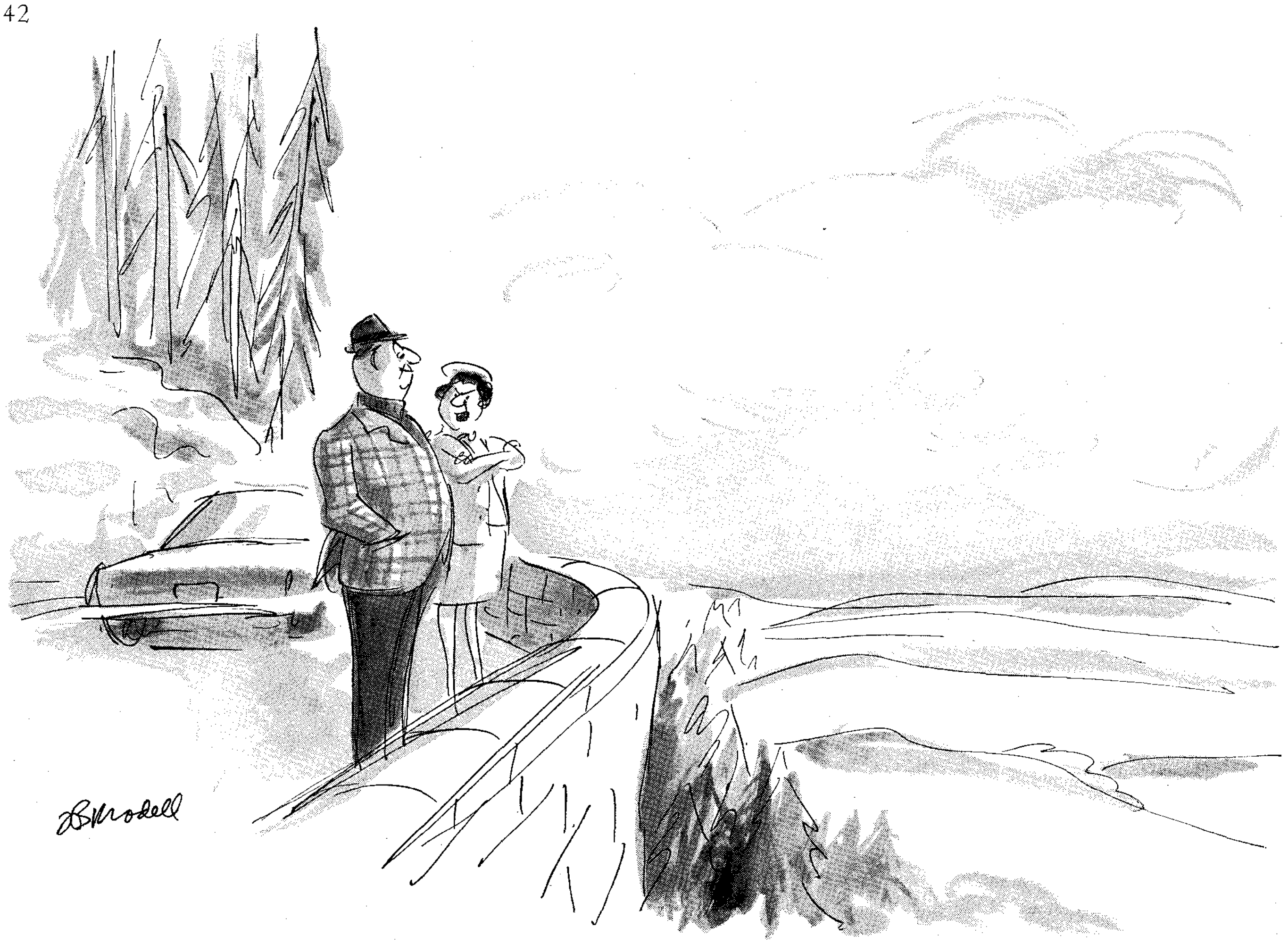
No bugler blows "Joy to the World" anymore, to the four corners of the town and perhaps the planet. But those were fine Christmas mornings, thanks to the Quakers who let us live in their town in peace. Exactly at seven, from the steeple of the Friends' meetinghouse, the triumphant blast would come to us, fainter to the north and west and south, and then right into our upstairs sleeping porch, as little Anne and I lay close to Father in the big bed, quivering happily. Soon Mother would be home from singing at early service. After breakfast there would be the Tree, even though Grandmother disliked it as a pagan custom, and then we would go up and down the sidewalks of Painter Avenue, and compare dolls and tricycles and wagons with our Quaker peers.

And all this is why I think more should be said about people who are either birthright or new members of the Society of Friends. They occupy an almost mystical position in many people's minds at this point in our cosmic confusion, and too often their image is blurred by sentimentality and an optimistic lack of realism. Their tenets remain noble. Their worldly compromises are, like all other such arrangements, less admirable. They are maligned by their own position in the hopeful wishes of people who have perhaps been less brave than they, both now and in the past. They have always been good fighters, although they do not believe in physical combat.

The white children I knew when I was little had no need to be anything but well fed and secure, in the best houses in a town where they belonged to its best families—the ones with the settlers' names: Hadley, Bailey, Newlin, Comstock, Maple. Their ancestors, buried in the town cemetery or along the routes to California, had given up homes just as solid, positions just as secure, to live their own lives as they saw fit, in a place where they could practice their beliefs unscorned. The settlement they named for their American poet would be theirs, and theirs it was when we came to it.

THAT settlement still remains a firm core in the sprawling suburb of Los Angeles that was once Whittier, and the part where we lived is now called the Old Town, by newcomers of all faiths and races. It is, in its own sedate, tree-shaded fashion, just as much a ghetto as was Jimtown down on the river, where most of the Mexicans had to live when I was little. The comfortable old houses like ours have largely been converted into small apart-





"You don't have to pull that sensitive, far-off gaze on me, Buster. I'm just as responsive to the beauty of that vista as you are."

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ments or doctors' offices. And all around it, in elegant suburbs, and housing developments that range from solid to shoddy, and high-rise buildings, live nearly two hundred thousand people. Most of them work in Los Angeles offices or the several great war industries. Freeways make escape quick and easy, and I am told that many people still leave town, as did my own parents, for their frolickings.

Whittier College, which had barely enough young ladies enrolled in it to dance around the Maypole when I first set foot on its campus in 1913 to watch the seemly caperings (another free show!), was definitely worried about overcrowding when I studied there for one semester in 1928 and almost four hundred students bulged out of the few buildings on its neat campus. By now it is, in its own contained way, as sprawling as the town, with more than two thousand young people seething—discreetly, so far—at its consistent conservatism. It even has an enrollment of fifty or so black students, which one report says is nearly the entire Negro community of the town.

Arithmetically, that is surprising, to put it in a correctly gentle and quiet way. It seems to come out as a percentage of one-fortieth of the college student body, and around one four-thousandth of the town's head count. Surely my figures cannot be right, as my fourth-grade teacher at Penn Street School would agree from her grave if she could. I do know, though, that we harbored for a time, too short, the only Negro in Whittier, big Cynthia, who finally left us with mutual hot tears because she was lonely, except for us. She was, in fact, dying, pining, except for us. She was not welcome anywhere, even in the stores. Especially, there was no place open for her to worship. The people did not seem to *see* her. (Several years later, two very ugly things happened to a black couple who lived with us at the Ranch outside of town, but they do not belong here, and few people would care to believe them anyway, caught as they are in the Syndrome of Saintliness, where all members of the Friends' Society are concerned.)

Most of the people I grew up with in Whittier are gone, either up or down. If some of them still live, they may have forgotten me, as I have many of them. More clearly do I remember their composed remote mothers, always seen from a polite distance, and their quiet fathers, the men who looked over my own sire for several years and then almost smiled at him, as they met in passing on the corner of Greenleaf and Philadelphia. They went to a different church, and never bothered to doubt why. They ate and even dressed differently, because of their conditionings. They recognized good souls and bad, mostly within their own walls. It is probable that they taught all of us more about brotherly love than they realized.

—M. F. K. FISHER

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THE HAND

I have watched your fingers drum
Against each other: thumb against
The fore- and middle-finger. When
Tension leaves your hand alone,
Your face slides back its screen, I see
Such streams begin, such gardens grow
That you must hide more than you hide,
And I must know more than I know.

—HOWARD MOSS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HONOR TO THE BRIDE—II

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5TH: Early this afternoon, while the children played hopscotch in the alley, Dawia was squatting on her heels before the blind *shuwwaf*, listening to the seer sniff loudly at the spices burning in his clay brazier and tap the floor with the fingers of his right hand. This was the way the *shuwwaf* saw. He was dressed in a black jellaba, out of respect for Aisha Qandisha, who had given him his special sight in exchange for the sight with which he used to look at mortal women. The walls of his little hut were also black. There were no candles. One of the seven old women who had come with Dawia for the latest news about Khadija kept muttering to the others, "It is not only the *shuwwaf* who has difficulty seeing in the *shuwwaf's* house."

Twenty days had passed now since Khadija disappeared. This morning, when the *shuwwaf* tapped his floor, he had seen her locked in a damp room somewhere in a village called El Haj Kadour; he had a new message from Aisha this afternoon. "The girl is in Meknes again," he said after he had stopped tapping. "She has forgotten her family"—Dawia groaned softly—"and she is wearing a gray caftan. A woman guards her. She is in a place"—the *shuwwaf* tapped again—"a place where there are thieves. I see trees. Many trees."

The old women, huddled against a wall, nodded contentedly and whispered to one another that the *shuwwaf* rarely went into such detail for a customer. Dawia pressed a dirham into the *shuwwaf's* palm. The old man, who had been able to lay in spices for the next three months with the money Dawia had given him already, hoisted the hem of his jellaba and deposited the coin in a leather pouch that was hanging from his baggy trousers. Then he held out his hand again, and Dawia kissed it.

"Remember the trees," the *shuwwaf* said.

Dawia nodded. There were woods in Meknes that ran through a deep ravine along the road from the *medina* out to Sidi Yussef, and they were called Suhi, after an old thief who had hidden there from the sultan's soldiers centuries ago. By now there was not a thief in the city who at one time or another had not waited out a manhunt in one of the tiny huts that Suhi's cousins and sons and grandsons, all of whom followed Suhi's profession, had built in the old man's woods. Suhi was dense and dark, and everybody in Meknes said that it was very dangerous. Even Lieutenant Brahim, the head of the criminal brigade at the Gendarmerie Royale, refused to go there. Last week, after Monsieur Hugh met Brahim at the Esso station and established the binding fact that they had both shared tea with the pasha's chief assistant, the Lieutenant had set out three times to search Suhi for Khadija. The first time, he had turned back for his dress uniform. The second time, he had turned back for an extra pistol. And the third time, he had turned back for no reason at all. According to Musa, who had gone with him, the Lieutenant had said, "You know, it is really too dangerous for me down there."

Dawia, trailed by the old women, hurried to her house to report to Omar. She found him on the roof. Mustafa was with him, and they were listening to Musa read a letter that Mokhtar, who had been out of town all week at the *souk* in Sidi Kacem, had just sent home on a passing milk truck. Musa was in great demand as a letter reader. He read with drama and solemnity, as befitted the written word, and, furthermore, he charged nothing for his services.

"So, you see, it is not Abdeslam after all," Mustafa said when Musa had finished his third, and best, rendition of the letter.

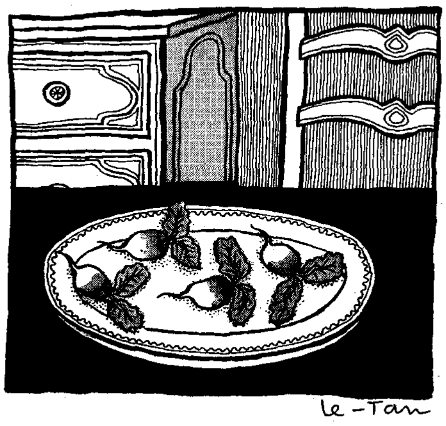
"Abdeslam is a good man," Omar said. "I have always said so."

"Abdeslam has eaten with us all," Musa added.

"Haven't I always said that Abdeslam is a good man?" Omar asked Dawia.

Dawia began to cry. "What has happened to my daughter?" she said.

"Didn't Abdeslam swear by our saint that he would never do such a terrible thing?" Mustafa asked Omar.



"Where is my daughter?" Dawia said.

"You are certainly lucky to have a brother who can write letters," Mustafa went on.

Musa scrutinized the letter. "All told, it is not a bad letter," he said.

Dawia pulled at her husband's hand. "Where is my daughter?" she pleaded.

"Ah, the girl," Omar said, looking surprised. "Mokhtar has heard at the *souk* that she is the prisoner of a man from Sidi Kacem." Then he turned to Musa. "*You* have heard me say that Abdeslam is a good man, haven't you?"

"And you are lucky to have brothers who know the *souks*, who hear things," Mustafa cut in. He was jumping around, excited, and he told Musa that very, very soon, Allah willing, Musa would have an invitation to Zahara's wedding. Lately, Bushta had been putting the wedding off. He had told Mustafa and Mokhtar that he was waiting to see the good name of his driver restored, but the brothers suspected that he had been listening to the gossip of jealous mothers in the quarter. The mothers were saying that Zahara was brazen. Once, they said, she had even joined the Girl Scouts.

"You will go to Sidi Kacem?" Dawia demanded. She tugged at Omar. "You will find my daughter?"

Omar thought for a minute. "Perhaps we will just leave her in Sidi Kacem," he said.

Mustafa nodded enthusiastically. He said that he himself had been about to suggest leaving Khadija in Sidi Kacem.

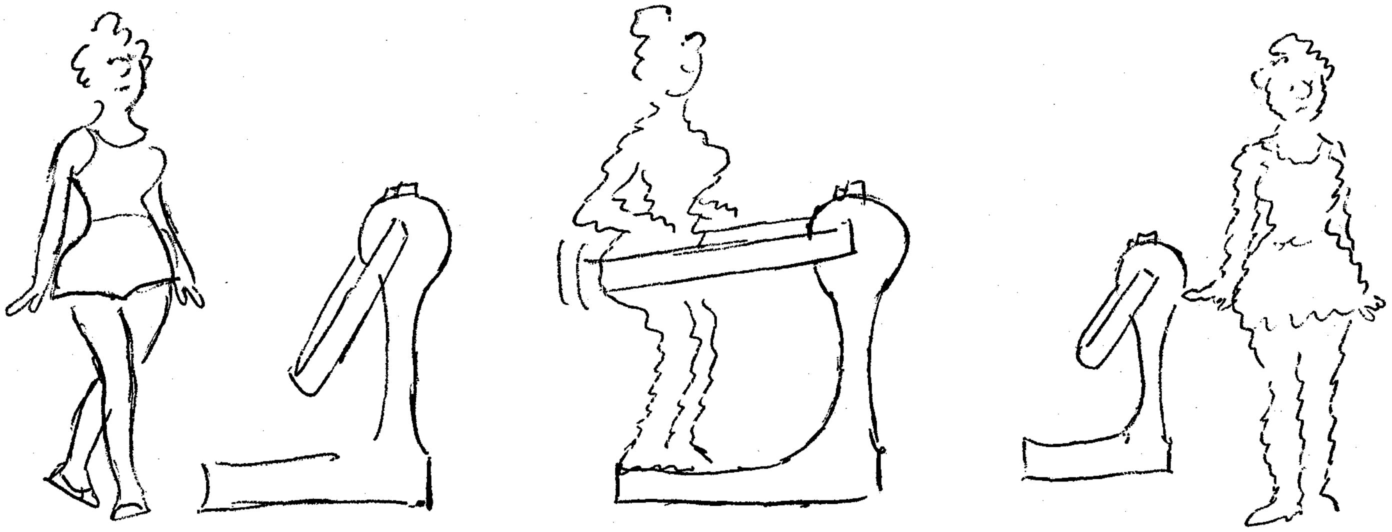
Musa glared at them both. He had been talking to Monsieur Hugh about stolen women and had come to the conclusion that it was not altogether civilized to abandon them. "What if she is still a virgin?" he asked. "You will be throwing away a good bride price."

"We will go to Sidi Kacem," Omar said.

"The trip to Sidi Kacem is not cheap," Mustafa said. "I, for one—"

"But we will ask our good friend Abdeslam ben Ali to drive us to Sidi Kacem in the dump truck," Omar said.

THURSDAY, JULY 6TH: Just as the *shuwwaf's* hut was painted black, the three small rooms that opened off the courtyard of Omar's house were painted according to the preferences



of the devils to whom the family was particularly close. The tiny kitchen, where Dawia kept her brazier, her charcoal, and her sacks of semolina, was yellow, in honor of a lady devil by the name of Lalla Mira. The *bit dyaf*—the room of the guests—where Omar served mint tea to his company, was blue, in honor of another lady devil, Lalla Malika. And the room where the family ate and slept was blood red, in honor of Aisha, who was said to consider the color a worthy substitute for the black she loved.

Dawia spent this morning in the red room, intermittently nursing Jmaa and listening to her eldest daughter, Fatna, sniffle into a straw pillow and complain about everything. Fatna was a big, pretty girl who went to football matches with her husband and had been seen by the neighbors out walking in a short skirt. She had bright, greedy eyes and a voice that could be soft and coaxing when she was not crying or complaining. It was rumored that she shaved her legs.

Fatna did not like coming home. She liked the *medina*, where she lived with her husband and his parents, and she liked the *ville nouvelle*, where she went to stenographers' school, but, as she often told her mother, she was ashamed of Sidi Yussef. She had arrived last night, just after Omar and Mustafa left for Sidi Kacem in Abdeslam's truck. All night long, she had wept on Dawia's stomach, and already this morning she had walloped Saida and thrown her shoes at Abderrahman. Everyone knew why she was angry: Fatna had had a fight with her mother-in-law.

Fatna's husband was a young male nurse named Driss, and people in Sidi Yussef who had been to the movies said that he was as handsome as Omar Sharif. He worked at the Sidi Said Hospital, on the road to Rabat, which was one of the largest public hospitals in Morocco. It was also one of the most rewarding. All the nurses at Sidi Said were bakshish rich. Driss earned his own particular bakshish by selling permissions to see the doctor to the patients on the critical ward and, afterward, by selling them the medicines that the doctor prescribed. Shots of penicillin, which people in Meknes considered very potent European magic, brought the best prices at the hospital, and around the *medina*, where Driss had established himself as a "Doctor of Operations," there were hundreds of merchants who would buy whatever shots his hospital patients could not afford. Driss always kept his cache of penicillin and syringes sealed in a tin box next to his mattress in the family bedroom. But last night, when he came home from the hospital, the box was open, the syringes were shattered, and there were puddles of penicillin all over the floor. Fatna had said that her mother-in-law dropped the box that morning. Her mother-in-law told Driss that Fatna dropped the box herself. Driss had sided with his mother in the fight that followed—it was great *hshuma*, in such a situation, to take the part of one's wife—and Fatna had left the house, wearing her three best caftans under her jellaba and clutching a tube of purple lipstick, and hailed a taxicab to Sidi Yussef.

Dawia listened to Fatna's moans and sniffles till noon, when Musa stopped by with Madame Hugh. Musa was to have gone with the other men to Sidi Kacem, but he had had to cancel his trip at the last moment, because Habiba had developed a craving for freshly slaughtered goat. Despite his domestic troubles, Musa was relieved to have avoided the dangerous mission to Sidi Kacem. He had been cheerful all day.

"Why are you moaning like that?" Madame Hugh asked Fatna after they had kissed on both cheeks, according to the French fashion, which Fatna was cultivating. Madame Hugh sounded impatient. She had been angry with Fatna since the day she heard Fatna tell her little brothers that soldiers were coming all the way from Israel to Sidi Yussef to eat them up. Fatna had learned about the soldiers from Driss, who had a short-wave radio and liked to listen to the news on Radio Cairo at night, just before the world football scoreboard.

"Fatna has fought with her mother-in-law again," Dawia explained. Then she got up to find a towel for her guest's bare knees; Fatna was staring wistfully at the American's miniskirt.

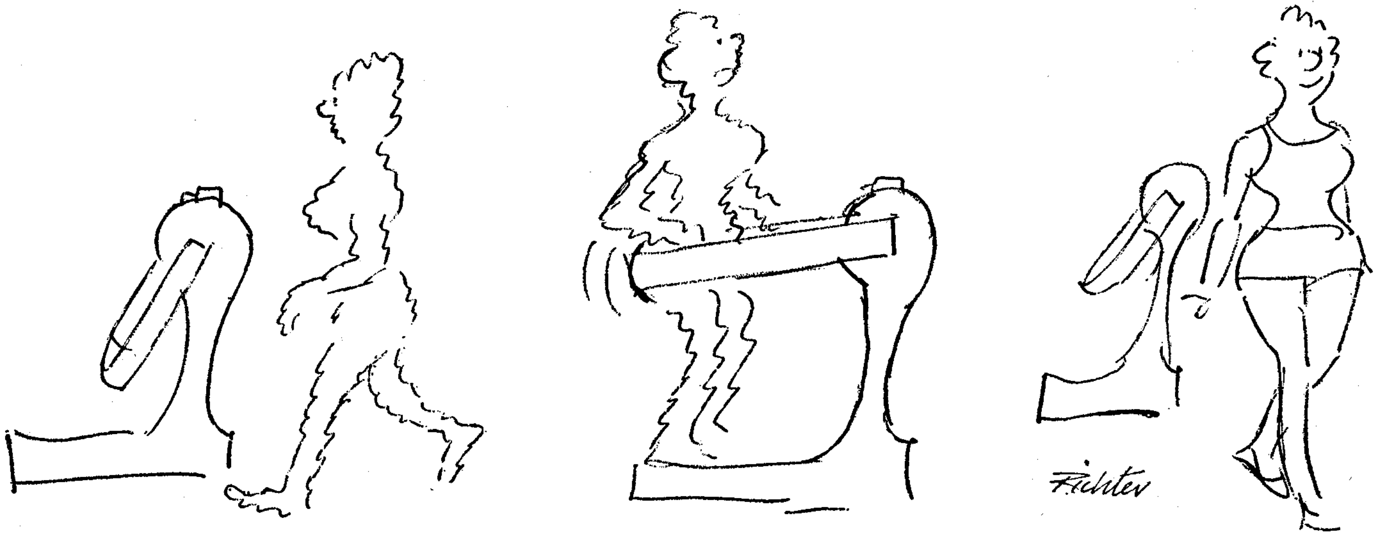
Madame Hugh spread the towel carefully. One day last week, she had driven Dawia up and down a street of brothels in the *medina*, looking for Khadija, and Dawia had crouched in shame on the floor of the car. Madame Hugh had told her not to be shamed by the prostitutes, but Dawia had replied that she was not shamed by the prostitutes—she was shamed by Madame Hugh's short skirt.

"It is all because of Khadija," Fatna said, between her sniffles. "She has disgraced her family, and it is because of *her* that my mother-in-law dropped the penicillin. So that Driss will be angry and divorce me."

"Fatna is waiting for her mother-in-law to come with a gift and apologize," Dawia told Madame Hugh.

"She has already sent Driss, but that is not enough," Fatna said. "I will not go back until she comes for me herself."

"It is a burden to have daughters," Dawia said, sighing. "My husband looks at Jmaa now and he says, 'What



can I expect from her? More of the same problems I have suffered with the first two.' "

"He has a point," Musa remarked. "Having daughters is not profitable."

"My father thinks of nothing but the money he will get for his daughters," Fatna cut in. She was referring to the matter of her own *sdaq*—her bride price. Just before her wedding, Driss had heard from a doctor at the hospital that in Europe husbands and wives shared all their expenses, so he had refused to sign the marriage papers until it was agreed that Fatna would pay half of her own bride price to Omar. At first, Omar had torn up the papers and sworn that Driss would never enter his house again, but Fatna had already been seen by the neighbors in Driss's company, and in the end there was nothing for Omar to do but accept the terms. Then, too, Fatna was nearly seventeen, and it had seemed unlikely to Omar that another man would ever want her. After much bargaining, the marriage act had been stamped and sealed by the judge at the marriage court. Driss had promised two hundred and fifty dirhams as a down payment, and Fatna was to give her father two hundred and fifty dirhams more, in monthly installments, as soon as she finished stenographers' school and got a job. The judge, who was an old man in a red fez, had told Omar this was the strangest marriage act that he had ever witnessed. Omar had been ashamed—he himself had paid a good, respectable *sdaq* to Dawia's father, he had given many presents to her family, and he had even sacrificed a sheep on her father's threshold as a guarantee of his intentions—but Driss was proud to have written the first "modern" marriage contract in the history of Meknes. He had paid his half of the *sdaq* on the night of the wedding, but two weeks later Fatna had failed her stenographer's examination and was told that she would have to spend another year in school. Lately, Omar had been asking Dawia if she thought they would ever see the money that was still owed them. Fatna fought with her mother-in-law all day and kept coming home to Sidi Yussef. And Driss, for his part, had been threatening to take another wife if Fatna failed her examination again. He said that he was a modern man and wanted a modern wife, like the wives in Europe, who would earn money and make him rich.

Dawia sighed again. She had heard about men who did not want to pay properly for their wives, she told Madame Hugh, but she had never expected to have one in the family.

"It is certain that Driss will divorce me," Fatna moaned. "He says that it is *I* who must apologize. He says that *I* am to ignore all the terrible things his mother says." Fatna glared at Sidi Mohammed, who had tiptoed into the room, giggling. Then she asked Madame Hugh, "In America, does a man bring his bride to his parents' house to live?"

Madame Hugh shook her head.

Fatna thought for a minute. "Driss says that it is *hshuma* for a man to abandon his parents," she said. "Driss says that even the King lives with his mother."

"But they say that the King has *three* wives," Madame Hugh said, smiling.

"And soon, Allah willing, he will have four wives," Musa added. He had heard that Hassan II was looking for a new wife—one he could take out of the country on his state visits. Hassan's first three wives were in purdah in the palace and could not be seen by strangers. And when Hassan travelled, with no one along to sit to the right of his host at dinner, there were always complicated problems of protocol. As it happened, the King of Morocco had just been invited to a state dinner, and Madame Hugh had said that all the diplomats in Rabat were wondering what the King was going to do. There were already rumors concerning a young lady from Casablanca. Some of the girl's paternal uncles had been made judges, and the Widow Rabha had heard talk of a royal wedding on her radio.

"It is better for the King to go away alone," Dawia announced, pulling up her own towel and draping it modestly around her.

Fatna began to cry. Musa looked at her, blushing. He stood up to go, but before he could offer the polite excuses Driss and his mother arrived. They were preceded by a loud crashing sound and a sudden tremor in the walls of the courtyard, which signalled to the family that Driss had just driven his new Renault into the side of Dawia's house. Driss had driven into the house twice before, so no one but Madame Hugh was at all surprised.

Dawia walked calmly to the door, opened it, and waved to Driss and his mother in the automobile. Driss was screaming curses at his steering wheel. He had bought the Renault last month, with most of his bakshish savings, but he had never really mastered the art of driving it. The bumper of his car was bent like a Berber pastry, as Musa noted, and both the headlights were smashed. When Driss climbed out to inspect the latest damage, Dawia laughed, delighted, into her towel. Even Fatna grinned.

"I am taking you home," Driss said to Fatna. He pointed to his mother, Kinza, in the car. "You see, my mother is here to tell you to come home."

Kinza, who was wrapped in a thick

black jellaba and a long veil, nodded grimly through the open window. It had been her first automobile ride. Fatna walked over to embrace her. Dawia followed.

"It is a great burden for us all—what Khadija has done," Kinza told Dawia. "There has never been such a terrible thing in our family."

"It is a terrible thing," Dawia agreed.

"I have decided that it is best to forget the matter of the penicillin," Kinza said.

Dawia turned to tell Fatna, but the girl had run back into the house to avoid the neighbors, who had heard the crash and come to their doors to listen. Driss went in after her. They stayed in the house for a long time, shouting at each other. When they finally came out, Fatna was carrying her purple lipstick. Her three best caftans were folded over her arm.

"This must not happen again," Driss announced, to no one in particular. "She has already lost a half day's practice at stenographers' school."

FRIDAY, JULY 7TH: Dawia awoke this morning and prayed for word from Sidi Kacem. She washed her floors, scrubbed her teapots, and opened a bottle of Coca-Cola for Abderrahman, Ali, Sidi Mohammed, and Saida, but when she unwound her towel for little Jmaa her milk was dry. She had barely eaten for days. The neighbors were saying that she was getting thin and pale, like Madame Hugh, and she knew that soon they would be saying that Omar ben Allel could not afford to feed his wife. Last night, she had even refused a couscous that the Widow Rabha brought her. The seven old women from the alley, who arrived to keep their vigil soon after Fatna left for the *medina*, had eaten the couscous instead.

The seven old women were back in Dawia's courtyard today, and the Widow Rabha was with them. Abderrahman, Ali, Sidi Mohammed, and Saida, who were all afraid of the Widow Rabha, were hiding in the *bit dyaf*, but Jmaa, who was too young to be afraid of anything, had just crawled onto her lap and was drooling hungrily on her clean jellaba.

The Widow Rabha was a small, bony woman with protruding gold teeth and a look of gloating and imperious propriety. She tracked scandal with the persistence of a hungry Sahara jackal—they liked to say in Sidi Yussef that fear of the Widow Rabha's tongue did more to encourage respectability than all the teachings of the Prophet and the saints combined—and she was never more content than when she was presiding over scandals that involved the daughters of her friends. The Widow Rabha herself was cursed with five unmarried daughters, all of them ugly and all of them unquestionably pure. (Rabha's husband had been heard to murmur on his deathbed that he was happy to escape having to feed five virgins into their old age.) Rabha was proud to say that none of her daughters had ever gone walking unescorted, and that Azziza, the eldest, mindful of the great temptation she presented to the men of the quarter, had not even ventured out of her own small corner of Sidi Yussef for the past two years. Azziza was a spinster of twenty. She had a mustache, and she weighed almost a hundred kilos, and in the memory of the neighbors no one had ever knocked on the Widow Rabha's door with a solid offer for the girl's hand. Musa often told his friends that the girl should be sent to Marrakech, where the men had stronger tastes in women, but the subject of Azziza was very delicate, and he had never spoken of this to the Widow Rabha herself.

Dawia, pouring tea for the women, listened to the Widow Rabha talk about all the invitations she had refused from her rich, widowed brother-in-law, who lived alone in the *medina* and owned a television set. The Widow Rabha was saying that in the interests of her good name she had had to forfeit the distinction of being the only woman in Sidi Yussef ever to watch television. Dawia thought about this for a moment, and then she offered to send Abderrahman to the *medina* in the Widow Rabha's place. Abderrahman, she said, could come back and report to the Widow Rabha in detail on all the programs he had seen. Both women had heard a great deal about television. There was a joke the men in Sidi Yussef liked to tell about a country Berber who bought a television set. Each day, they said, the Berber watched his television, and it revealed to him everything of importance that was happening in the universe. One night, however, the Berber's cow died. But the Berber did not discover that his cow was dead until the following morning. Furious, he kicked in the screen of the television set and beat the box to pieces with a club. "If you know everything, you devil, why didn't you tell me that my cow was dying?" the Berber shouted. The television has not revealed anything to the Berber since then.

Dawia called Abderrahman and told him to leave at once for the *medina*, but before Abderrahman could find his slippers Mustafa came running into the courtyard. He had just returned from Sidi Kacem, and he was grinning triumphantly. Dawia and the old women crowded around him. The Widow Rabha stayed on her mat, at a modest distance across the courtyard. The women whispered that Mustafa was looking splendid in his Gibraltar suit.

"It is exactly as I have said," Mustafa told Dawia. "Omar is very lucky to have brothers who know the *souks*. I ask you to name another man in Sidi Yussef who has two such brothers."

Dawia shook her head, unable to reply.

"We arrived in Sidi Kacem Wednesday night before eleven, thanks to our good friend Abdeslam," Mustafa began. "And we went directly to the home of our friend from the market. Our friend had seen Khadija at the house of one of his neighbors—an old woman who has many rooms and rents them to men. The men come to her with girls who are not their wives." Mustafa lowered his voice and added, "And sometimes, if the men cannot find girls who are exactly right, they give *her* money and she helps them."

All the old women began to ululate. It was the custom of Moroccan women to ululate—they call it youyouing—during wars, weddings, circumcisions, and other potentially disastrous events.

"And then we all drank tea together," Mustafa said.

Dawia started to ask about her daughter, but the old women told her not to interrupt the story.

"After we had drunk the tea, we went to the old woman's house and knocked on her door." Mustafa paused dramatically. He liked telling stories, and on Friday afternoons he often would listen to the storytellers in the public square outside the tomb of Sheikh el Kamel in order to improve his style. "We knocked from midnight until precisely three in the morning," he went on. Like Omar, he owned a wristwatch and enjoyed telling time.

The women youyoued again.

"At last, it was decided that something different should be done," Mustafa said.

"It is clear that the wicked old

woman did not want to open her door!" the Widow Rabha called across the courtyard.

"Exactly," Mustafa said. "And so it was decided that Omar and our friend from Sidi Kacem would go to the Commissariat to find a policeman. At first, our friend said no—the old woman is his neighbor, and he did not want problems with her—but then I had an excellent thought." Mustafa paused again. "I told him that the police would do nothing to the old woman, since the police are also her neighbors and did not want problems with her themselves."

"Ah, that was very good," one of the old women remarked.

"It is *hshuma* to arrest your neighbor," another old woman said.

"And so Omar and our friend went with Abdeslam to the Commissariat," Mustafa continued. "Mokhtar stayed by the door, and I climbed up onto the roof to make sure that no one escaped while they were gone. It was very difficult, climbing onto the roof. It was just like a film, only more difficult."

All the women looked at Mustafa admiringly.

"And it was very dangerous, too," Mustafa said. "Later, I asked Omar, 'How many brothers would be brave enough to climb a roof like that?' "

"And then?" Dawia asked him. Saida and Sidi Mohammed had crept into the courtyard, and they were clinging to Dawia's skirt, listening.

"At four, the men returned to the house with two policemen," Mustafa told her. "At first, the policemen had said that they would not come. They said that they were obliged to arrest criminals only during the day, between nine and twelve in the morning and three and six in the afternoon. But then Abdeslam suggested that Omar would pay twenty-five dirhams for an arrest, and they were very happy."

"He is a clever man, that Abdeslam," one of the old women cut in. The other women nodded.

"The two policemen knocked at the door," Mustafa went on. " 'Open your door!' they said. 'We are policemen.' But the old woman still would not open her door, and so the policemen took out their revolvers and shot through the lock."

Dawia began to youyou all alone.

"The old woman was screaming, and there was a man in her courtyard, standing on a suitcase, trying to escape onto the roof," Mustafa said. "The policemen seized the man. Oh, he was a terrible type. Ugly, like a demon. I asked myself, 'How could the girl have gone with such a terrible type?' "

"My Azziza would not have gone with a man like that," the Widow Rabha said.

Abderrahman stuck out his tongue at her.

Mustafa ignored them both and added, "I said to Omar, 'Look at that criminal! How many brothers would wait alone on a roof with a criminal like him around?' "

Dawia tapped Mustafa on the arm. "Khadija?" she said.

Mustafa, who did not like being interrupted in the middle of a story, stopped talking and sulked. After a long time, he said, "Of course the girl was there. Why wouldn't she be there? There was a well in the courtyard, and the man had said that he would throw her in if she ever tried to leave the house."

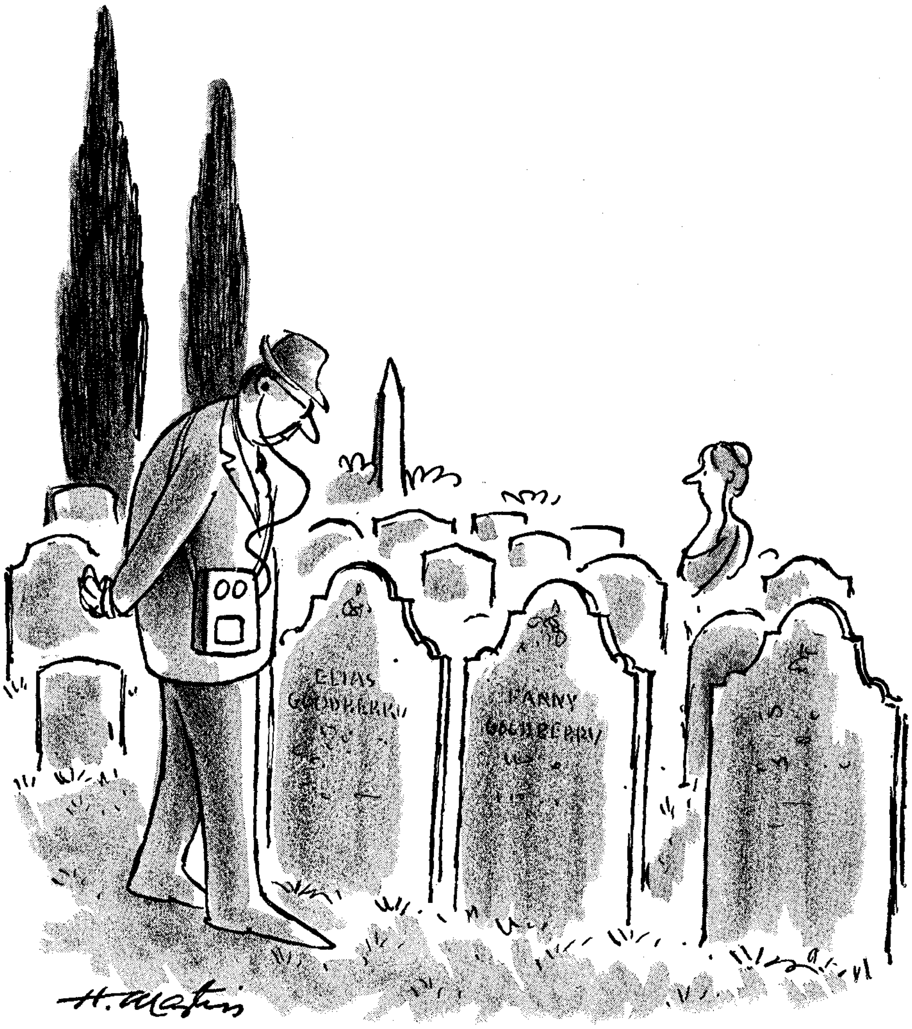
Dawia gasped, and murmured the names of several saints.

"The man had bought her many new clothes," Mustafa added. "Caftans and bloomers. Even a jellaba."

"Ah," the old women said, looking impressed.

"The girl was very unhappy," Mustafa told them. "No one would let her take the clothes to the Commissariat with her."

SATURDAY, JULY 8TH: Today, at noon, the pilgrims on their way to the tomb of the great saint Moulay Idriss saw Monsieur Hugh's blue Opel parked off the winding mountain road that led to the entrance to the sacred city. Dawia was standing beside it, wrapped in a long, pink towel that was flapping a little in the warm breeze. Jmaa, slung in a fold of the towel, snored softly on her back as she squinted up into the sunlight, trying to get a glimpse of Moulay Idriss's tomb. No woman had been permitted to enter the tomb since a drop of blood was discovered on the floor there, many years ago, and the whole shrine had to be



"On your left now is the grave of Elias Goodberry, founder of the Goodberry Grain & Feed Company, who set tongues wagging back in 1836 when he promenaded on the village green with the notorious Mae Belle Kelly."

"*I wish I could still freak out like that.*"

purified, at great expense to the saint's descendants, who declared it to be the blood of an unclean female. Now, whenever Dawia visited Moulay Idriss, she liked looking at the tomb, which reminded her of the fine purity of Islam. Once, a *fqih* in Sidi Yussef had told Dawia that a woman who was unclean during a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca must make the pilgrimage again, another year. Dawia had been very much impressed with this pious information. "Her pilgrimage counts for nothing in the eyes of Allah," she always said now when she repeated the story for her friends.

Today, Dawia was on her way to the Gendarmerie Royale to claim her daughter. ("The girl was stolen on the mountain, so naturally the crime belongs to the Gendarmerie at Moulay Idriss," Omar had said, with authority, when he returned from Sidi Kacem last night and announced that Khadija and her abductor, a wandering *souk* musician by the name of Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed, had been sent to Moulay Idriss in a long black police van.) Dawia had set out early in the morning with Omar, Fatna, and Monsieur Hugh—Fatna had just come home again, carrying her caftans and complaining that she had been grievously insulted at breakfast by her mother-in-law—but Fatna kept getting carsick, and Monsieur Hugh had already had to stop three times because of her. At the moment, Fatna was squatting behind a large rock, vomiting. Omar and Monsieur Hugh were pacing near the rock, trying to decide what to do with her. When Fatna stood up, she remarked bitterly that her lace veil and her new white summer jellaba were soiled. She had put them on specially for her trip to Moulay Idriss, after hearing from Musa, who had stopped by this morning on his way to the goat *souk*, that Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie was a handsome young bachelor looking for a wife.

"I am killing myself because of that *hisha mwussha*," Fatna hissed, cursing her sister. "*Hisha mwussha*" were the words for "filthy beast," and Fatna repeated them as she ran back to the car, tripping over stones and flowers in her high heels.

The Gendarmerie Royale at Moulay Idriss was a little white building perched on a row of wooden stilts, with a guard at the door and two benches in the front hallway. When Dawia, Omar, and Monsieur Hugh arrived—they had left Fatna at the saint's spring to wash the spots off her jellaba—Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed was handcuffed to one of the benches. Khadija was waiting on the other bench. She was staring at Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed, and she did not look up to meet her mother's eyes.

Khadija was thin and drawn. There were deep-purple shadows under her brown eyes, which stared out of their bony sockets like the glass eyes of the skeletons in an American horror movie that Omar once had seen in the *ville nouvelle*. Her face was smeared with dirt, her hair was snarled, there were sores on her mouth, and two of her big yellow front teeth were gone. Her clothes reeked. They were the same red sweater and black school skirt that she was wearing when she disappeared.

Dawia ran down the hallway to embrace her daughter, and then she settled down on the floor at Khadija's feet. Omar waited at the door, frowning. He was holding a shabby jellaba and a veil that was ragged and faded and full of holes. Finally, he flung them both at Khadija. "Here. You are a woman now—cover yourself decently," he said.

When Khadija had put the jellaba on and tied the veil into place across her face, Monsieur Hugh walked up to her and took her hand. "Khadija?" he said softly.

Khadija kept staring at Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed and did not answer him.

"Everything will be all right," Monsieur Hugh said.

Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie, who had been out all morning looking for the caid's bicycle, walked into the hallway just as Monsieur Hugh was speaking. Fatna was with him—they had met outside, when Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie stopped to admire the Opel and found Fatna, at the car mirror, applying a gleaming coat of lipstick—and she was looking very pleased with herself. There were no spots on her new white jellaba now.

"I am happy to see that you have come to visit," Monsieur le Chef de

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Gendarmerie said, in French, to Monsieur Hugh. "Perhaps, one day soon, we will have the opportunity to discuss American automobiles."

Fatna stepped between them, coughing. "Ah, what a tragedy!" she cried. "What a terrible thing to bear!" She turned to Monsieur Hugh, moaning. "Feel my heart," she said. "Feel how the heart of a respectable woman is beating."

Monsieur Hugh looked alarmed and began backing away.

Fatna smiled wanly at Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie. "*You* may feel how my heart is beating," she told him.

Dawia hid her head in her towel.

Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie tentatively put his hand out. "Her heart is certainly beating," he said to Monsieur Hugh.

Monsieur Hugh shrugged.

"I am coming to Meknes next week," Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie continued. "Perhaps we will have the opportunity to talk about automobiles then."

"What about the girl?" Monsieur Hugh asked him.

Dawia looked up. No one had told her yet how Khadija was stolen.

"Would you prefer the girl's story or the story of Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed?" Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie asked them.

Monsieur Hugh said that he preferred Khadija's story. Dawia agreed.

Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie led everyone but the guard, Khadija, and Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed into his office. According to the girl, he began, sitting down behind his big desk, Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed had met her on the path between the tombs of Sidi Ali ben Hamdush and Sidi Ahmed Dghughi. He was carrying a beautiful guitar, and he invited her into a tent, where there were many musicians and dancing girls, to hear him play. Then he offered her a glass of tea. There must have been hashish—or some powerful magic verses—in the tea, Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie went on, since the next thing the girl remembered was waking up in Sidi Kacem, at the old woman's house. "And the girl is no longer a virgin," he concluded his story. "She has just been examined at the dispensary."

"What did you expect?" Monsieur Hugh asked him. "Did you expect that the girl would be a prisoner for twenty-three days and come home a virgin?"

"Who can predict the will of Allah?" Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie said grandly. Then he stood up, clicked his heels, bowed to Monsieur Hugh, and excused himself. He had a new report on the caid's bicycle to write.

"*Hisha mwusskha! Hisha mwusskha!*" Fatna snapped at her sister as soon as everyone had left the office.

"Look at him," Omar said, pointing a finger at Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed. "He is horrible, horrible."

"What's the matter with *you*?" Monsieur Hugh asked Omar.

"How could she go with such a horrible man?" Omar said.

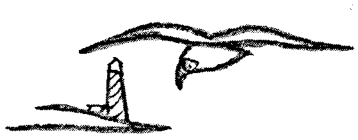
"You wanted her back, and now you blame her," Monsieur Hugh told him. "You act as if it were *her* fault."

"She has disgraced her father," Omar said stubbornly.

"*Hisha mwusskha!*" Fatna said.

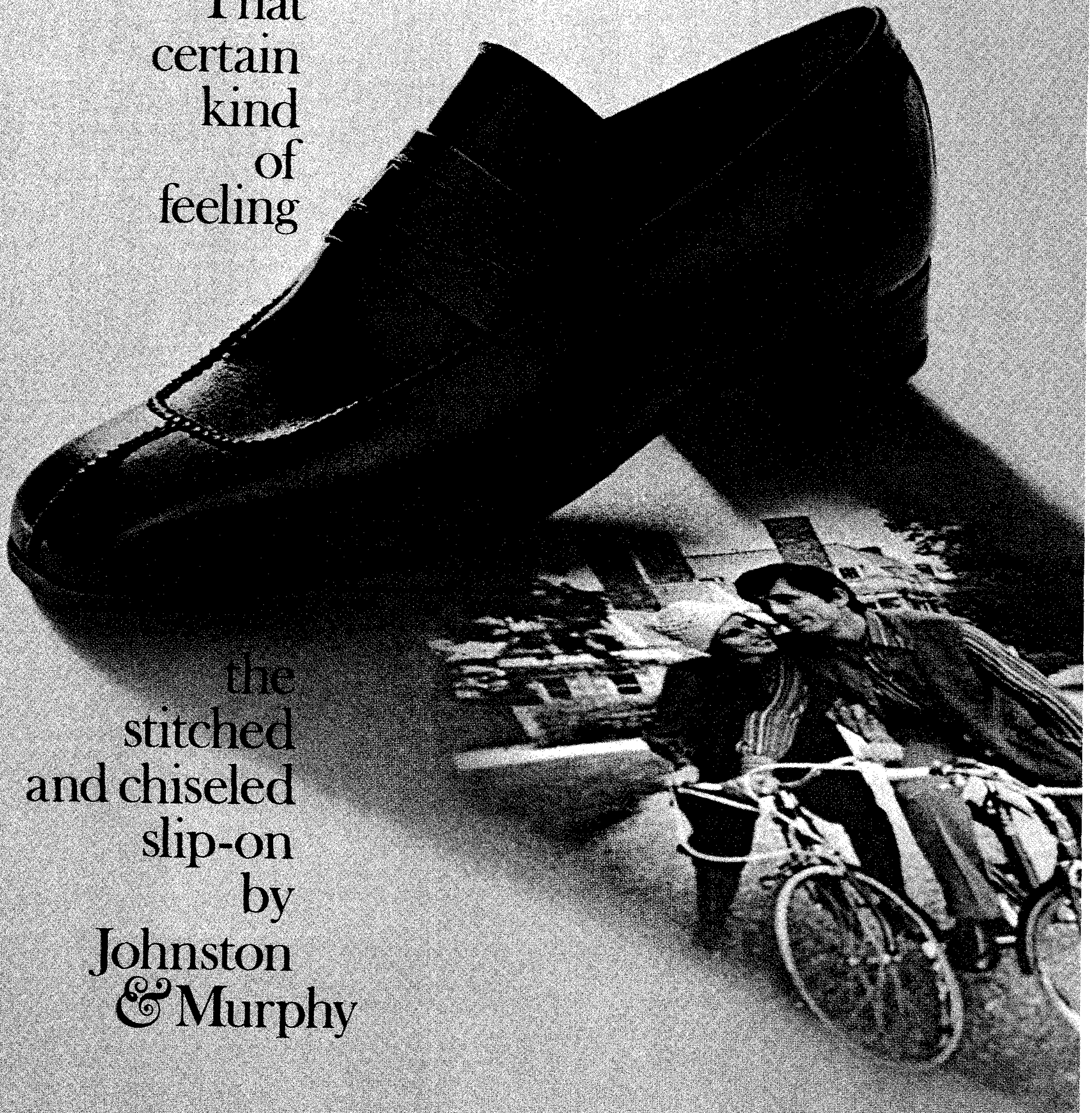
Dawia slipped a fresh fig out of a fold in her towel and began to eat again.

SUNDAY, JULY 9TH: Everyone in Sidi Yussef wanted to look at Khadija today. The seven old women came youyouing back to Dawia's courtyard. The neighbors came and brought their children. And even Zahara, with Bushta's kind permission, came visiting. Dawia spent the whole morning making tea for her company, and at noon she was still at the brazier in her little kitchen, waiting for a fresh kettle of water to boil. She was always very careful in making tea. Once, when she was a bride of nearly twelve and living in the country, she had let the water in her kettle boil over into a brazier, and Aisha Qandisha, who lived in all fires, had attacked her for the first time. Dawia had fallen to the floor, paralyzed and crying with pain, and for three days and three nights the finest musician in her village had had to sit by her side with his reed flute, searching for the *rih* that would make her dance and drive the devil away. Later, when she was cured, Omar had gone to the *souk* and bought a young black goat to sacrifice over the brazier, on the very spot where Dawia had been struck. Dawia drank the goat's blood. Since then, she watched her kettle conscientiously to see that not a drop of water ever spilled.



While Dawia waited in the kitchen, she chatted with the Widow Rabha about her guests. She would have liked to provide a room for the women visitors, she said, but Fatna had shut herself up in the red room and was refusing to unlock the door. Dawia had heard Fatna, through the wall, practicing what she would say to her husband and his mother when they came to get her, and she told Rabha that the girl had decided to ask them for a new lipstick and a European pocketbook. Earlier this morning, she said, she had had to stop Omar from breaking down the door and beating Fatna with his stick. It was always unwise to beat a married daughter; Dawia knew of a case in Sidi Yussef in which the husband had brought his father-in-law to court and sued for damages to private property. She had decided, therefore, to leave the red room to Fatna, the courtyard to the women and children, and the *bit dyaf* to Omar and the men. The *bit dyaf* always belonged to the man of the family. All his wealth was on display there—his pillows, his carpets, and his silver-plated teapot—for his friends to appreciate or, if no friends happened to be visiting, for the man to appreciate by himself. Last night, Omar had gone into the *bit dyaf* and sat for many hours, contemplating his pillows, which were blue with white pineapples, and mumbling curses at Monsieur Hugh, who had made him swear in the name of Allah to stay calm. Dawia had left him alone there, and she had tried her best to keep the children away. She knew that in the big houses of the *medina* women and children were never permitted in the *bit dyaf*. But, as she remarked to the Widow Rabha, in Sidi Yussef there was rarely enough space in a house for such good form.

Dawia poured the water from her kettle into a teapot nearly full of sugar and mint leaves, and then she carried it into the courtyard, where Khadija was sitting on a mat with Zahara and the women and children. Jmaa was sleeping on Khadija's lap, and Saida and Sidi Mohammed were snuggled up beside her, smiling. Earlier, Dawia had said that the devil left Khadija as soon as the girl was with her little brothers and sisters. By now, Khadija was sad only when her father hurried by her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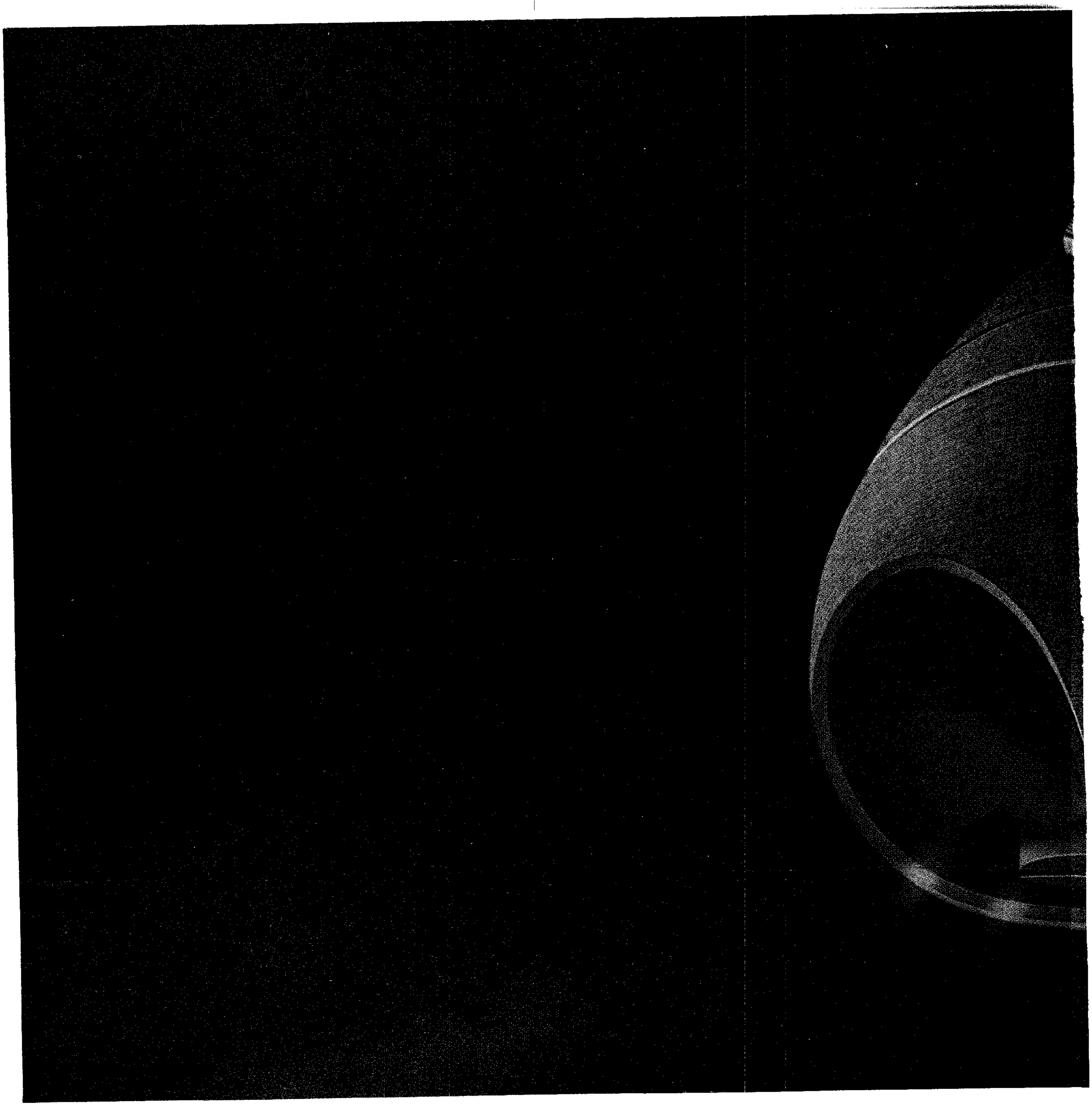

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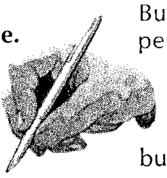

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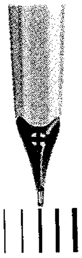

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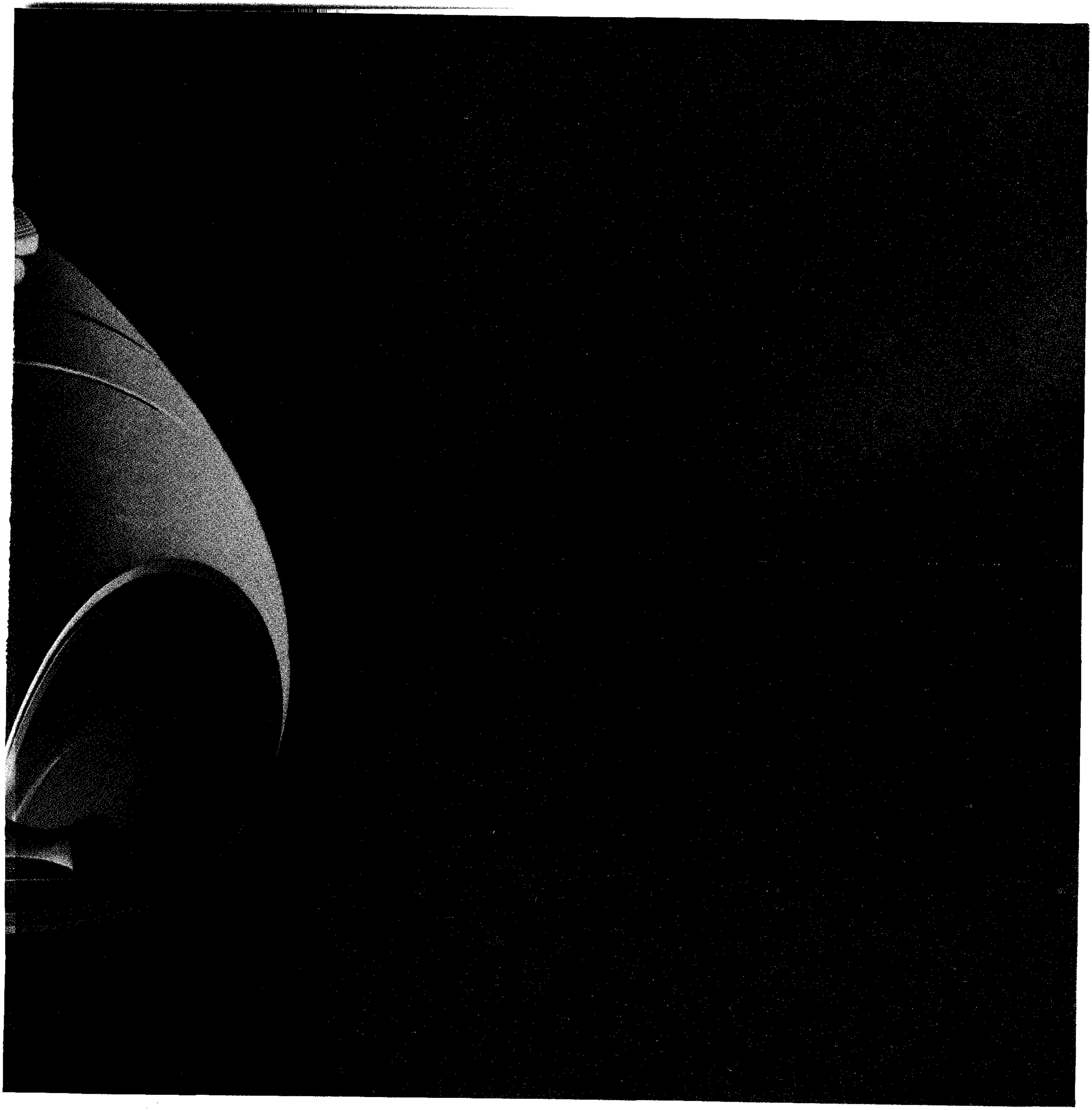

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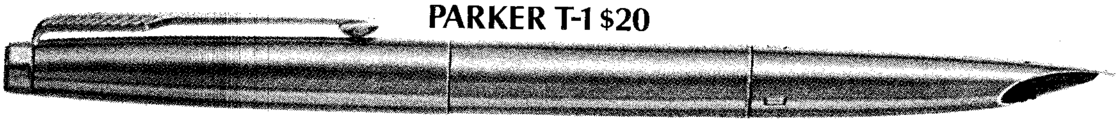

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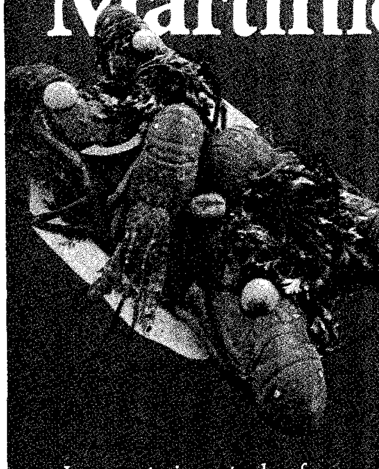

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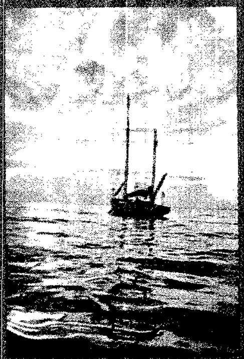

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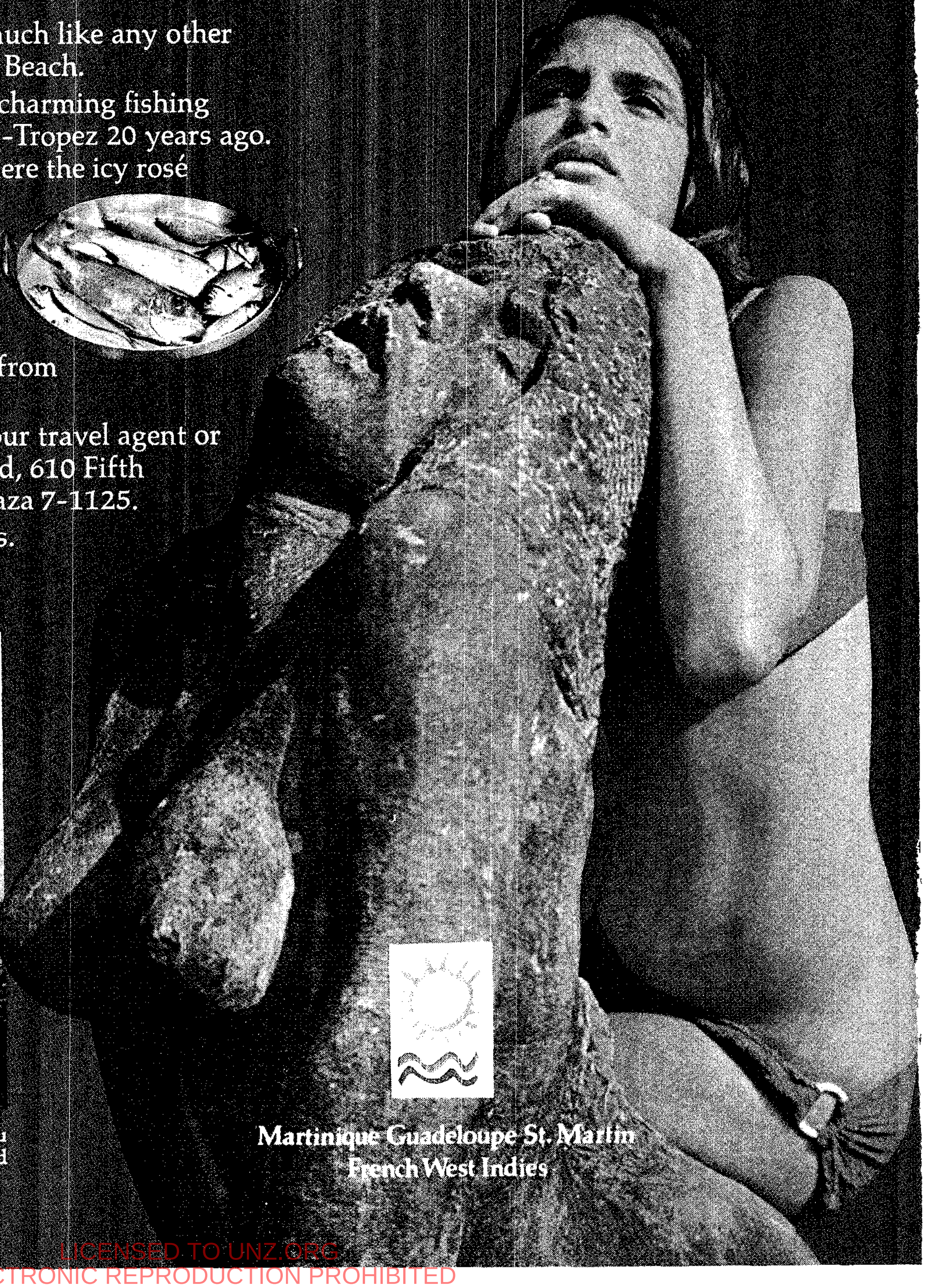

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with his head turned. Omar had not spoken to Khadija all day.

"You cannot imagine how my family missed me," Khadija was saying to the women when Dawia squatted on the mat to pour the tea. "Everyone was sick while I was away."

"It is a terrible thing for a family," the Widow Rabha remarked, joining them.

"My father, especially—he was very sick," Khadija went on. "Every day, he went to Fatna's husband for a penicillin shot."

"Ah, he must have been very, very sick," one of the old women said. She had heard that Driss's injections were not cheap.

"And my mother," Khadija said, turning to Dawia. "My mother was sick, too. She fell down all the time."

Dawia looked pleased. "Yes," she said. "I was very sick. I was even sicker than Omar. I could not sleep. I could not eat—"

"But it was not my fault," Khadija cut in. "Yesterday, Monsieur Hugh said to my father, 'Remember, she is only a child and it is not her fault.' "

"That is true," Dawia remarked. "That is exactly what he said."

"And my teacher said so, too," Khadija said. Her teacher was a Toulousain, on loan from the French government. He had come to Sidi Yussef late in June to ask why Khadija was not in school for her examinations, and again yesterday, after Madame Hugh had called to tell him that the girl was home.

"He wants me to come back to school in September," Khadija said proudly. "He said that being absent from school because you are stolen is not the same as being absent because you are a bad girl. He said that everybody would forgive me."

"Well, perhaps," the Widow Rabha said.

The old women shook their heads.

"But I am not going back to school," Khadija went on, looking down sadly at her scrawny arms and legs. "I am too thin."

"It is true, she cannot go back to school," Dawia said. "No one will forget. They will all talk about her."

"And the men will follow her," the Widow Rabha added. "It is always that way when a girl has lost her reputation."

"And everyone will laugh at me," Khadija said, handing Jmaa to her mother.

"Then you will have to marry an ugly old man like Bushta," Zahara announced, giggling. She was a husky, cheerful girl with bright-red cheeks, and she was admired by all the women in the family but Fatna because of her hairy legs. Hairy legs were considered a sign of great fertility.

Khadija made a face at her aunt and giggled, too.

"So what I have heard is true," the Widow Rabha said to Zahara. "Your future husband is old and ugly."

"He is *horrible*," Zahara agreed. "I love the melon merchant, but my brothers have decided, and there is nothing I can do. They will not sign the marriage act with anyone but Bushta."

All the women chuckled sympathetically. As far as any of them knew, no Moroccan woman had ever managed to get married without the permission of her nearest male relative. It was her father or her brother who accepted the proposal, conducted the bargaining, and concluded the negotiations as her "matrimonial representative," and the virgin was said to have given her hearty consent to the arrangements if she laughed, cried, sighed, or simply blushed and was silent before the marriage judge. According to holy Malikite law, the right to be represented in a marriage by her father or her brother was "a right in the favor of the woman," since it protected her, in her innocence, from unscrupulous types who might steal her inheritance or refuse to pay her bride price. Thinking about their rights always amused the women of Sidi Yussef.

"It is because Bushta is rich that my uncles want him for Zahara," Khadija told them.

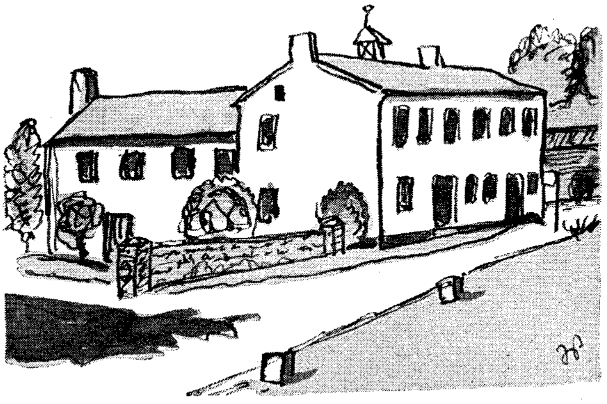
"He is rich, but he is hideous," Zahara said cheerfully.

"He *is* hideous," Khadija said.

Zahara burst out laughing, and for a minute the two girls rolled across the floor, whooping at each other. Then, suddenly, Khadija pushed her aunt away, sat up straight, and stared at the old women. "The man said that he would throw me in the well," she said. "He said that I would never see my family again. My father was sick the whole time that I was gone."

Monday, July 10th: The Tribunal of the Province of Meknes met in the *ville nouvelle* in the Palais de Justice, a massive concrete building that was just down the street from the post office and that had a large mural in its lobby of Arabs and Berbers working happily together for a modern Morocco. Both the mural and the Palais de Justice itself were the inspiration of Frenchmen. During their protectorate, the Frenchmen had wanted a monument worthy of the Code Napoléon, which they were importing, clause by clause, along with pigs, cheese, wine, and some of their other favorite institutions, and it was said by the native Meknasiyyin that the Palais the Frenchmen built was as long and as difficult to find your way around in as the Code itself. In the old religious court in the *medina*, the judges, in their red fezzes, sat in shady little rooms off lovely courtyards, contemplating the flowers and the fountains as they dictated marriage acts, divorces, and inheritance settlements according to ancient Malikite law and to the amounts of bakshish involved. But in the Palais de Justice there were judges with ermine trimming on their jellabas. *They* had French technical assistants, and dealt out an odd new justice in gloomy gray courtrooms with fluorescent lights. Musa, who liked going to the Palais every now and then to amuse himself, once said that only the bakshish changing hands was the same in the old courts and the new ones.

It was nine in the morning when Dawia, Omar, and Musa brought Khadija to the Palais de Justice to see the *juge d'instruction*, who was going to decide what crimes had been committed by Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed and whether a case could be presented at the first fall session of the criminal court. Dawia and Khadija immediately settled into opposite corners of a long bench in a narrow corridor and began peering fearfully at a door that was marked "M. le Juge d'Instruction." Omar, smiling to himself, paced the corridor with Musa. He said that by fall, after a hot summer in prison in preventive detention, Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed should be



willing to pay a handsome compensation for Khadija's lost bride price, in the hope of arranging for a short sentence. According to a report that the public prosecutor had left on the judge's desk this morning, Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed had violated Articles 471, 486, and 436, respectively, of the new Moroccan penal code when he so unwisely raped, kidnapped, and sequestered Khadija, and could be kept in prison forty years for all his crimes. He had also apparently drugged a minor, but inasmuch as the prosecutor had mislaid his mimeographed translation of the drug laws—and since his French technical assistant, who could have read him the originals, was at the beach in Casablanca on vacation—the prosecutor had decided that for the time being it was best to overlook the question of drugs.

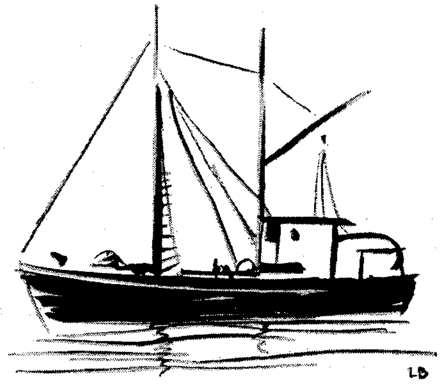
The corridor of the Palais was crowded this morning, and Dawia and Khadija kept their veils well up over their noses, and their hands—Khadija had hennaed her fingernails for the occasion—clasped modestly. A group of peasants waiting to see the judge about a mule thief in their village had just sat down by Dawia. And down the bench toward Khadija there were two prostitutes from the brothel quarter of the city who had neglected to pay the police their yearly bakshish; a fierce-looking Berber from the mountains who had been apprehended last night in the *medina* chasing Arabs with a blunderbuss; and a shy lady poisoner from a nearby *bidonville*. Twelve prisoners, handcuffed in pairs, squatted in a row farther down the corridor. And behind them, on an otherwise empty bench, Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed and a young sergeant from the Gendarmerie sat handcuffed together. Mohammed was indeed ugly. His eyes were bleary; his mustache drooped, untrimmed; his face was gray with stubble; and he had on the same baggy blue trousers and white beanie that he had been wearing Wednesday night in Sidi Kacem. He was chewing nervously at the fingernails on his free hand, and he did not look up when the sergeant called Omar over and handed him a copy of Khadija's medical report, which Omar would need for his meeting with the *juge d'instruction*. The sergeant wanted fifty-five dirhams for the report.

Omar borrowed the fifty-five dirhams from Musa and got the report—it was signed and stamped, and it stated categorically that Khadija was no longer negotiable as a virgin—and then he and Musa squeezed onto the bench between Dawia and the peasants.

Dawia was yawning. She had been up all night, listening to Omar rehearse a story that he felt would please the *juge d'instruction*. Omar had decided to say that Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed had approached his daughter in Sidi Ahmed's tomb, where she was praying devoutly, and told her that he had been sent there to escort her safely down the footpath to her father's tent. When Omar had perfected his story, he woke Khadija and repeated it to her. This morning, however, he happened to mention to Khadija that he intended never to let her out of the house again, and Khadija, who liked taking walks and going swimming with her friends in the public pool in the *medina*, was still furious at him. Dawia did not know now whether Khadija would tell the proper story to the *juge d'instruction*.

"You must tell her not to mention Abdeslam," Dawia whispered to Omar. She said that any talk of a trip to El Hajeb with Abdeslam would lose them the price of a good *sdaq* from Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed's relatives.

Omar called down the bench to his daughter, but by the time Khadija had made her way past the Berber, the whores, the lady poisoner, and the peasants and was sitting beside him, the janitor in charge of the corridor was standing over Omar with his mop and his pail, waiting to hear what Omar had to say. There was a knife tattooed on the janitor's forearm, which meant that once he had gone to prison for a violent crime. Musa had often talked about the Palais de Justice janitors and their knife tattoos. Now he whispered to Dawia that the janitors had bought their freedom with the gossip they collected cleaning corridors. Dawia agreed with him. She, too, had been to the Palais de Justice before. In 1958, at her mother's suggestion, she had come to complain about Omar, who had beaten her up with his stick for giving away bread to neighbors. Omar, however, had arrived in court carrying a new blue caftan, and they had settled their argument.



"It is necessary to tell the truth," Omar announced, grinning sheepishly up at the janitor.

"The truth is the important thing," Dawia said.

The janitor wandered away, muttering.

"If I tell the truth, can I go to the swimming pool this afternoon?" Khadija asked her father.

Omar shook his head.

"But I will be much more careful this time," Khadija insisted.

"What is the use of having daughters?" Omar said.

Musa, who was getting very sensitive on the subject of daughters, tapped Omar on the arm. "Perhaps, to pass the time, I will finish my story," he suggested. He had been reciting his favorite *Paris Match* prisoner-of-war story for Omar, and by now, after several sessions at the Sidi Yussef coffeehouse, he had got his hero—an American flier, shot down over North Vietnam—out of his burning airplane and into a clearing in the woods, where he was surrounded by the enemy. At the mention of a story, the peasants next to Musa and Omar looked up, and the prisoners on the floor leaned forward attentively.

"The American is very, very tired," Musa began. "He has been walking and hiding in the woods for three days, and so, although the enemy is everywhere, he decides that he will sleep for a few minutes and refresh himself."

"Who is the enemy?" one of the prisoners asked him.

"The enemy is the enemy of the American," Musa said. "The story does not specify."

"Perhaps it is the Jews," Dawia said. She had heard from Driss that the Jews were everybody's enemy. And last week, in a dream, Aisha Qandisha had told her that the Jews ate pig and were not circumcised.

"It is possible," Musa said politely. "But I do not think so. Now, then, when the American wakes up, he sees that it is morning and that he has slept for many hours, and he says to himself, '*Oh là là*, I have lost time. If I do not hurry, the enemy will find me.' "

"Perhaps it would be best to see the lawyer after all," Omar cut in. He was referring to a Meknasi Jew by the name of Solomon, whom the *anciens combattants* in Sidi Yussef had hired many years ago to take a case against

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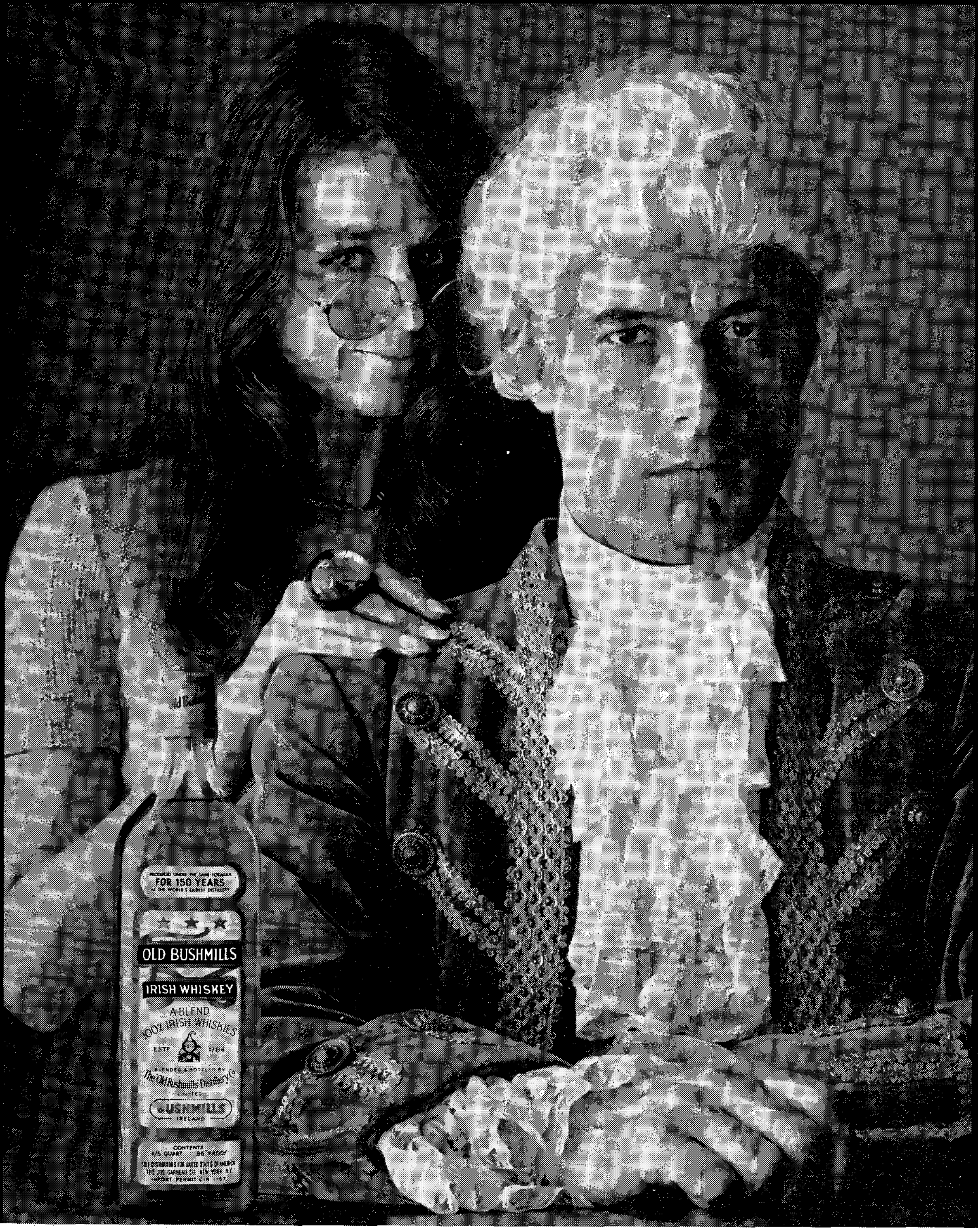
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one of the pasha's deputies to court. When the deputy lost his job and all his power, the *anciens combattants* agreed that there had been some very powerful Jewish devils on Maître Solomon's side. Omar, for one, had never forgotten the lawyer, and lately he had been saying that with Maître Solomon and his Jewish devils representing him he would be certain to get a good *sdaq* in damages. When Omar was a boy, there were tribal Jews all over Morocco, but now only a few thousand city Jews remained. These Jews were rich and clever, and the King protected them. Driss wanted to kill them, as the Egyptians were doing, or put them in camps in the Sahara, as the Algerians had done, but Omar always told him that the Jews made good lawyers and even better magicians, and that it was much more practical to leave them alone.

"To hire Solomon—that would be a good joke on Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed," Omar said, chuckling.

Several of the prisoners gestured impatiently, and one of them called to Musa to get on with his story.

"Just then," Musa said, clearing his throat, "just then, the American sees some men creeping into the clearing. They are wearing uniforms that are just like the American's uniform, and he believes that they are his friends—"

"Praise be to Allah!" one of the peasants interrupted.

"But they are not his friends," Musa said. "They are the enemy, and they run after the American and seize him, and the one among them who is their chief tells them to tie up the American and beat him with their rifles. Then the American faints." Musa paused dramatically, and went on, "As soon as the American wakes up, they take him to an anthill under a tree and push his face into it. The ants are very dangerous. They enter the American's nostrils and his ears, and they bite the poor American until his face is swollen and sore. Then the enemy marches with him to a place where there is a deep hole, like a well, and they put the American in the hole and close it with a big stone."

"Look, they are taking Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed to the judge!" Dawia said suddenly. She pointed to the sergeant from Moulay Idriss, who had unlocked Mohammed's handcuffs and was pulling him toward the judge's door. All the other prisoners stared at Mohammed.

"It's not so bad in prison!" one of the prisoners called out. "Wait and see—you'll be fat like us soon!"

The prisoners, who were all very scrawny, laughed and rattled their handcuffs. Their guard—an old policeman from the Commissariat—shouted at them to stop, and the janitor, running down the corridor, hurled his scrub brush at the prisoner who had talked. One of the whores on the bench jumped up and kissed the prisoner's head.

Musa, who was eager to continue his story, coughed pointedly. "The poor American spends the whole night in the well," he said. "And then, in the morning, the enemy takes him out, and they all walk until they come to a village where there are many huts. They put heavy chains on the American's legs and throw him into one of these huts and lock the door. It is very dark in the hut, and much time passes before the American can see the men who are in there with him. They are all prisoners, and they are all very thin. That is to say, nearly dead. The American asks them, 'How long have you been in this terrible place, my friends?' One of the prisoners says, 'Me? One month.' Another prisoner, who is about to die, says, 'Three months.'"

Just then, Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed walked out of the judge's office. The sergeant from the Gendarmerie, who had been waiting by the door, snapped his dangling handcuff back onto Mohammed and hustled him along the corridor. They disappeared down a flight of stairs that led to an interrogation room.

"They are going to beat Mohammed," Musa whispered to Omar and Dawia.

Omar smiled. "Ah, that is very good for us," he said.

"Now I will tell you how the Americans in the hut are fed," Musa said, nodding graciously to the peasants and the prisoners, and to the Berber, the whores, the lady poisoner, and the Commissariat policeman, who were also listening. "The enemy soldiers hunt in the morning for rabbits. They eat their part, and then they leave the rest in the sun until it is spoiled and give it to the poor prisoners."

"Oh, that is not kind," Dawia said.

"And when there are no rabbits to be found, the enemy is very angry and fires on the prisoners' hut and kills many prisoners that way," Musa went on. "One day, a frog enters the hut, and the prisoners kill it and divide the meat. The American gets the heart of the frog for his part. He says to his friends, 'The heart of a frog is nothing in the eyes of Allah, but it is a meal just the same.'"

The two whores were called to see the *juge d'instruction*, and then the peasants were called. The peasants were reluctant to leave the corridor with the fate of the American unresolved. One of them, a stocky little man in an old work shirt and baggy black overalls, looked frightened as he padded, barefoot, toward the judge's door. He was shuddering badly when he and the others came out. Suddenly, with a jerk, he stiffened. Then he fell. His face turned red, and strange gurgling noises rose in his throat. In seconds, he was in convulsions. Urine was seeping down the legs of his overalls, and foam began to spill out of the corners of his mouth. One of the peasant women threw herself on top of him to hold him down.

"You see, here is someone who has been struck by the devil," Dawia told her daughter.

Khadija giggled and turned away.

"Monsieur Hugh says that it is not the devil," Musa told them. "He says that it is a Christian sickness called epilepsy."

Dawia thought for a minute. "No, it is the devil," she said.

"Of course it is the devil," Omar said. He was fumbling in his pocket for a jackknife that he always carried, and as soon as he found it he ran to the peasant and began stabbing at the floor around the peasant's head.

Dawia told Musa that Omar was driving the peasant's devil away.

"Get him up! Get him up!" the janitor shouted, rushing up and poking at the peasant with a long broom. Omar and the woman ignored him. The janitor cursed them. He threw his broom down, grabbed the peasant's legs, and started to drag the peasant to the end of the corridor. Omar crawled after them, stabbing the floor. Little by little, the peasant's convulsions subsided. The strange noises in his throat gave way to short, gagging coughs. Then he slept.

"There is filth all over my floor," the janitor screamed down the corridor. "What will it be the next time?"

Nobody listened to him. The other peasants, the prisoners, the Berber, the whores, the lady poisoner, and the policeman were all busy talking about Musa's story.

"You are making too much noise!" the janitor shouted. "From now on,

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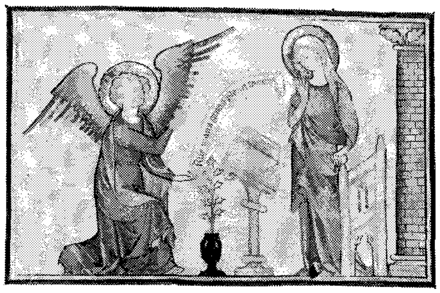

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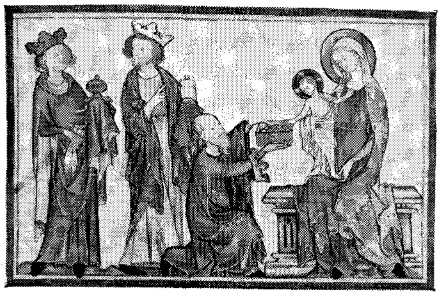

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"You see, Omar has chased away the devil," Dawia said, pointing to her husband, who was sitting on the floor beside the peasant and stroking the peasant's head.

"Silence!" the janitor screamed. He hoisted the peasant by the armpits, dragged him back down the corridor, and deposited him in a heap at Dawia's feet.

Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed, on his way back from the interrogation room, tripped over the peasant. He stared for a minute, shrugged, and then sat down, at a distance, on the floor. He was drenched with sweat, and his eyes were glassy. Musa and Omar, looking at him, seemed pleased.

"And now I will continue," Musa said when he had the attention of his audience again. "One day, after many weeks in the hut, the American and three of the other prisoners decide that they are going to escape from the enemy. They wait until the enemy soldiers put down their guns to eat. Then, quickly, the prisoners creep out of their hut and seize the guns and kill everybody."

"Ah," the prisoners said. "That is very clever of them."

"And then the prisoners throw off their chains and run away," Musa went on. "They run and run, up and down the mountains, but soon two of the prisoners are very tired and they say, 'It is foolish to go by the mountains. We will separate and go by the plains.' And so they go by the plains, and the enemy sees them and kills them."

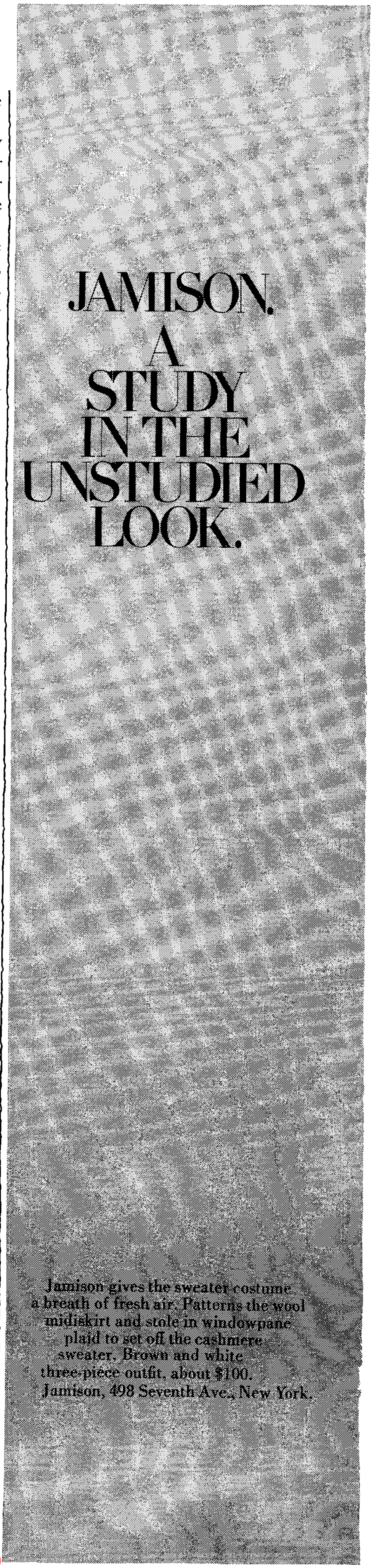
"But *that* was not very clever, going by the plains," one of the peasants said, shaking his head.

"But our friend," Musa added, "our friend and the other prisoner continue in safety over the mountains."

"Allah was with them," the lady poisoner remarked.

"But they are terribly hungry," Musa said. "And soon they have to abandon the mountains to search for food. In a forest near a river, they meet a man and ask him politely for a meal, but when the man hears that they are Americans he takes out his axe and kills our friend's companion. Our friend saves himself in the forest, but he is all alone now, and his feet are hurting him."

The American was crawling on his belly through the enemy's rice paddies by the time Khadija and Moham-



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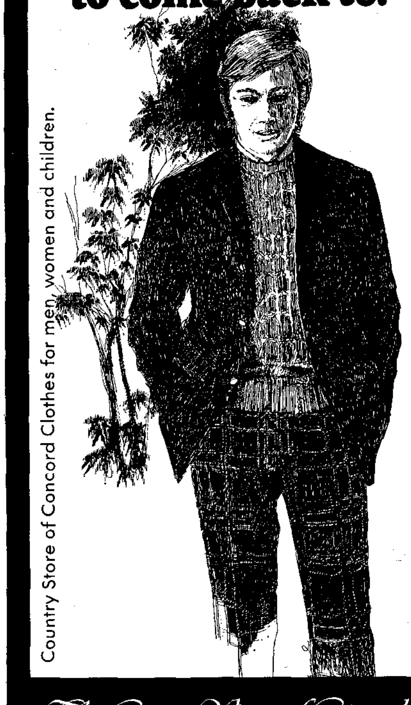

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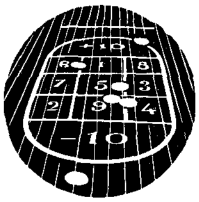
med ben Mohammed ben Mohammed were called together to see the *juge d'instruction.* Khadija was crying when they came out of his office, a quarter of an hour later, and Omar, who had been pacing again, smoking Musa's cigarettes, stared at her so intently that he bumped into Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed in the middle of the corridor. Mohammed was going back to prison. He walked away slowly, handcuffed to the sergeant, without looking at anyone.

"He wanted to hit me," Khadija sobbed to her mother.

"Who did?" Musa asked her. He had taken a nap to while away the interruption, and had just awakened.

"The judge," Khadija said. "He was very angry, and he said that he wanted to hit me. He even picked up his ashtray and started to throw it, but I ducked."



"Why would he do such a thing?" Omar demanded, walking over.

"He said that I was lying," Khadija told him. "He asked me what had happened, and then when I told him he shouted at me. He said, 'Why are you lying to me? Why are you telling jokes?' "

"What will become of us?" Dawia said, sighing, but before she could ask what else the judge had told her daughter, Khadija was called back into the judge's chamber. Omar went with her.

"Well, are we ever going to hear the end of the story?" one of the peasants asked Musa as soon as the door to the judge's office closed.

"In the name of Allah, finish your story," the prisoners on the floor grumbled. This was their third day in the corridor, and they were still waiting to see the judge.

Musa conferred with Dawia on the advisability of finishing his story in Omar's absence, and they decided that he should finish it now and repeat the ending for Omar after dinner tonight.

"The American crawls through the paddies at night, searching for food and hiding from the enemy," Musa said. "He crawls and crawls, and finally he rolls over on his back and faints. When he wakes up, it is morning, and there is a huge mountain in front of him. He thinks that he is going to die, but he knows that just beyond the mountain there are Americans, and he says to himself, 'Good. If Allah is with me, I will just have time to climb to the top of the mountain and see a small corner of liberty before dying.' Suddenly, while he is talking to himself and weeping with joy to think that he will die with a corner of liberty before his eyes, a big airplane sweeps over the valley. The American tears off his shirt to signal to the airplane, but it makes a turn and disappears over the mountain."

"Ah, the poor American!" the Berber said.

"The poor, poor American!" said the prisoners, but then they were distracted by the sick peasant on the floor in front of them. The peasant was gagging again and trembling. The prisoners watched for a minute as his spasms quickened and the white spittle began to run from the corners of his mouth. Then they turned back to Musa.

"All is not lost," Musa continued. "Allah has not forsaken the American. The airplane sweeps down over the valley again, and the American knows for sure that his friends have seen him. He sits down on the ground to wait. Much time passes, and he is beginning to be discouraged. He thinks, Perhaps they have not seen me after all. But just then he hears the sound of a helicopter descending. There is a strange, wonderful smell coming from the helicopter, and it fills his nostrils. For a moment, he cannot remember what it is. Then, suddenly, he says to himself, 'Praise be to Allah, I am rescued! That is the strange, wonderful smell of American gasoline.' "

"Praise be to Allah!" Dawia said.

"Praise be to Allah!" said the prisoners, the peasants, the Berber, the whores, the lady poisoner, and the policeman.

Musa sat back, smiling.

Dawia, who was frightened both by the peasant's devil and by the American's enemy, covered her eyes with her hands and waited for Omar. He came out of the judge's office in a few minutes. Khadija trailed after him, in tears, but Omar was frowning and would not look back at her. He had told the judge that Khadija was carried off to Sidi Kacem on a black motorcycle, but Khadija, it appeared, had already said that she had gone to Sidi Kacem in a green bus. Dawia, hearing this, stood up to soothe her husband. The prisoners were shuffling past her now, on their way back to prison—it was nearly noon, and they would not be able to see the judge today—and the janitor was back with his broom, jabbing at the peasant at Dawia's feet and screaming "Pig!"

"It is settled—we are going to see the Jew," Omar said at last. Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed not only had told the judge that Khadija was a woman when he stole her but had also announced that his relatives in Sidi Kacem were going to hire a lawyer for him.

"I ask myself, What good does a beating do if the man remains so stubborn?" Musa remarked. "Now you will have to pay for a lawyer, too."

"The judge said, 'Why pay for a lawyer?' " Omar went on. "He told me, 'Mohammed is poor. You will not get much of a settlement from such a poor type. Why not give the girl to him immediately, and all the problems will be solved?' "

"That is very old-fashioned," Musa said.

"That is exactly what I said," Omar told him. "I said that I would never give my daughter in marriage to a man who stole her. A man like that, I said, will ask for the girl to avoid prison—and to avoid paying a fair *sdaq* to her father. Then he will divorce her." Omar stopped talking and grinned. "And *then* I said to the judge, 'Tell me, if Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed is so poor, how does it happen that he has money for a lawyer?' "

"Ah, that was very good," Musa said. "What did the judge say to *that*?"

"The judge said, 'Good. If that is what you want, we will arrange something between us, and I will send the case to the Tribunal,' " Omar said.

Dawia nodded solemnly. Then she whispered to Musa that, even now, many, many troubling thoughts were in her head. "What happened to the poor American?" she asked him.

"The American went to the city of New York to eat," Musa said. "He weighed seventy-eight kilos when the enemy seized him, but when his friends in the helicopter found him he weighed only thirty-eight kilos, and he was very hungry."

TUESDAY, JULY 11TH: Dawia was in her courtyard today, sifting farina onto a clay platter, when she noticed a tall man standing in the doorway, waiting for permission to enter the house. The man was beautiful, like the king of the devils, who often visited Dawia in her dreams with gifts and compliments. He was so beautiful, in fact, that Dawia stared, admiring him, for several minutes before she saw that he was only the driver Abdeslam ben Ali, and invited him in.

Abdeslam had scrubbed off all the axle grease and *souk* dust that usually coated his face and hands. Today, he smelled of soap and perfumed oils and the *hammam*, rather than of mules and gasoline. In place of the rough blue overalls that he had been wearing, day and night, for more than a year now, he had put on a clean white turban and a jellaba of soft, pale linen, just like the turban and jellaba a rich Meknasi gentleman would wear to Friday mosque. And behind him, spread out across the alley for all the neighbors to see, were the hindquarters of a young sheep, still pungent and bloody from the slaughter block; three straw sacks full of eggplants and tomatoes; a golden brocade caftan; two pairs of gauzy pink bloomers; and a pair of white plastic high-heeled shoes.

Abdeslam solemnly offered the sheep and the vegetable sacks to Dawia. Then he scooped up the shoes, the caftan, and the bloomers and started walking across the courtyard to the *bit dyaf*. "I have come to see Omar on important business," he said, knocking.

Omar opened the door to the *bit dyaf* and let him in.

Dawia dragged the sheep to a corner of the courtyard. She did not call to Khadija, who was in the kitchen, to prepare some tea for their company. Instead, she tiptoed to a small grilled window that let light and air from the courtyard into the *bit dyaf*, and squatted on the floor beside it, listening. Abdeslam spoke first. Dawia heard him ask if Omar had happened to mention to the *juge d'instruction* that unhappy incident concerning Khadija and their drive together to El Hajeb.

Half an hour later, Omar opened the door of the *bit dyaf* and beckoned to Dawia at the window, where, it appeared, he had expected to find her.

"Now make tea," Omar said, smiling. "I have found a husband for Khadija." —JANE KRAMER

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

• •

WASHINGTON (AP)—Page girls on the floors of justice and secretary of labor, to run in November against Nelson A. Rockefeller.

—*New Bedford Standard-Times.*

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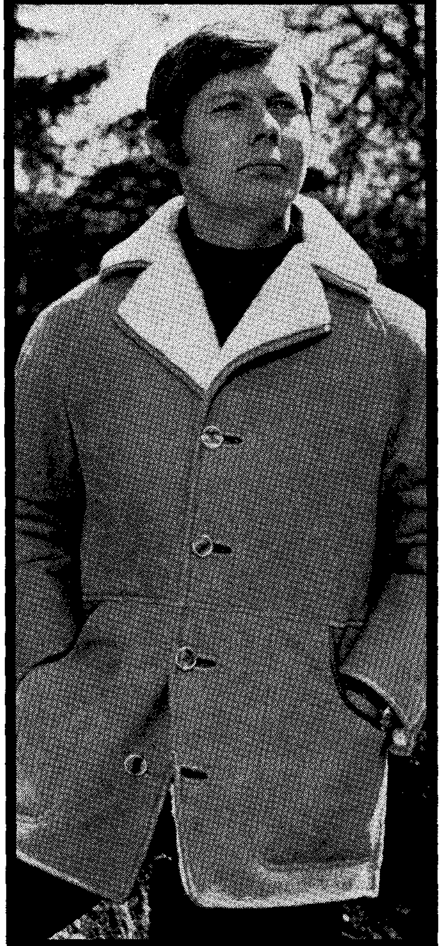

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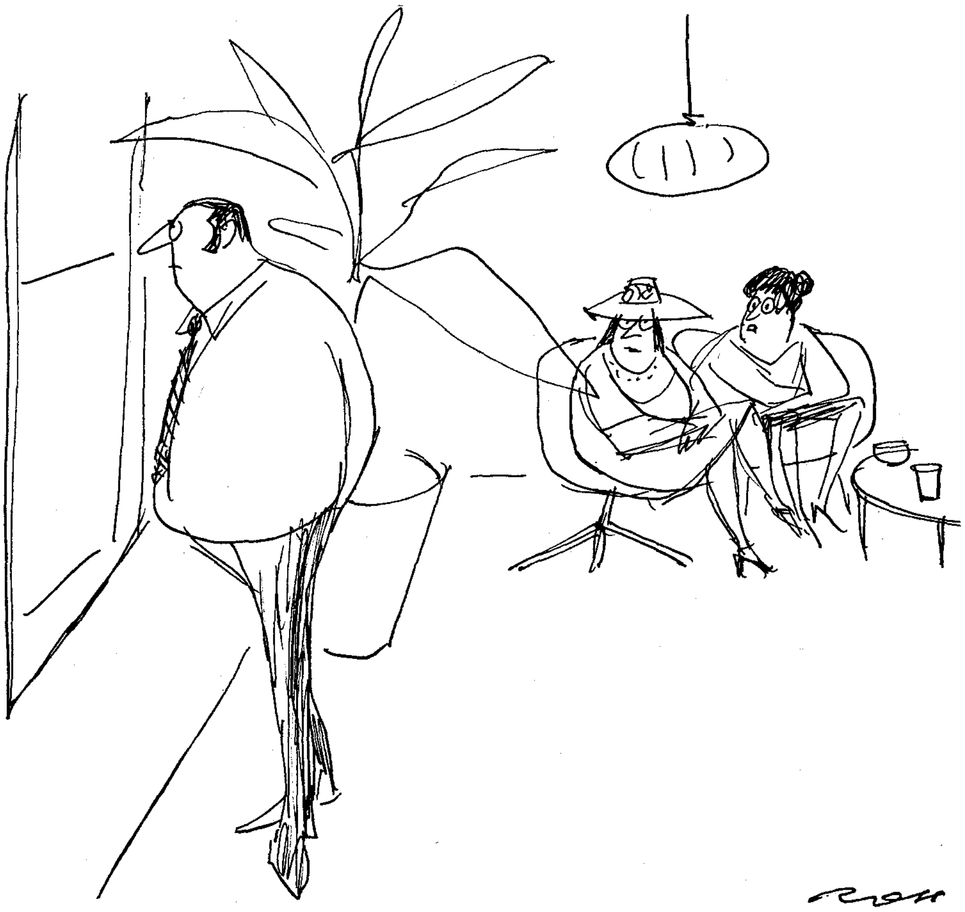
CLAUDE SAUTET'S "The Things of Life" slithers from a study of a love affair into an oddly lyric reverie about a car crash, but I don't think it actually means to be as romantically fixated as it is on motorists' wages of sin. It seems to wish—and sometimes manages—to evoke not thoughts about fast driving on rainy roads but thoughts about people loved at the wrong time or absent-mindedly. In a way, it almost promises to be another "A Man and a Woman," and to be as touching as that was until you looked back on it. This picture shows us the same sort of plangent, grown-up affair, the same happy enough family life elsewhere that has to be sustained in spite of everything, the same amount of meditative driving in the rain, the same to-ing and fro-ing of windshield wipers that indicates lovers' irresolution in this sort of film. "The Things of Life" is a woman's picture in the pre-Women's Lib sense—a picture for those terrific aesthetes who can avenge themselves for the curse of their sex by sinking into the sorts of movies, church music, and heavily figurative art that provoke a good cry and no harm done. The narrative of the film is intensely sad, but it causes no pang.

The hero, who can't decide between his mistress and his wife, is killed in a flash-forward at the start of the story, and the movie that follows is a sort of drowning man's vision of everything that was ever dear to him. (I suppose one can't be all that sure about drowning's being so pleasant, but if the myth exists, then it must have been put there for a purpose, and the purpose may be to serve sentimental art.) The title of the film has much the same function as the titles of a lot of amateur watercolors: it makes you vaguely sad, and it tells you the ingredients. It made me remember a painting I once saw at a seaside art show in France. The canvas was called "Pauvre Fileuse!" and it represented what was almost certainly a silkworm—a woman silkworm—killed or maimed in some clearly poignant way that is particularly rough on women silkworms.

The disappointment of the film is that it is so short on love interest. A good soupy love story is something we would flock to in droves; it would be fine to have an alternative to the pieces of self-obsessed sociology that the commercial cinema is hawking now at the top of its voice. The first glimpses of the affair are nice. Romy Schneider is in bed with Michel Piccoli (good actor: one of those Frenchmen who excel at playing strong, not quite handsome, amused, interestingly jaded, middle-aged *hommes du monde*, a category nonexistent in contemporary American and English acting). A few seconds are enough to show that they are crazy about each other. Then there is a cut, and Romy Schneider is out of bed. She is wrapped in a towel on a terrace. She eats an apple. It is all very soothing. She sits down to type; she is a translator (a pretty keen translator if she can't keep away from the typewriter even in the middle of an apple and a bath towel). Michel Piccoli comes in and adores her naked back, and they have a discussion about how to spell "fib" in French; she seems to be meant to be German, and therefore he can now and then tenderly correct her French. It is formula film-love, but the formula works. You begin to take sides and to wonder if she is good enough for him, since she seems a bit of a bitch and he gentle and droll, full of an expansive, slightly fatigued sense of life's sweetness. She keeps pressing him for a decision between his wife and her; she gets tetchy, and makes a scene over a meal, and talks to everyone but him at a cocktail party given by her firm, worldly, bourgeois family; and then she grows high-hat and cross when they are driving home. But still, the film implies, he's a lucky man. *Two* women in love with him. We begin to see something of his wife, and she seems no one to throw away: tired, steady, pretty, with a heavily slept-in face in the mornings, and an air of plugging on wittily at some hidden life task of her own. The film has a good conversation between them, well acted, that is staged while they are walking fast through a building site full of buzzing saws (he is an architect). It tells us that they have long since come to some affectionate, sad, silent agreement not to ask much of one another. She goes alone now with their grown-up family to a place they have on the Île de Ré. There is a shutter that needs mending. She doesn't use the sailing boat any longer, she tells him; it's too heavy to manage when he isn't there. In a flashback, later, we see them in better



"I think he hates Agnew most, then George Wallace—then me."

days. The film's memories of *les choses de la vie* pile up.

The trouble is that, in the dozy, pleasantly aching mood that the film instills, one wants one or the other of the love interests—or both—to be consuming, and neither of them is. Noël Coward knew very well what he was doing in "Brief Encounter." We get a bit starved here. The naturalism of the scenes we are shown is so detailed and convincing, like the straits of that silkworm—we so admire the perfect and very Gallic verisimilitude of a scene between the hero and his son, both rather embarrassed, and trying to bridge the distance by having a Pernod together in the son's room, and we so like the reminders of irrecoverable long, summery intimacy with the wife—that we want more sentiment. We pine, really, for the man to declare himself to his wife. For lack of that, our hearts go out to his best friend, a good minor character wonderfully played by Jean Bouise (who was in "La Guerre Est Finie"). They have known each other for more than thirty years. The friendship is one of the best things established by the film. The man turns up at crises: a funny, sage figure with a lot of buckteeth and an expression of something quizzically finished about him, like a mule.

Then there is the motor accident, which we have seen happening in flash-forwards throughout the picture, and the film runs into a rather peculiar example of the pathetic fallacy. The hero's car crashes fatally into a truck on a country road. He is thrown into an orchard, concussed, and the car buckles. After a long sequence of a rather rhapsodically photographed stun, we see him being lifted into an ambulance, and we also see an equally pitiful shot of the buckled car being rescued and towed away. One's thoughts go out to both of them. He is going to die, for the plot and the tone of the film don't leave the creators much alternative, and for lack of tension in the human romance the movie seems to grow fonder and fonder of the destroyed car. There are repeated slow-motion shots of its ruin, and much attention is paid to its injury in the orchard. Something must be badly wrong with the picture, that one doesn't mind about the hero's accident, and barely even turns one's head away except from the awful lifelikeness of the makeup on his gray, dying face in the ambulance. Strangely, the film is best not when it is being romantic but when it is being rather sharp about the French—when it shows a crowd of rubbernecks bumper-to-

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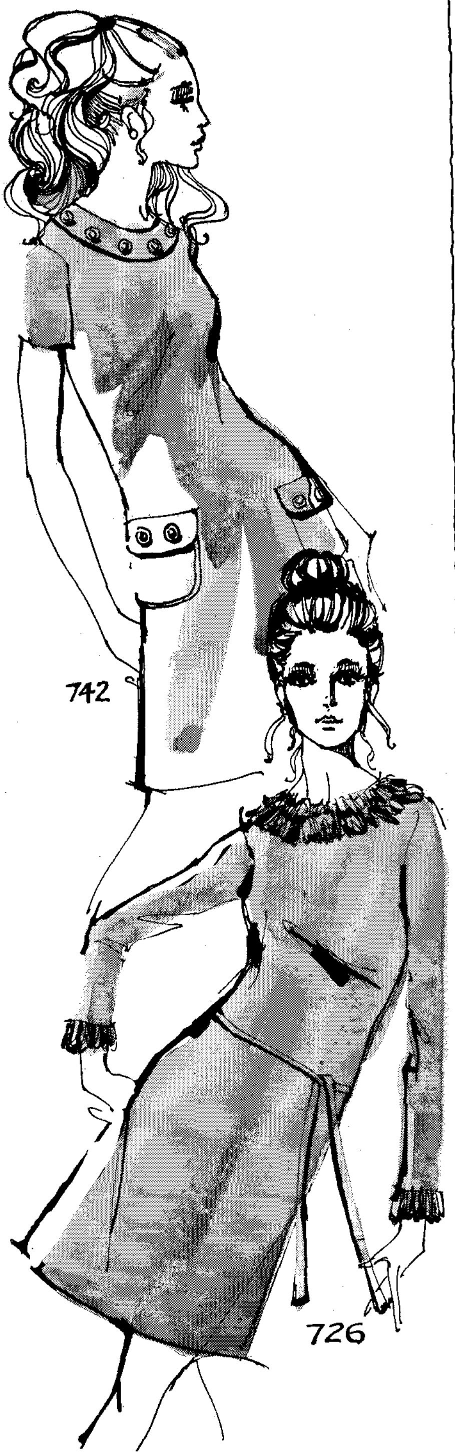

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bumper alongside the scene of the accident, gorging themselves on the bloody details and yelling furiously to one another about the traffic jam, for instance, and in tiny scenes that establish the radiant mistress's latent and shocking resemblance to her mother, a woman full-grown and fixed in habits of middle-class rapacity. There is a very good short sequence, cut into the hero's desperate car drive, when the two women are both buying shirts for their men. As a love film, "The Things of Life" gives rather short commons; there are moments when it seems better equipped to pattern itself after Jane Austen.

"Carry It On" is a *cinéma-vérité* account of Joan Baez and of her husband, David Harris, who is taken to prison early in the picture for draft resistance. Brave and rather surprising, her spurts of asperity. (She imitates middle-class women fans suddenly: "Oh, my dear, I don't know how you keep your spirits up. It's all so *drastic.*") And very piercing, one of the letters read from her husband in jail. He describes time's turning there into a concrete thing that seems as solid as the compound. Some of the prisoners push it like a cart, or build it like a pile of pebbles. Some are buried under it.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

Thieves broke into the home of London's police chief, Sir John Waldron. The intruders got in by forcing a window, but it will not be known what was taken until Waldron returns home from leave later this week. Police said: "It's rather a case of taking coals to Newcastle."—*Boston Globe.*

You mean . . .

•

Think not that these words are vagaries, but be aware that if any architect shall bring to a college design a solution that falls short of these elements, he has failed to meet the most crying need. Far better be it if the walls are mud and straw and lights are candles, than produce students rubber stamped like cans of fish in cannery row.—*Architect & Contractor.*

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[*From Management Newsletter, Standard Oil Company of California*]

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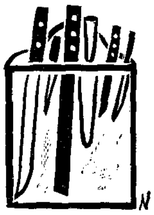
ABOUT THE HOUSE



TWENTIETH-CENTURY Scandinavian furniture design represents a compromise between the new and the old, between factory production methods and those of traditional cabinetmaking, between functionalism and the uselessness, so to speak, of beautiful woods. Out of this compromise have come some of the finest pieces of furniture of our time, whose designers (Alvar Aalto, Hans Wegner, and Bruno Mathsson, to cite only a few) will surely be remembered along with Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton. Neither England nor France nor Germany nor the United States has produced anything to approach the achievements of Denmark, Sweden, and Finland in the design and execution of modern furniture, and furniture made in these countries remains the best furniture being made today. Unfortunately, Scandinavian furniture has become so expensive to import that only the rich among us can afford to buy it, and, as things are going, Scandinavian furniture may soon be seen here only in books. Two years ago, Georg Jensen opened a furniture showroom, at 979 Third Avenue, where many of the masterpieces of Scandinavian design were on view in an almost museum-like setting. The prices were of the museum-piece variety, too, and in the report I wrote on the showroom at the time of its opening I noted that in its expensiveness the furniture "falls short of being what it should be, and, indeed, defeats its own professed purpose," adding, "Simple, useful, unpretentious furniture that doesn't require servants for its maintenance but that only people who have servants can afford—there is something wrong here." There was. The showroom closed within a year and was by all accounts a costly venture for Jensen. Some of the lines that Jensen had carried are now available from other local sources (Knoll International, for example, took over the Wegner line), but the fact remains that modern Scandinavian furniture is all but inaccessible here to the very people for whom it seems most suitable. Attempts have been made to imitate Scandinavian furniture inexpensively, but the results have been, at best, inoffensive. Nothing has been produced that has any of the real quality of the originals. One could have hoped that a relationship would develop between American furniture manufacturers and their Scandinavian models such as the relationship that existed between American cabinetmakers of the Colonial and Federal periods and the English models they imitated, adapted, and in some cases (such as that of the Windsor chair) brilliantly surpassed. But this has not come about, for a combination of practical and sociological reasons (the "best-seller" of all the furniture styles produced in this country is still "Mediterranean"), and now it probably never will. The level of taste may be going up, but so is the price of wood, and the Scandinavian compromise is no longer practicable here. So something more intransigently "modern," made of synthetic materials on an assembly line, seems to be the wave of the future in furniture design.

LEGALIZE
BIAS

In Italy, this kind of furniture is already being made, and we've been seeing more and more of it here in the last few years. Bloomingdale's has recently put on view a collection of Italian imports—lamps, ashtrays, wastebaskets, radios, record players, wine racks, and so on, as well as furniture—that conveys a vivid sense of what the Italians have been up to. As one steps off the escalator on the eighth floor and sees the dashing groupings of white and orange and black and red pieces and objects, most of which are made of shiny plastic, and which look as smooth and spare and well designed as the young couples that stroll among them, one's spirits lift. Somewhat less cheering is the thought of what the stuff is going to look like twenty years from now. Like aging hippies, aging plastics are not inspiriting. The nicks and dents and scratches that give character to a piece made of wood—and are eventually considered symptoms of its antiquity—do nothing for a piece made of plastic other than hasten its trip to the junk heap. (How important wear and tear is to our conception of an antique was once demonstrated for me by the sight of an eighteenth-century highboy that for some reason had remained in a sealed room for a century and a half, and looked like a brand-new piece of furniture. The dealer who showed it to me said he was having trouble selling it, because it didn't *look* like an antique.) Plastic furniture is not something to be handed down to one's children (or probably even to one's janitor) but, rather, is something to be disposed of and replaced at regular intervals, like a car. Some people find the idea of impermanent furniture hard to accept. They derive pleasure and comfort from owning "good" pieces and from maintaining them so that they increase in beauty and value. And most people still prefer the look of wood to that of plastic. Yet the idea of furniture as obsolescent equipment rather than as permanent property is gaining acceptance. There is much to be said for it. It removes one more area of difference between the haves and the have-nots, and it also seems right for the sort of casual housekeeping and earnest child cosseting that go on in so many families today.

One of the most appealing and reasonably priced pieces in the Italian collection at Bloomingdale's is a backless bookcase or room divider, with slightly arched shelves, that is made of white or orange plastic and comes in pieces that can be assembled in any number of ways. A single unit, thirty-

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two and a half inches long, with five shelves and standing seventy-three and a half inches high, costs $110; a double-length unit is $225; and a triple-length one is $325. A combination floor lamp and coatrack made of red, white, orange, or black plastic is shaped like a double-ended plumber's friend. The light bulb is set deep within the top cup, so that it shines upward, and the surface of this shade is dotted with presentable hooks made of black anodized aluminum. It's a nice object, but the strain it will place on one's friendship with people whose coats don't look so good may be something to consider before one hands over the $165 it costs. A folding tea cart, thirty-one and a half inches long, nineteen inches wide, and twenty-seven inches high ($175), has a framework of brushed nickel-plated steel and two detachable serving trays of white plastic. The cart is on casters, and what prevents it from looking like the carts in hospitals that they wheel blood samples around on may be its surroundings at Bloomingdale's more than anything else. A more elaborate and decidedly unclinical tea cart, made not of plastic but of plywood covered with white lacquer, is appointed with a birch chopping block on top and a number of storage compartments below for liquor bottles, glasses, cups, plates, casseroles, or whatever. This intelligently designed piece would be very handy in an apartment that has no dining room; $240. A plastic wine rack that is sort of like a child's construction toy comes in interlocking orange modules that accommodate six bottles each. Your wine rack can go up to the ceiling or be a negligible one, depending on how many modules you buy. The modules are $5 each, and represent the least expensive item in the collection. Among the most expensive items is a round pedestal table of shiny white plastic that seats eight and costs $435. (A press release refers sheepishly to the "believable prices" of the Italian imports.)

The manner in which the Italian imports are displayed brings out their good design and invests each piece with a look of importance and substance that it doubtless does not have as it comes off the assembly line, and would not have in the milieu of, say, a Green Stamps Redemption Center. This isn't to knock the pieces but to stress the importance of the surroundings in which one places furniture of this kind. A Queen Anne chair would look good in a pigsty. A plastic piece has a way of taking on the atmosphere of its surroundings—of looking sleazy in

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sleazy surroundings, elegant in elegant ones. This is what the stores have in mind when they talk about "total environment." But, as Bloomingdale's effectively demonstrates in its model rooms, it isn't necessary to throw out all of one's conventional furniture when one buys plastic pieces. In a number of the model rooms where traditional furnishings predominate, plastic pieces have been set here and there, and they don't seem at all out of place but, curiously, assume a kind of traditional look themselves. The model rooms at Bloomingdale's, I must say, have always made me feel a bit uneasy; they look as if they were inhabited by sinister people. But, one's feelings aside, they are impressive and instructive examples of professional interior decoration as it is now practiced, and are well worth a visit.

AT D/R International, Inc., 53 East 57th Street, there is a wonderful piece of furniture designed by Benjamin Thompson, the owner of the store, and Joan Forrester Sprague, an associate. It is a sofa composed of loose seat and back cushions of fabric-covered polyfoam and a frame of laminated-maple butcher block. The frame is straight cut, and the whole thing has the simple, solid, honest, unpretentious look of butcher block itself. This sofa seems particularly suitable for a house in the country—it suggests woods and brooks and stone jugs filled with wild flowers. The price tag, alas, suggests stocks and bonds and wallets filled with money. A three-seat version of the sofa costs $575 *plus* the cost of the fabric. A two-seat sofa is $475 plus, and a four-seat sofa is $700 plus. An amateur cabinetmaker I know tells me that he could make the frame of this sofa for around $100. This—doing it themselves—may be the solution to the dilemma of people who want furniture made of wood and can't afford the store-bought variety. The initial investment in power tools is a large one, and so is the continued investment in labor and time, but for many people the feeling of bliss that comes from having made something as well as they know how and liking the way it looks far outweighs any other considerations. —JANET MALCOLM

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Bonanza has been hurt by reducing the violence, but it is still a heartwarming program and . . .—*From a letter in the Omaha World-Herald.*

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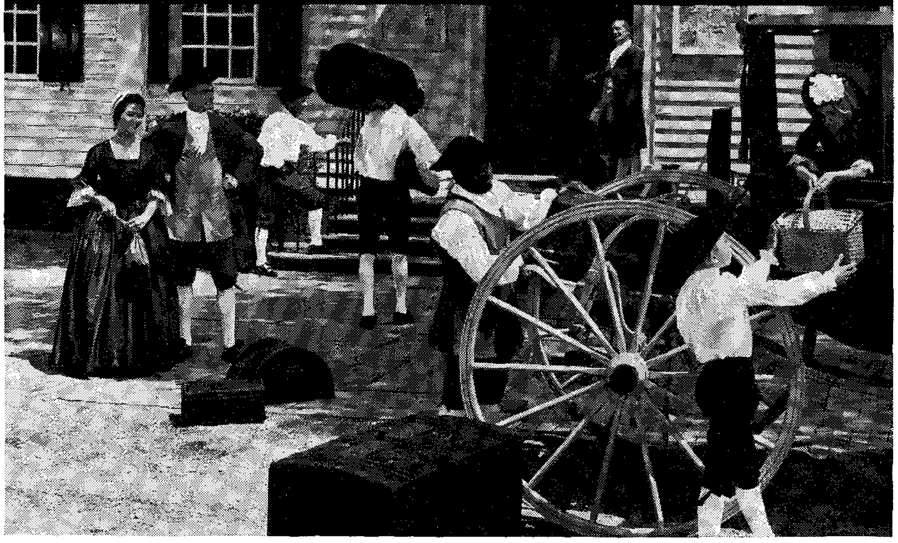

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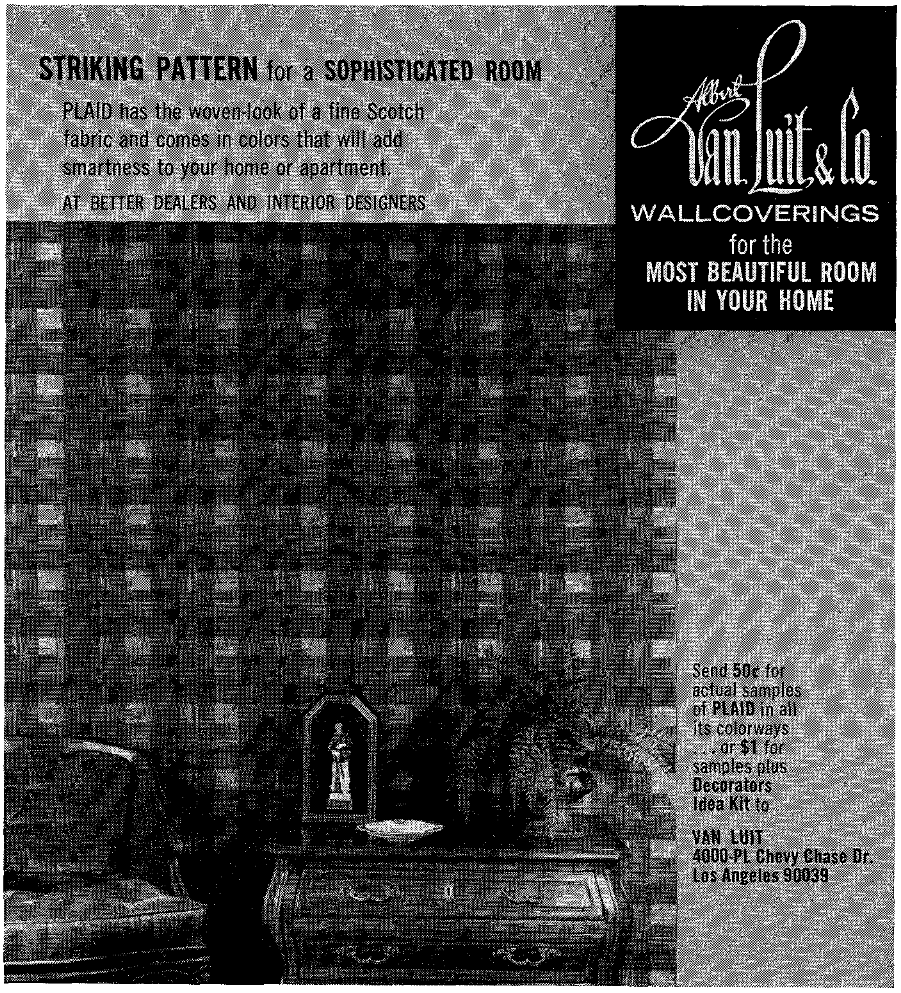

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THE WAY BACK

SYDNEY HARBOR seems to have sunshine too constant to be believed, especially if one has left the Brooklyn piers—as I did not long ago—when worn-looking gray seagulls were perching on blackened snow and stevedores were battling the cold in fur-lined jackets. I was born in Australia, but my recent trip back was the first in some three decades, so my view of the country tended to be not only that of a homecomer but also that of a long-term resident of America. I had left the Australian continent on the eve of the Second World War. Since then, the population had almost doubled, tremendous industrial growth had taken place, whole new cities had been built, and ties with the British Empire had loosened to the point where investment money flooding in from North America was beginning to overtake the flow of capital from the United Kingdom and, at the same time, exports to England had begun to be rivalled in volume by exports to Japan.

The over-all effect of these changes seemed to be toward further and more successful "Australianization." The experience of being in a country far away and physically different from my present home was modified at first by the familiar veneer of British culture, but I soon realized that even that veneer was changing. The old Victorian buildings had been brightened, with the ironwork on the terraced houses painted in pastel colors; new buildings of steel and glass shone against Sydney's harbor; tropical plants bloomed in the city's parks; and the new Sydney Opera House appeared to be about to take off, like a glider or a huge bird. It seemed to me that this visual lightheartedness expressed a change in the Australians' view of themselves: that they now felt richer and more successful, and also more conscious of themselves and of what they wanted to be, with the result that they had less fear of being written off as colonials—a fear that, I thought, had always caused them to undervalue art and intellect and to stress economic well-being.

The Australians' new self-assurance was also evident in the country's publishing business, which was bringing out numerous new books written by and for Australians and showing, for the most part, a welcome shift from the old self-conscious concentration on kangaroos and koalas toward a more profound national consciousness. Every little town had its flourishing historical society, and people were turning out their attics to look for their grandparents' letters. I found it faintly satisfying to discover published studies that discussed the role of some of my own pioneering relatives in opening up northern Queensland, which is the state where I grew up, and to be able to buy, for instance, a history of that region, by G. C. Bolton, called "A Thousand Miles Away"—a title that verified my childhood sense of living in a silent remoteness. It was as if, having returned after a long absence to pay homage, I had found many of those I left behind—writers, painters, historians—doing the same. Everywhere there was a stimulating sense of emancipation, even though the surface of the cities was colonial and provincial. My nostalgia was aroused by the stately residences erected for governors sent from Britain, by stone warehouses built—with convict labor—on Georgian lines, by columned customs houses stamped with crowns, tridents, and lions. Yet I now accepted all these things as belonging to the past. It was clear that a new generation of Australians had become intensely involved with the present.

I was particularly eager to go back to the north, partly because I remembered the little mining town of Irvinebank, in northern Queensland, where I was born—in the house of an uncle, John Moffat—as a ghost town amid stony hills, with abandoned houses, rambling wooden hotels, and a great empty public hall filled with rows of dusty cane chairs, and I wanted to see it all again. I also wanted to visit other mining towns, old and new: the ones littered with signs of the past—faint roads where bullock carts had dragged supplies to tent cities, abandoned smelters, rusting machinery, gaping holes in the dry hillsides, and, now almost lost in the bush, the outlines of fallen houses—and the tremendous modern mining developments now being rapidly superimposed on all that. It was only after I reached Sydney that I really understood how much of a mineral rush was in progress—a rush not for gold but for uranium (for atomic power), tungsten (for high-speed cutting tools), titanium (for aircraft), and aluminum (for all sorts of things)—and understood that, although these minerals were being found all over Australia, very large fields of ore had been discovered in Queensland, whose vast uninhabited stretches had attracted prospecting companies, many of them American.

In northern Queensland, the first round of mineral discoveries came at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, so I could not remember the heyday of the original mining enterprises but only the time when most of them were in decline. Yet, true to its Socialist heritage, Queensland's government had kept the stampers going for a few hours a week, so that lone prospectors could crush their store of stone, and this, with the help of some pension money, had made the desultory continuing life of these old mining centers possible. In any

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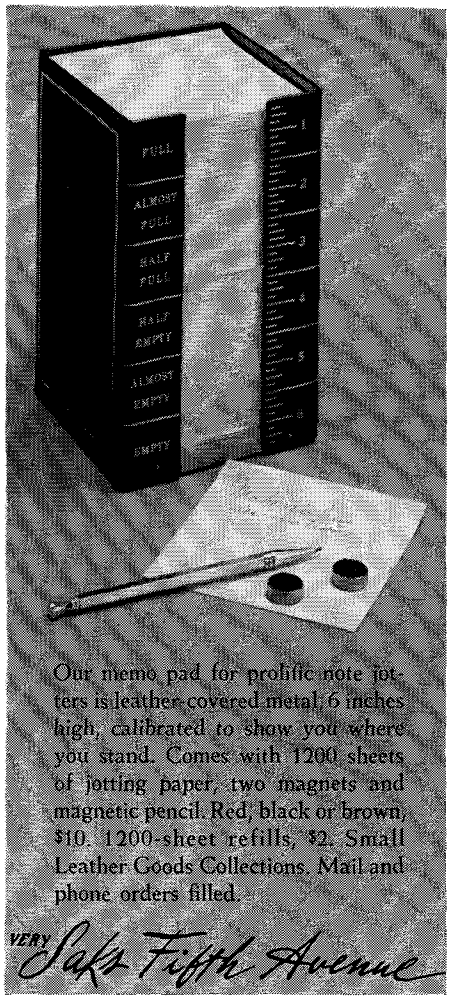

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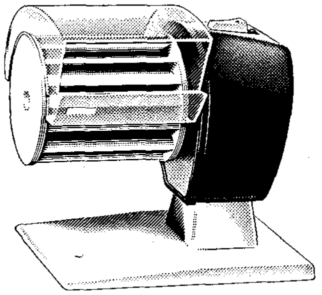
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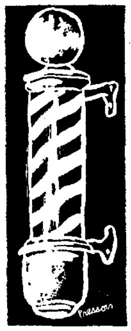
event, no one born in Australia could have been unaware of the whole mining complex—not only of the practical evidence of the trade but of the way myths grew up around it. There was the manner in which the older generation spoke of the great finds, and the respect with which, in mining households, specimens were brought forth to amaze visitors: quartz crystals with embedded veins of gold; the dark green of malachite; dull, weighty samples of tin; the mosslike stain, peacock-blue and vivid green, spread by copper upon its parent rock. It was inconceivable that this sense of the mining past could ever vanish from Australia. And if the entire continent's development, economic, social, and political, had been stimulated—perhaps even determined—by mining, then in Queensland, the frontier of a land that was itself a frontier, mining was more than ever the impetus for growth.

As the fields in the south became increasingly difficult to exploit and offered increasingly niggardly rewards, the diggers moved north—from Bendigo, Ballarat, Mount Alexander, and Clunes, in Victoria, to Canoona, Gympie, and Mount Morgan, near Rockhampton, in central Queensland, and then on along the Great Divide to Charters Towers and the Palmer River, in northern Queensland. Almost all of southern Australia's great inland towns were built on gold, and so were almost all of Queensland's ports—Rockhampton, Townsville, Cairns, and Cooktown. Gold was also responsible for a great influx of Chinese workers into Queensland in the last three decades of the nineteenth century, beginning a contact with the East that has remained economically important to the state. When Melbourne became a second San Francisco—the commercial hub of the country's mining industry—and the demand for tea was stimulated, clippers hungry for cargoes returned from California via China to pick up loads of tea for Australia, and not long afterward they started bringing in cargoes of Cantonese—the first of the wave of Chinese miners that was to flood the goldfields of New South Wales and Victoria as well as Queensland.



Yet south and north were worlds apart. Gold had been found in the south after some kind of civilization was established, and in places that were relatively easy to reach. But in Queensland's north the mining men had followed the explorers closely. The small, primitive communities there had been scarcely able to bear the sudden expansion. They were not equipped with hotels or water supplies. Their remoteness had made the costs of production greater. Moreover, the climate had been very trying. I, for my part, having been born in the tin belt but having lived all my early life on the Atherton Tableland—a region that was bathed by monsoon rains and had a landscape as rich and green as Ireland's—thought of a mining town as an upland place of dry, stony ranges and almost empty creek beds, where on rock-crushing days the air was filled with the persistent thud of the stampers.

HAVING come up from Sydney, I began a thousand-mile train journey north from Brisbane, which is the capital of Queensland and a pleasant, informal city built on a number of green hills and along the winding reaches of the Brisbane River. My first train, the slow night mail to Rockhampton, provided me with ample opportunity to recapture an atmosphere I remembered from the distant past—carriages panelled in dark, glossy wood, Victorian-looking upholstery, big sepia photographs of Queensland scenery set into panels above the seats, berths made up in fresh linen on which the words "QUEENSLAND GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS" were stamped in blue. The view from the windows while the light lasted was at once monotonous and varied—a tapestry consisting largely of eucalyptus trees, their bark dark or pearly white, their leaves gray-green and drooping. This tapestry had an elusive delicacy, derived from the intricate convolutions of trunks and branches, from the smokelike blue touching certain species of eucalyptus leaves, from the occasional gold of a species of early-flowering mimosa, and from the passing flash of creek water.

Other familiar aspects of the ride were the jolting of the train—the railways in Queensland are narrow-gauge—and the stops at small stations where tubs of croton shrubs stood under wooden overhangs and where the aroma of old paper files wafted from the ticket office. At the longer stops, there would be restaurants, with starched white napkins folded into the glasses on the tables; at the shorter stops were tearooms, serving sandwiches, pies, and sausage rolls. As we got farther north and passengers spilled out at station after station, the newspapers for sale seemed to deal more with local problems and less with the problems of the outside world. I began to feel that I was far away from civilization and out of touch—hardly surprising, since Queensland stretches thirteen hundred miles from south to north and nine hundred from east to west, and has an area of six hundred and sixty-seven thousand square miles. The sensation of remoteness became almost overpowering as the train proceeded north, always along the subtropical coastline.

Before boarding the train, I had tried to learn something about the new mining developments over lunch in a Brisbane restaurant with an energetic Canadian named Albert Sangwine, who is the vice-president in charge of alumina operations for Kaiser Aluminum, one of several companies making up the Queensland Alumina consortium. Sangwine seemed to me to represent the increasingly international character of the great corporations; he might well have been Australian or British or German or Swedish instead of Canadian, but there could be no doubt that he was the representative of worldwide interests that were watching over Australia's mining rush. From our restaurant, which was perhaps Brisbane's most spectacular, we looked out through rounded glass panes over the sprawling city. We ordered grilled fish, and it came wrapped in aluminum foil, which Sangwine assured me was made in Australia. He went on to explain that the process of draining the country of its rich ore deposits was being tempered by on-the-spot bauxite processing and by a growing aluminum industry. The reason he felt it necessary to emphasize this point was that there had been vociferous criticism of Australia's openness to foreign investment, with Gough Whitlam, the Leader of the Opposition in the Canberra Parliament, remarking that foreign mining companies were turning Australia into "one vast quarry." Another much-quoted saying was one that had originated with John McEwen, the Deputy Prime Minister and the head of the Country Party: "We are selling a bit of our heritage each year." It was true that the influx of foreign capital had made many people uneasy, not because it wasn't needed and welcomed but because many of the foreign companies didn't want Australian investment to match theirs. The situation was complicated by the Australian government's reluctance to set a limit on the percentage of a company's total investment that might be made by foreign interests. Recently, this situation has changed somewhat, and now the

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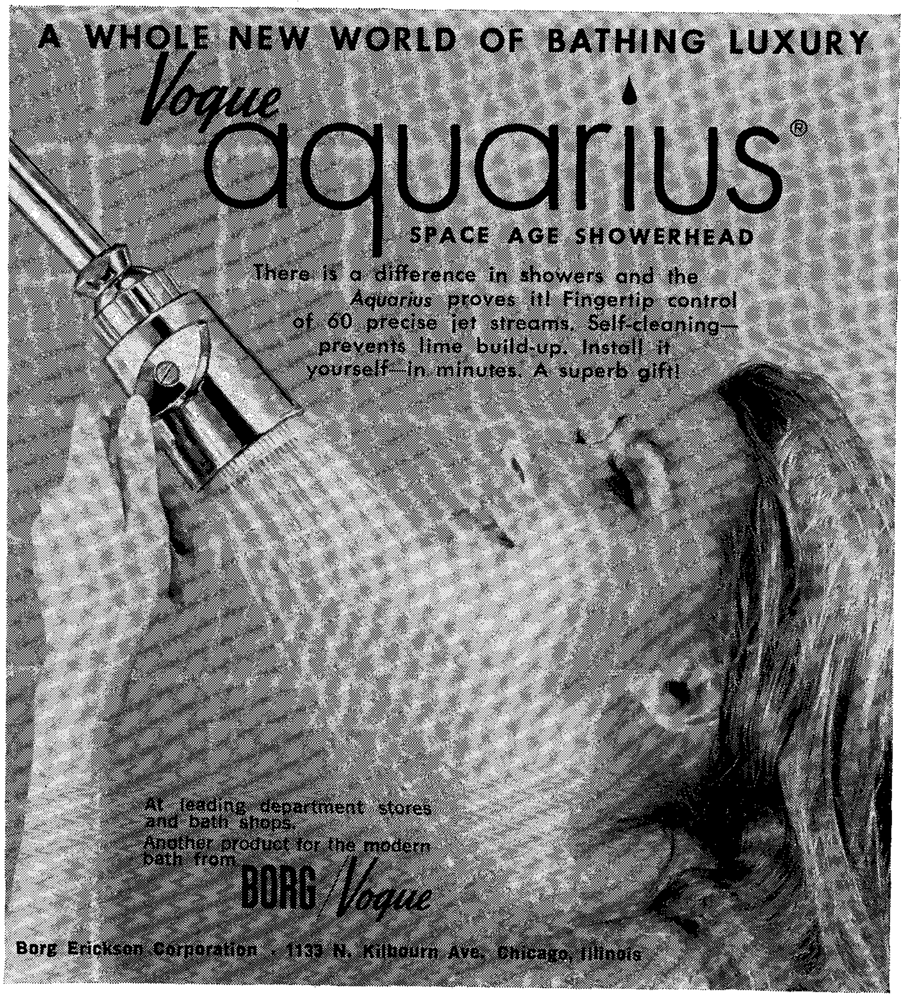

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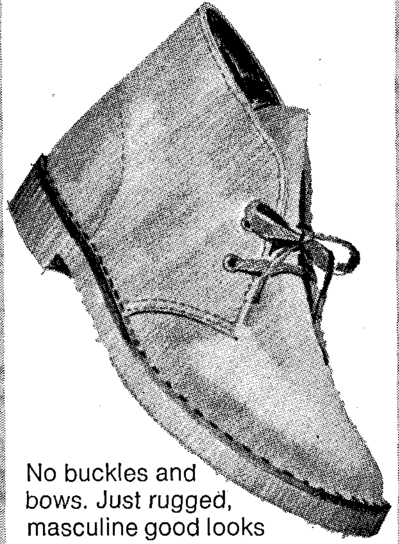

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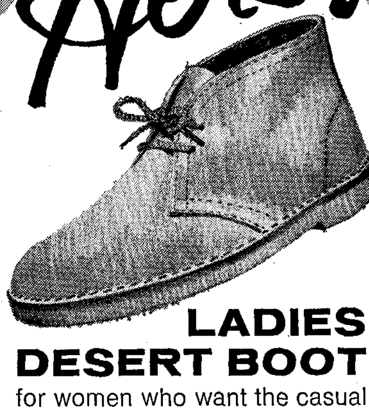

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Australian companies have grown so much more enterprising that major foreign companies wanting access to promising claims are being forced to deal with them. The Australians have also become better at raising their own capital. In 1968, Australian mining and development companies raised eighty million dollars in new funds, and last year this figure was nearly trebled. Sangwine began to talk of a new alumina refinery built at Gladstone, on the coast, three hundred and twenty-eight miles north of Brisbane, by Queensland Alumina, at a cost of a hundred and twenty-seven million dollars, and aluminum monopolized our attention so thoroughly that at one point he broke off to say, "Let's eat the foil and leave the fish."

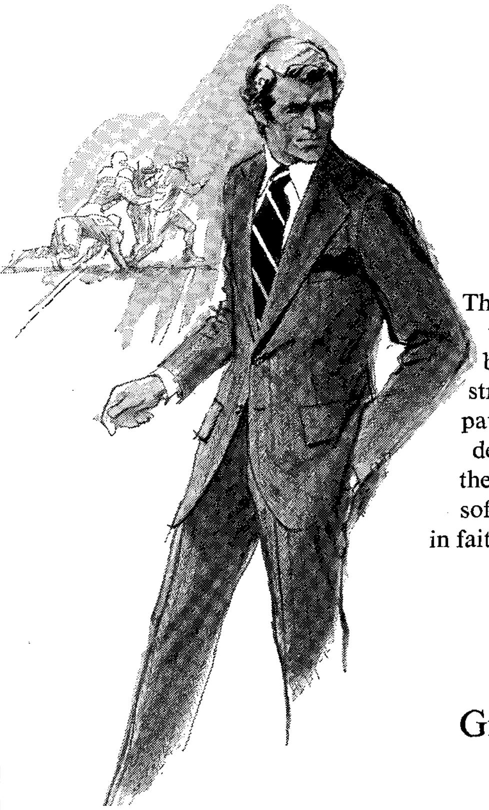
Sangwine was considered the man responsible for pushing the Gladstone refinery project to a successful conclusion—quite a feat, I gathered, for he had had to cope with all sorts of labor troubles during its construction—and now, my train having reached Gladstone in the early morning, I was eager to see the refinery. I left the train and walked, in a light rain, up a somewhat muddy main street. One of the fascinating, if somewhat chastening, things about a rapidly developing country is the way one can watch man carving up the landscape. I found it disturbing to see how rapidly Gladstone was being made over and, at the same time, stimulating to realize that this ordinary-looking provincial town was a potential industrial giant. By prearrangement, I was driven to a high point near the town by a man from Queensland Alumina. Looking at the new refinery—tanks, pipes, buildings, and offices, a symphony in green, pink, and shining silver—I found it easy to imagine the transformation of Gladstone into what someone had prophesied would be "the Pittsburgh of Australia." "Over there you can see the barracks occupied by the construction workers while the plant was being built," my guide told me. A comprehensive bauxite-testing program, originally started in Australia, had been completed in American laboratories in 1962, he said, and the next year a combined team of Australian and American engineers at Kaiser Center, in Oakland, California, had established the basic criteria for the design of the Gladstone plant. By 1964, work had started on the site, and Gladstone had begun to go through a second frontier period—materials flooding in, new wharves being built, tents and barracks going up, bars and streets filled with unruly workers. Now the finished plant—one of the largest of its kind in the world—lay before us in the rain. From our high ground, we could also see the loading wharves at the edge of the deep-water harbor, from which alumina is sent all over the world. Farther along was the terminus of the Moura-Gladstone railway line, and I could see piles of fine-crushed black coal being loaded aboard a Japanese carrier ship.

"You can't see as far up the coast today as you usually can," my host said. "It's possible to sail to Rockhampton by following that creek for a few miles and then going through about twenty-five miles of continuously sheltered waterways, in the lee of islands. It's all cattle country up there—overland pastoralists travelled up there from the south in 1852 or 1853—and when you get to Rockhampton you're on the Tropic of Capricorn and you're in the center of some of the best cattle land in Australia. It's an advantage for us to have Rockhampton, with its cattle and its meatworks and its factories and its mines, only sixty miles away, supplementing our own coal and alumina industry. And then, with the climate, and the tremendous deep-sea fishing, and that string of islands out there, and Olsen's Caves not far off—they're a big network of caverns—we're all set to develop a flourishing tourist industry." He went on to recite a list of the most recent mineral discoveries in Australia, and I could see why he thought the future looked so bright. The world's greatest reserves of bauxite were at Weipa, he said, and then there was a five-hundred-million-ton mountain of iron ore, Mount Tom Price, in western Australia, and new findings were being developed by the Broken Hill Proprietary Company, parent of all the big Australian industrial-mining ventures, not to mention new large finds of phosphate, nickel, and manganese, and, in Queensland, in western Australia, and offshore at Victoria, promising deposits of oil.

That night, I slept in a hotel at Rockhampton—or, to be exact, in a modern, motel-like annex, which the proprietors thought infinitely superior to the original building. The hotel proper was a roomy wooden structure, with balconies and verandas pleasantly decorated by elaborate Victorian ironwork, painted white. The rain had ended, but the wind blew cold now, whipping at the fronds of palms and the branches of various big subtropical trees, and sweeping through wide streets lined with pretentious and yet somehow attractive edifices, domed, pillared, and cupolaed in the manner of the eighteen-eighties. This lavish construction had been triggered by gold, which in the eighteen-sixties had begun to be shipped through Rockhampton, up to then a sleepy port known only for irregular shipments of hides and wool.

When daylight came, I saw that some of the houses, which were elevated on stilts (an architectural device adopted in Queensland to discourage the ravages of the white ant), were reflected in large pools of water, and that the ordinarily slow-moving Fitzroy River was level with its banks and muddy with soil washed away during recent storms. Up this river, after Queensland separated from New South Wales, in 1859, and became a new colony, had moved boats laden with free settlers, the migrants pressed against the bow singing the songs—Irish, Scotch, English—of their native lands. In 1882, a man named Frederick Morgan, the publican of Rockhampton's Criterion Hotel, and his brothers, Edwin and Thomas, bought land some distance away, thereby changing the history of the state of Queensland, of Australia, and, in the long run, of Britain. The land that the Morgan brothers bought included a hill strewn with big black auriferous boulders, and the hill itself, later named Mount Morgan, turned out to be full of gold. The only capital provided to develop Mount Morgan was twelve hundred pounds sterling for machinery. The rest of the operation paid for itself.

AFTER twenty-four hours in Rockhampton, I continued my journey north on the Sunlander, a modern train, with first-class carriages upholstered in an attractive blue and panelled with light-colored laminated plastic. The train travelled for a short time through the so-called wallum country, a strip close to the coast from which the fertility has been leached by heavy coastal rains. ("Wallum" is the aborigines' word for the banksia plant, which abounds in the area.) The perennial problem of certain parts of northern Queensland, so often referred to in the letters of the pioneers, is here starkly exposed—the region's long dry periods followed by torrential downpours. Water is an important matter in Australia, which has the least average rainfall of any continent, and all of whose rivers together discharge only about



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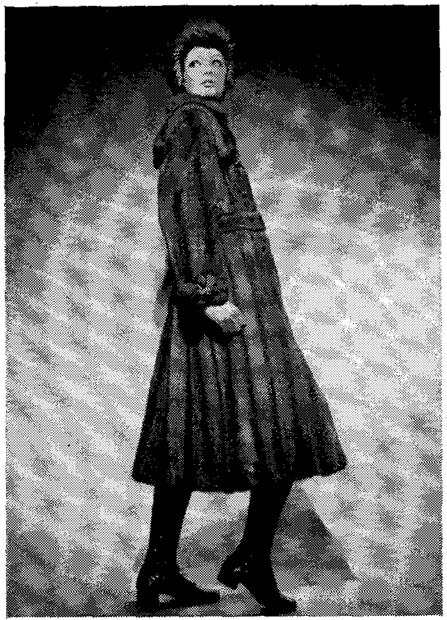

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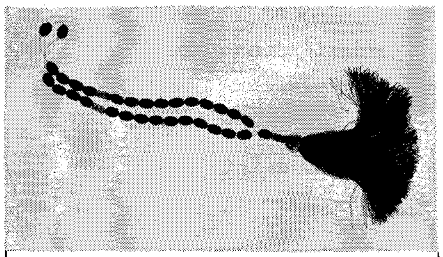

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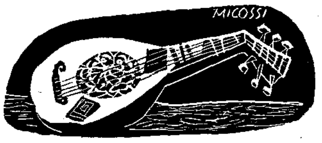
two hundred and eighty million acre-feet a year—less than half that of the Ganges alone. The continent is a closed land mass, with no large network of rivers and lakes from which to draw humidity. Because of Australia's small population and its large size, however, the continent's water resources have so far proved sufficient except in heavily populated areas, and some have not yet even been exploited.

Having crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, I found myself travelling again through fertile country. The north has a four-month summer wet season. The rain clouds come in on the southeast wind off the Pacific and water a belt of land between the sea and the Great Divide, a range of plateaus and mountains, most of them between two and three thousand feet high, stretching the length of the continent. When the first settlers came, the coastal belt was covered with heavy rain forests; now crops—fruits, maize, sugar—are grown there, in rich chocolate-colored soil. West of the Divide, the land gets steadily drier, the vegetation sparser and less varied, and the ranches bigger, until they are as big as some American states, or, in the phrase a girl I went to school with used in boasting of her father's property, "as big as the British Isles."



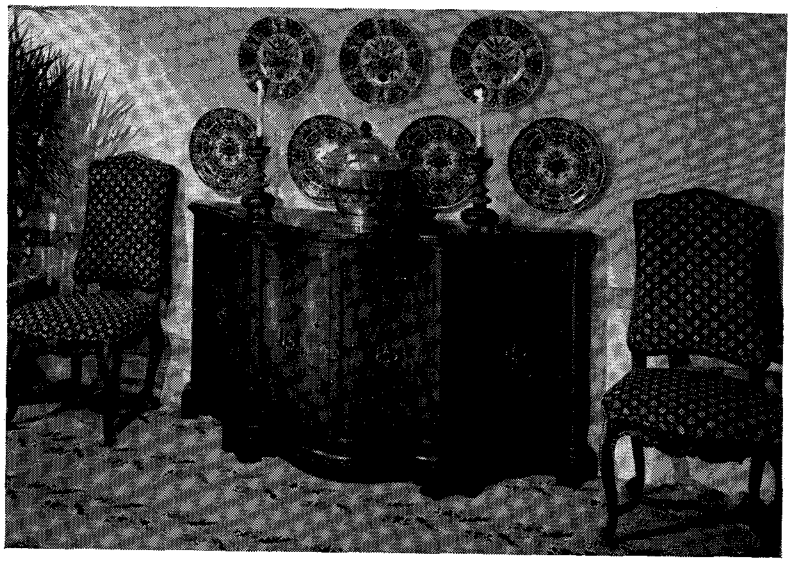
Sitting in the Sunlander, I read letters from Trinity Beach, farther north, where my sister had just been through the storm that I barely missed in Rockhampton. She said it had lasted four days, during which thirty-eight inches of rain fell, rivers rose beyond their banks, reservoirs overflowed "like Niagara," people were stranded in cars and on isolated sugar farms, and her husband was unable to drive to work in Cairns, ten miles away, because the road was under water. For me, Cairns was now only a day and a half away, and as the vegetation grew more luxuriant and we started passing lush cane fields, I began to get a feeling of homecoming. At Mackay, two hundred miles north of Rockhampton, and the center of the largest sugar-growing area on the Queensland coast, there hung in the air, mingling with the smell of salt blown from the sea, the heavy sweet scent of bulk sugar from storage sheds near the wharf. People standing on the station platform were dressed more casually than Australians to the south—the men in shorts, the women in cotton dresses.

In the nineteenth century, the region I had just been riding through was noted for its outback flavor—a combination of wildness and crudity. Since in that period travel through the remoter areas of the Empire was a favored pastime of the English aristocracy, this flavor was remarked upon in London, and caused people there to wonder with indignation whether Queensland "was indeed a *British* colony." To the north, south, and west of the railway line I was travelling on were places with names that recalled the Black Wars, which coincided with the period of settlement—names like Dawson River, Cullinlaringo, Hornet-Bank, Keppel Bay, Calton Hills, Maranoa, and Murdering Lagoons. The whites who were then encroaching on the hunting grounds of the tribes—most notably the lands of the warlike Kalkadoons—were merely continuing an encroachment begun in 1770, when a group of naked aborigines swam out to Captain Cook's ship Endeavour and tried to claim a share of the turtles that its sailors had captured in the native waters. On being refused, they angrily tried to drag some of the turtles off the ship's side, because, in their view, strangers were required to share food caught in the area. Thus was begun a conflict that ended only with the final conquest and breakup of the tribes.

Mackay today has an air of unpretentious middle-class prosperity, with respectable, sturdy banks, shops, and business offices, mostly of red brick, lining tree-shaded streets. It is hard now to picture the days when these streets were deep in dust, and horses raised clouds of it as they brought bearded, sunburned men to quench their thirst at the local pub and relay news of the latest land sales in the west, the latest accident, the latest reprisal from the blacks. Whatever the ferocity of a particular reprisal, the naive and essentially non-competitive aborigines were ultimately unequal to the struggle, and the cry, familiar to the writer and anthropologist Daisy Bates in Western Australia, of "*Jangga meenya bomunga!*" ("The smell of the white man is killing me!"), was echoed in Queensland, though in another dialect and in other words: "*Ween jin ah! Ween jin ah!*" ("Curse the whites! Curse the whites!"). In Queensland, a force of aborigines known as the Black Police was created to help bring civilization to the camps, but their introduction to firearms only brought about a greater degeneration. The imported Chinese laborers put the final seal upon this degeneration by introducing opium.

All this, of course, was long before my time, and my own memories of the area were of poor white settlers rather than of aborigines. Then, in a book called "Australian Journey," by Paul McGuire, I had recently come across a description that made me remember how I used to stare out of the train window on endless journeys with my sisters to school or college in the south. McGuire wrote of the high, craggy hills above Mackay, with the smoke of bush fires slowly coiling along the slopes; of the valleys bright with the green of sugar cane; and of how, as his train passed through a station, he saw lean, ruminative men, and women in shapeless faded dresses, who lived mostly in little huts of galvanized iron and timber. Now, as it grew dark and the Sunlander tunnelled into the Australian night, more memories of those past journeys returned to me. During the wet season, the line along the coast had been vulnerable to floods. Sometimes, the trains would creep forward very slowly, and at night one would be awakened by the hesitant movement and see through the window the glimmer of moonlight or starlight reflected from sheets of water. Occasionally, one would wake in pitch darkness to the realization that the train was standing still; in those days one could pass through many miles of countryside at night without ever seeing a light. And then there was the memory of half waking to glimpse from the carriage window a dimly illuminated vignette: a tiny siding, the stationmaster swinging his lantern, one or two figures in silhouette, a man with a swag, an aboriginal family huddled in the background.

Although this was still a lonely countryside, the loneliness had been mitigated, and now the train moved securely over well-built lines and new bridges. In the early-morning light, I woke to find it travelling through the outskirts of Townsville. I was astonished to discover that what I remembered as a little town built on the coastal flats had acquired extensive suburbs, a new college, a copper refinery, and a population of more than sixty thousand. The Townsville I remembered had been dominated by a mass of bare pinkish-beige sandstone, called Castle Hill, that rose behind it. I remembered that at sunset when the last rays of the tropical sun struck this landmark, it had always been suffused with a rapidly changing glow of violet, rose, and orange, and on this trip I was



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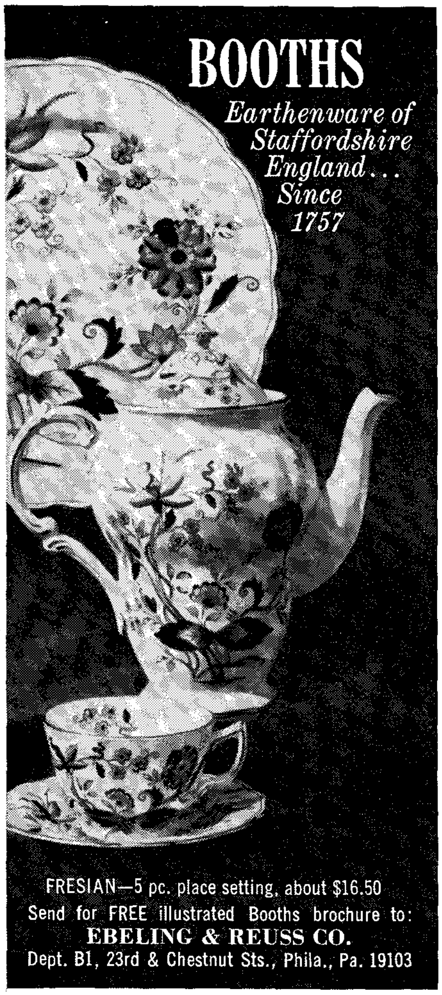

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pleased to learn that the presence of the buildings advancing up its treeless slopes had not completely obliterated its peculiar shape and color. Townsville was named after a bold and rather imaginative old Pacific trader, Captain Robert Towns, and it had gone through a period of fierce competition with some of the other outposts. But—unlike Bowen, to the south, which was on the wrong side of the constantly flooding Burdekin River, or Mackay, with its barred estuary, or Cardwell, a hundred miles to the north, where the only route west was over steep ranges—Townsville afforded both trouble-free entry from the sea and practical access to the interior. By 1866, it had become a starting point for coaches heading into the hinterland, and northbound ships were also stopping off there.

The year 1866 was a year of drought, and the cattle from the stations were too weak to be got to market and had to be fed to the boiling-down works. News came that year that gold had been discovered nearby, setting off a small rush; then there was word of more gold in the Etheridge River district, to the northwest; and, finally, early in 1872, magnificent finds were made at Charters Towers, to the west. The settlers' troubles may not have been over, but from that point on they were at least very different. Soon the southern miners who responded to the fabulous news from Charters Towers were lured farther north, into ranges rich with tin. My three pioneering uncles—John Moffat, Anthony Linedale, and John Newell—were among those who took advantage of the almost unlimited opportunity to make whatever mark they wished upon the virgin country.

Soon the train began to move on out of Townsville, past a succession of pastel commercial buildings and warehouses. Then came a pink-and-white church; streets of small middle-class houses set in gardens gay with crotons, tamarind trees, and Moreton Bay figs; a motel. Far away to the southwest stretched the faint blue of the Hervey and Leichhardt Ranges, spurs of the Great Divide between which the Reid River runs into Cleveland Bay. It is through this pass in the mountains that another railway line leads west to Charters Towers. Now Charters Towers is surrounded by barren country where herds of goats forage and where every last tree was cut down long ago to manufacture charcoal for the mine's hungry furnaces. In the town itself, I knew, gold now plays a secondary role to boarding schools and old men's homes. In this town—the oldest and most prosperous of the mining centers in the north—Queensland's radical movement was nurtured. Here the miners of the eighteen-eighties and nineties read Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and talked about Karl Marx and Henry George. Here, at a time when most colonists accepted the monarchy as unquestioningly as they accepted God, a local paper published couplets like "We are against the expenses and waste/Of Royalty's glamour and taste." At first, in this egalitarian north, where working for oneself had always been considered preferable to working for wages, there had been scarcely any distinction between the men who owned the claims and the men who worked them. My uncles, though they were managers of mines and large shareholders in them, rather than laborers for wages, were essentially pioneers, and had all done heavy work of one kind or another. All through the north, in those early days, there was a general acceptance of the notion of giving everyone a chance—what Australians call a "fair go"—with the aim of overcoming the tradition of aristocratic leadership. But mechanization of the mines, and the problems that accompanied it, gradually eroded the old relationships. Bolton pointed out in "A Thousand Miles Away" that as the nineteenth century drew to a close:

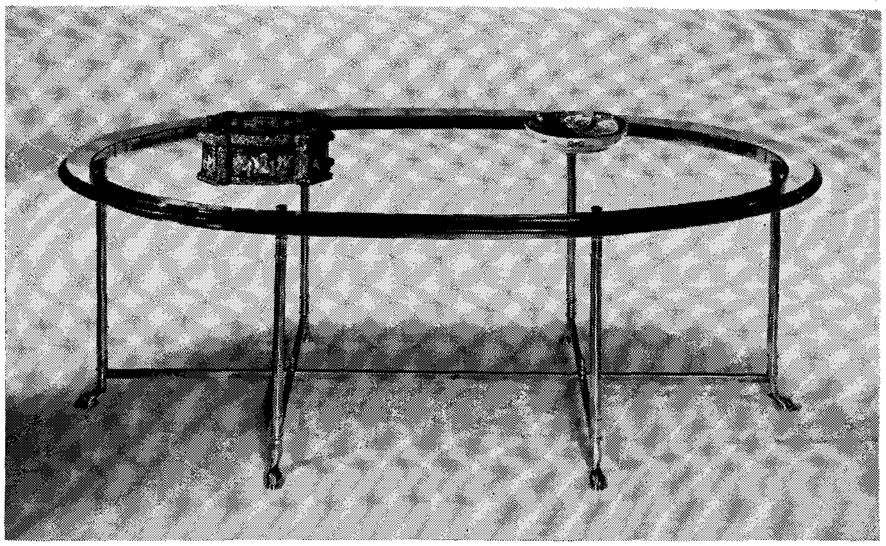
> There was a growing realization that the day of easy opportunities was over for the working miners. Others had made the profits—the share-pushers, the company secretaries, the mill-owners—but the working miner, after chasing the rainbow's end across North Queensland for twenty years, was now likely to spend the rest of his career on wages.

During my childhood, Townsville's second landmark, after Castle Hill, had been an enormous fig tree, known locally as the Tree of Knowledge. Under its branches men would gather after dark to listen to "orators," whom the more conservative labelled "agitators." I don't think I really knew what an "agitator" was, but there was something haunting about the violent scene around the great tree—the men in their shirtsleeves tumbling out of the bars in the fading light to shout comments on the loud rhetoric of the speakers. Sometimes when the speaker was not approved of, the crowd would give him "three groans"—the reverse of three cheers. Mingled in my memory with these passing visions of what went on in the shadow of the Tree of

Knowledge were stories—not completely understood but appealing to children in the manner of fairy stories—of organizers who had been shut out of the meatworks by the managers and had swum crocodile-infested tidal creeks to reach the men and persuade them to join the union. In this environment, physical courage was of primary importance, and in time I learned that early observers had been as much impressed as I was by the truculence and passion of the Australians, and their violence in action.

The twenty-six-year-old Charles Darwin, for instance, during his voyage aboard the Beagle, had stopped off in Chile in 1834 and 1835 and had seen miners staggering up notched poles for almost four hundred and fifty feet with two hundred pounds of stone, to reach the mouth of the mine trembling and exhausted, perspiration streaming off them, their nostrils distended as they fought for breath. Later in the voyage, he found that in Australia, "a less promising country, scores of years have done many times more than an equal number of centuries have effected in South America." He saw that these colonial citizens were bent upon acquiring wealth, and he remarked on the order they kept and the rapid progress they made. Nevertheless, his famous farewell—"Farewell, Australia! . . . you are too great and ambitious for affection, yet not great enough for respect"—suggested that he found Australia's obvious desire to be rid of Old World chains slightly irritating. It must have been a natural reaction for a visitor from an older culture, and particularly for a visitor who was so clearly aware of the colony's limitations and lack of traditions; in fact, it much resembled the reaction of a parent to a child who has derided and rejected him. Yet Darwin had seen the radical dream in Australia and had expressed his admiration for it. D. H. Lawrence expressed much the same feeling more than eighty years later when he made the hero of "Kangaroo" struggle, half-waking, in the little wooden house near the Pacific breakers as he reënacted the fantasy of getting out of the heavily weighted civilizations of the past, of emerging as a new spirit from the confining Gothic edifices of Europe. It was natural, Lawrence noted, for this new country, where the glamour of culture and education had had little impact, to reject the idea of a ruling class that could make huge fortunes from the efforts of the workers.

Henry George, in an article published in 1891 in *Cosmopolitan*, made



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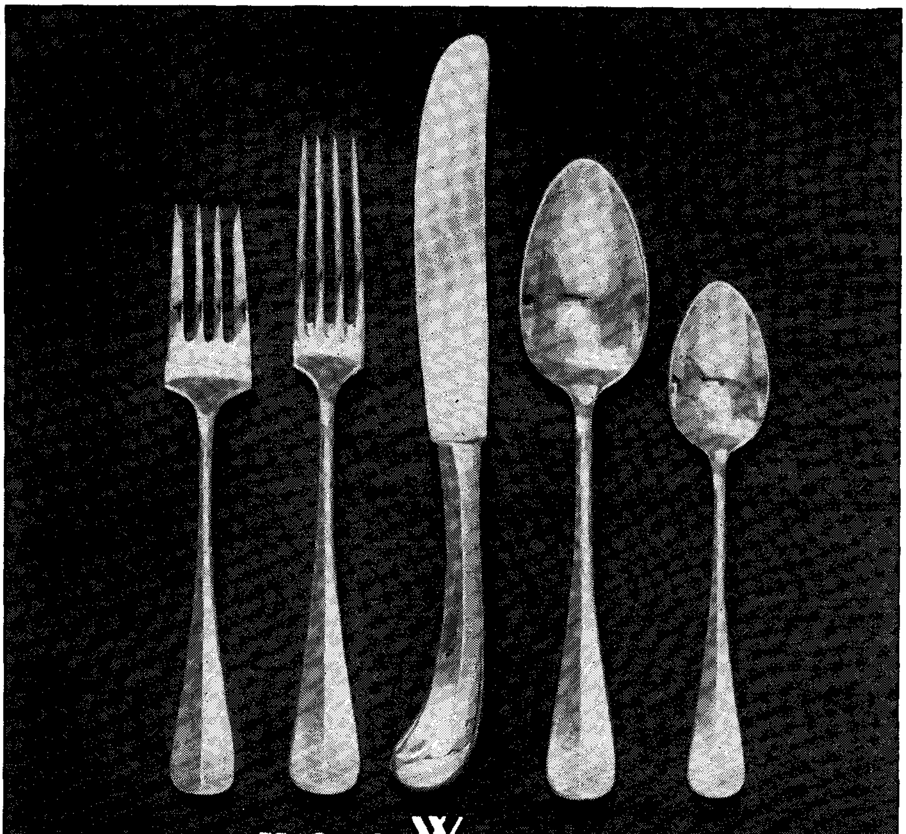

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an important point about America and Australia:

> [Australians] come closer to us than any other. Counting the Canadians as tariff-sundered Americans . . . there is no people with whom we have more points of resemblance. . . . The average American knows little or nothing of the country that, in the southern hemisphere, is to be what it is our manifest destiny to be in the northern.

The Australians, George noted, were putting into practice some things that Americans were only beginning to talk about, such as a nonpolitical civil service, a simple system of land registration, and government ownership and operation of railroads and telegraph systems. And Australia at that time led the world in provisions for old-age, invalids', and widows' pensions and for workmen's compensation, and in legislation against sweatshops and child labor. George saw its progressive political tendencies as due to governmental "mobility" and a general diffusion of wealth. The continent, he said, had benefitted by its "newness." It was new in the sense that Robert Owen had thought America was new—in that its people had left the diseases of Europe behind them.

Another aspect of Australian life that struck visitors was that the whole continent had benefitted not only politically but also materially from its late development. In northern Queensland, for instance, people began to acquire automobiles, radios, and airplanes while pioneering history was still being made. I remember that as children my sisters and I did not find it strange that our family had a Dodge car—the first in the district—at a time when there were few paved roads and in order to descend certain ranges my father had to cut down a tree and chain it to the back of the car as a brake. We saw in the American magazines that reached us—infinitely slowly, by boat and train—lavish illustrations of shining vehicles, and thought it natural that we should have one. In the same way, the age of the airplane was upon us before there were adequate mails, or even bridges across the rivers.

Relationships between groups of people developed in much the same haphazard fashion, and so did my awareness of such relationships. For instance, the intensity of the struggle between the man who owned land and the man who worked for wages did not become evident to me until the days of the Depression, when I went to school with the daughters of men who worked on the cane and dairy farms. Then I came to realize that my father, who had come to the Atherton Tableland to take up blocks of land covered with rain forest and had expended his strength in a battle for mere survival, was thought to be in a privileged position. The truth was that for those with enough ingenuity to seize opportunities personal success was rapid. My uncle John Moffat, though he financed so many mines and so many prospectors that he lost his money as quickly as he made it, and was not particularly rich when he died, was nevertheless a millionaire at two different times in his life. And my two other uncles began as prospectors and, in a sense, explorers. John Newell, who ended up as the largest shareholder of the Great Northern, the big Herberton tin mine, had panned for gold on the Palmer, and Anthony Linedale, who ended up as one of John Moffat's chief engineers, had roved from one end of Queensland to the other, and even gone as far as New Guinea, in his search for gold.

Of the three, Anthony Linedale seemed to me to have had the most exciting career. He was a short, dark man with a high forehead and glowing brown eyes, which would light up when he described his adventures. These included running away from home at the age of sixteen and accompanying a prospecting expedition to the Mambare River, in New Guinea, where hostile natives attacked the party and killed the leader. But, interesting as his experiences were, I liked best to hear him describe the country he had travelled through—the ranges he had climbed, the beautiful, lonely rivers he had camped by, the flowers, trees, animals, and birds that he had seen—and tell about the native tribesmen of northern Queensland and New Guinea he had met. Though he was not a literary man, he wrote a number of vivid reminiscences, which I have only recently read. This description of a native he met on the gold-finding expedition to Mambare is typical:

> There then appeared a grand looking canoe with a beam . . . attached to its bow, decorated with shells, feathers, and long strips of animal fur. A native of big phisique stood erect on a platform of which he was the sole occupier. Presently he pointed to himself with his open hand and said "Bushi Miwa."
>
> George Clark [the expedition's leader] rose and pointing to himself said "Pros-

pector." Then the big native danced from side to side of his well-made platform and stopping in the centre he bent over and put his middle fingers on the lower part of his ears and said "Kihoota."

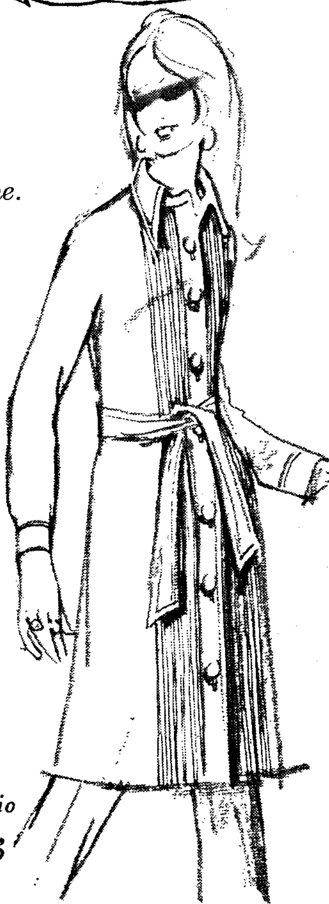
Mr. Clark also Kihootaed and the introduction appeared to be complete. . . .

Bushi Miwa . . . had very thick wrists and small hands and feet and a well-combed head of hair cut round the nape of his neck . . . His chief dress was the usual native trousers . . . but his adornments were very different to any we had yet seen. He had long streamers from his shoulders to his strong-looking wrists, and these were of light fur and when dancing or bowing with his fingers in his ears, they all floated out in the light breeze.

BETWEEN Townsville and Cairns, the train passes through increasingly fertile coastal country, and the views grow increasingly spectacular. The mountains look oppressively close. The creeks, dark with rich soil, harbor crocodile and barramundi. Tattered banana fronds and the glossy leaves of mango trees glorify the small stations. At Ingham, although just a week or so earlier there had been such heavy rains that some inhabitants had had to spend the night on roofs and had been saved from swirling floodwaters by Army rescue teams, I saw few signs of devastation. Over the wide streets, rain trees spread their perfect canopies; they have tiny leaves, which absorb moisture during the day and, at night, shower dew upon the ground. At Cardwell, the railway line runs close to the sea, which is a pellucid blue in the shelter of the reef. At Tully, one of the wettest places in the world, swamps reflect pale paperbarks, pandanus, and elegant, water-loving Queen of Sheba palms.

All this coastal area, and some of the land south and north of it as well, is sugar country, and here, in the eighteen-sixties, recruiters brought Polynesian workers from the islands of the New Hebrides—an enterprising, if ruthless, move that helped planters carve out sugar plantations, for the imported workers provided something very close to slave labor. The islanders were known as Kanakas ("Kanaka" is the Polynesian word for "man"), and the contractors who manned the transport vessels were soon given the unsavory nickname of blackbirders. The whole process was little more than kidnapping. As a result of it, though, the plantations flourished, so the blackbirders spread in ever-widening circles, moving out from the New Hebrides to the Solomons and then as far as New Ireland and New Guinea to bring islanders to the Queensland coast.

By the mid-nineties, however, small



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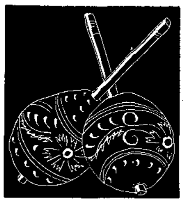
farms formed the core of the sugar industry in northern Queensland, and there are those who say that in the switch to small farms from sugar plantations an "Australian" idea triumphed. Yet the triumph did not occur until the growing population of Pacific islanders was swollen by an influx of Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, and Indians, until brawls around the sugar towns became impossibly frequent and violent, until citizens—they had been rigidly against cheap labor from the beginning—began to make horrified accusations of the importation of leprosy and bubonic plague, and until a long controversy over the question of "black labor" in the north had run its course. Finally, in 1901, the new federal government prohibited the importation of any further Pacific island workers.

At Cairns, more than a thousand miles from my starting point, I was at last on home ground, and there I left the train and met my sister and her husband, who were going to drive me up to Irvinebank. Cairns is a town of wide streets lined with wooden houses on high stilts. Big warehouses near the wharves are filled with grain, timber, sugar, and tobacco, and in the warm air the aroma of these products blends with that of the rain forest on the overhanging ranges. There is something about this town that recalls colonial towns in the Far East—arcades, palms and poincianas, glaring streets and inky shadows, sturdy Asians, women in tropical white and men in shorts and topees.

A little way up the gorges, the heavy trees bear orchids and vines. As we began ascending the road that leads west from Cairns to the Atherton Tableland, I experienced a familiar sense of unchanging dampness and growth, which called up the memory of greenish, cone-shaped lilies; of trees with stinging heart-shaped leaves, the mere touch of which could set a horse galloping madly or make a dog howl all night; of the epiphytic fig, which lodges in any convenient host and sends down impenetrable curtains of aerial roots, enveloping the surrounding trees and finally strangling not only them but the host as well. Travelling through this country again, after so many years, I was hardly able to grasp the fact that the journey from the coast to the Tableland, which had once taken us nine hours by slow train, could now be driven in an hour and a half. In the early morning, while the mist still floated in the valleys, dimming the brilliant emerald greens and earth browns, we came up into country where much of the rain forest had been cut down and many natural landmarks destroyed. To me, this landscape seemed like a familiar face badly scarred in an automobile accident. Orange groves had been carved out of scrub. Around the town of Mareeba, tobacco farms were flourishing in what had been a dry belt of gum-tree forest starred by anthills. The Tinaroo Dam had backed up the beautiful Barron River, drowning a whole valley. The highway ran past two blue crater lakes—Eacham and Barrine—which were still lined by jungle growth, but there were no more birdcalls or rustlings of tiny marsupials. The heavy gloom of the rain forest had had splashes of color—brilliant red and yellow fungi eating out the fallen logs, shiny green tree frogs, scarlet flowers of the black bean dropping into the blue waters of the lake, long sprays of tiny brown orchids. Now, with so much of the original cover stripped off, the naked landscape of the Tableland showed up. Over everything spread a faint haze, pierced here and there by long rays of light. This light, at least, had remained as I remembered it. And the landscape, though changed, was still beautiful; for the untouched beauty of the past there had been substituted that of tranquil farming land spread with small homesteads.



In 1907, surveyors camped in the fertile gloom of the rain forest, and the railway line began to creep slowly southward from the coast. The lands were thrown open to settlers, and gradually small, lonely farms appeared. Their houses were modest cottages—four small rooms and a veranda, usually. They were built of timber felled in the clearing of the land and cut in small local sawmills, and were often ringed by standing scrub. In such surroundings, families lived the sunrise-to-sunset life of poor farmers the world over. The walls of the houses would be decorated with calendars or with pictures from the *Illustrated London News*. In the kitchen, where a wood fire crackled in an iron stove, scones were baked, and a kettle was kept on the boil for tea. There would be a mongrel dog, perhaps with a touch of dingo blood, and the healthy farm children, their feet bare and their tanned skins showing through their torn cotton clothes, would ride their ponies bareback to school and, after school, would bring in the cows for milking, or go down to the creeks to fish or to hunt for platypus. Once a day, these families listened for the whistle of the train rounding the green belt of scrub, and the children might stand on the small railway sidings and look up to watch the engine advancing, wreathed with smoke, and see the gray canvas mail sack thrown from the mail car, to fall with a thump at the feet of the stationmaster.

In these farming communities, with the help of shire councils, democratic institutions flourished: coöperative butter factories; hospitals; one-room schoolhouses ringing with the voices of children learning spelling by rote, under tin roofs that often resounded with fierce tropical storms; halls where socials were held, with trestle tables decked with asparagus fern, and men gathering stiffly at the door, and lavish suppers of jellies and cakes (loaded with whipped cream) served by tanned but rosy women. Small, tight-knit communities they were, knowing only the complexions, the accent, and the outlook of one or another region of the British Isles.

Now, as we drove through this country, I saw that it was thoroughly tamed—more thickly veined with roads, and less heavily dominated by the brilliant-red soil, which, I remembered, had once stained the wooden buildings, the streets of the towns, the feet of the horses, the bodies of the first cars, and the clothes of the pioneers. I knew that, thanks to a rise in meat prices, a number of cattle-fattening and maize- and peanut-growing properties were flourishing in the region, along with—or, sometimes, in place of—the old dairies. Brahman cattle with shimmering silver hides were now being crossed with British stock, the hybrids having proved more resistant to ticks and to tropical heat.

To reach Herberton, the most important township on the higher plateau, we climbed a thousand feet above the Tableland. The air became slightly cooler, and the light reflected white from the veins of glistening quartz marking the foothills. We passed an old trail washed out by heavy summer rains—the track down which mule teams laden with ore used to travel as they made their way to the coast. We were in mining country now. And, being on the other side of the ranges, we were also in typical gum-tree forest. It was in this country that I had first gone to school, with my sisters, and it called up nostalgic memories of school picnics when we had swum in

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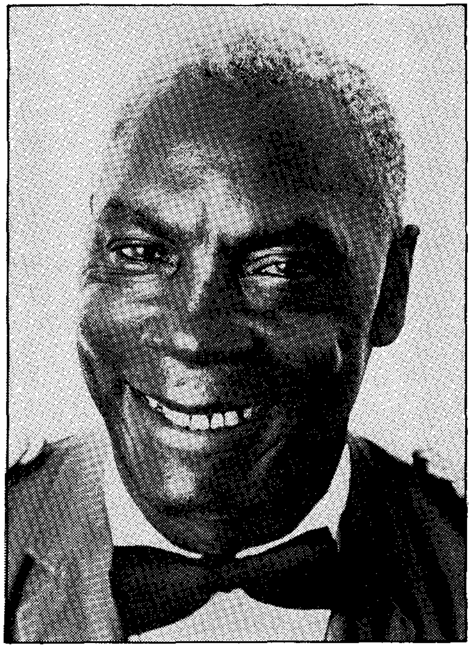

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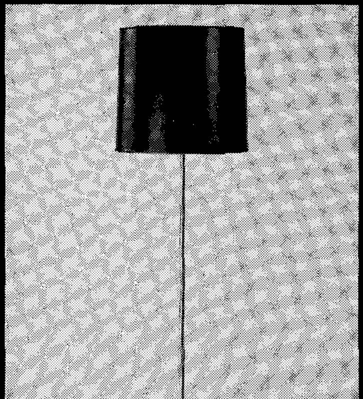

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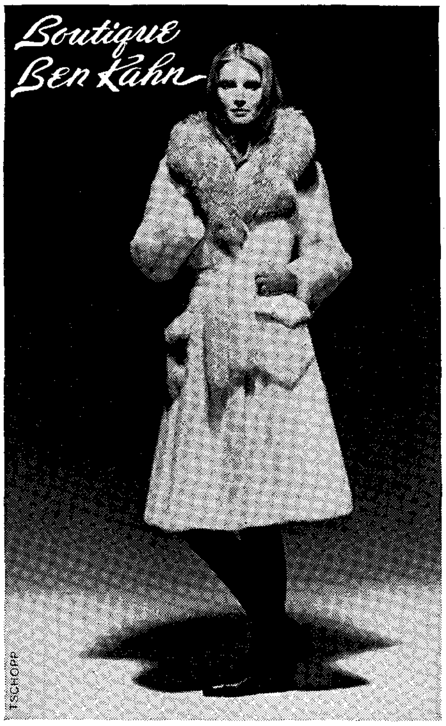

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the rare waterholes of the Wild River, made campfires under oaks, explored old shafts and mullack heaps, and returned to school down long roads whitened by moonlight. Although we were not aware of it at the time, we ourselves were contributing to the beginning of a new era, for when the miners departed, the schools of Herberton did much to keep that little town alive. It was here on the Wild River—a stream that rushed along its stony bed at flood-time and quieted down after the rains until the flowers we called scarlet bottle brushes could be seen reflected in shallow golden pools—that tin had first been found, and from the church school built in the steep Herberton hills we used to look up at rocky ranges through which, in 1879, John Atherton, a pioneer much older than my father yet contemporary with him, had guided four men—among them my uncle John Newell—to the Wild Valley tin lodes.

By 1880, gold mining in Queensland was giving way to the mining of silver, tin, lead, and copper. The miners were moving north and east to small new mines, and the isolation, lack of water, and high food prices associated with these continually drove them on. Tin was obviously the thing to mine, for not only did it bring higher prices than copper but it could be mined as gold was—from alluvium, without experience or capital. Early in the eighteen-seventies prospectors found tin at Stanthorpe, on the Queensland border; at Tenterfield, in New South Wales; and at Emmaville, in New South Wales, where Chinese and Australians swarmed with their wheelbarrows over flats rich in more than fifteen thousand tons of stream tin. For the next decade, Australia was the largest tin producer in the world. John Moffat had first worked as a shepherd on a sheep station at Pickanjinnie Plains, near Roma—a vast loneliness, he recorded in a letter to a friend, broken only by the noises of his flock, the mournful call of the curlew, and the faraway singing of aborigines camped by the river. He moved to Stanthorpe in 1870, shortly before the tin discoveries there, and started a general store. By 1874, he had made enough money to open a small tin smelter, thus beginning his mining career.

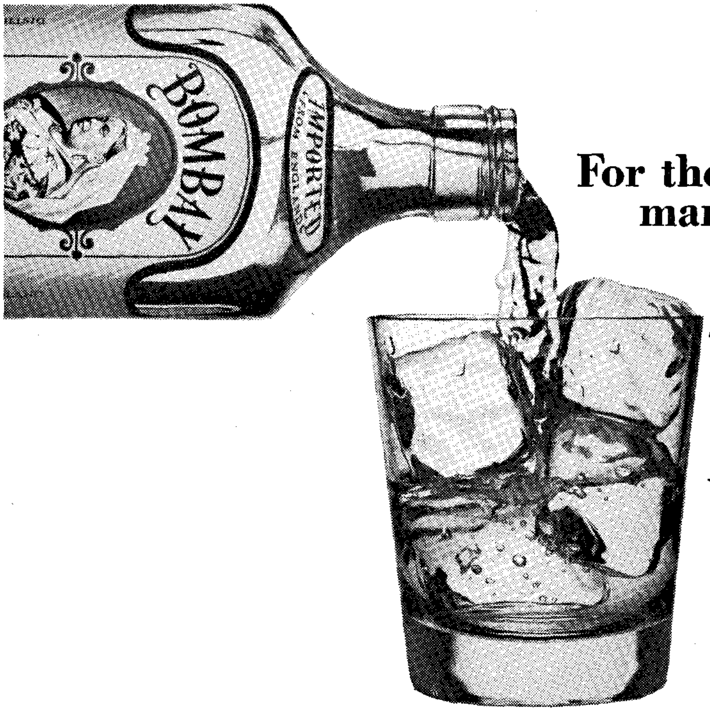
In 1880, a thousand miles to the north, John Newell returned to the Wild River, not far from where John Atherton had first shown him outcrops of tin. Long afterward, Newell used to tell of how on that first trip he had taken an early-morning walk near the camp and had startled a big emu, which, as it ran away from him, struck an outcrop of rock with one of its horny toes, knocking off a loose piece of tin oxide. This, he said, was on the site of what became the Great Northern mine. That afternoon, the four prospectors, led to the spot by Newell, smelted a small quantity of ore in a hollow stump, waving an old felt hat to create a draft, and there, sitting around the smoking fire, they decided to take up the claim. When they had solemnly pinned a notice to that effect to a gum tree, Newell set off for the mining office at nearby Thornborough to post the claim. On that trip, he rode all night and swam the meandering Walsh River three times. Soon a surveyor was laying out the first streets of what was to be the town of Herberton, while the transport of supplies was being made easier by the cutting of a rough track through bush and scrub to the Atherton Tableland. In the border country to the south, John Moffat's store had meanwhile gone bankrupt, and as he was winding up its affairs, a packet of tin samples arrived from John Newell. Moffat found them so promising that he was able to obtain fresh capital from Scottish banks, and at the end of 1880 he took a steamer north.

The year 1880 was a watershed date for Australia, separating the era of comparative isolation from the era in which Australian mines steadily attracted outside finance and outside knowhow. By 1872, telegraphic communication had been established between Australia and most of the financial capitals of the world. Now the continent could have a part in the excitement of the rise and fall of shares, and in 1880 Queensland, the home of the mines that were newest and therefore in need of funds, began to benefit from the influx of British capital that had formerly gone to North America, Siberia, Spain, or Sweden. This date also separated the period of easy exploitation from the period of hard deep mining. Before 1880, almost all the known fields lay in the comparatively young Paleozoic rocks of the eastern highlands—fields that not only were easy to find, to get at, and to live in but were rich in alluvial metals, most notably gold. After 1880 came mineral discoveries in the Pre-Cambrian rocks of the almost waterless west. (The rocks of this period, formed between three billion and six hundred million years ago, have proved to be the richest in minerals throughout the world.) The mining of these huge bodies of ore required not only large sums of money, unobtainable in the colony, but also the wisdom of the best mining brains of the age. At this time, there were parallels between the development of mining in Australia and its development in the United States. Australia was at first behind in mining techniques, but she opened schools of mining at Ballarat and Bendigo at the start of the eighteen-seventies, and established an institute of mining engineers in 1893, only twenty-two years after the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers was founded at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and her mining men caught on so quickly that at the turn of the century she was leading the world in metallurgical skills.

By the time John Moffat came north to meet his old friends and mining colleagues on the Herberton field, the price of copper had begun to decline, and alluvial gold was no longer to be had easily. There still seemed to be plenty of alluvial tin, though, and from Herberton the miners spread far and wide, making finds every six months right through the eighteen-eighties—at Silver Valley, Watsonville, Coolgarra, Irvinebank, the Tate, Mount Garnet, Montalbion, Glen Linedale, Stannary Hills, and Mount Spurgeon. As the deposits easiest to mine were exhausted, mining activity focussed more and more upon Herberton and Irvinebank. At Herberton, production was supervised by John Newell, who was patient enough to put his profits into the exploitation of deeper lodes, and at Irvinebank it was supervised by John Moffat, who, though he described himself as "dreamy, inconclusive, and procrastinating," not only was the leading figure in northern mining but was instrumental in stimulating mining discoveries by others and in building dams, schools, and railways.

WE entered Herberton by what seemed to be the old track from the ranges now converted into a good all-weather road. On one side of the road stood a familiar building—the Roman Catholic convent, with elaborate fretwork decorations of wood on its façade and with marble statues of saints spread through the grounds. On the other side was a group of low and much less impressive buildings near a small wooden church, complete with bell tower and painted lime green. The low buildings were the new quarters of the St. Mary's Church of England

Oh! Bombay!



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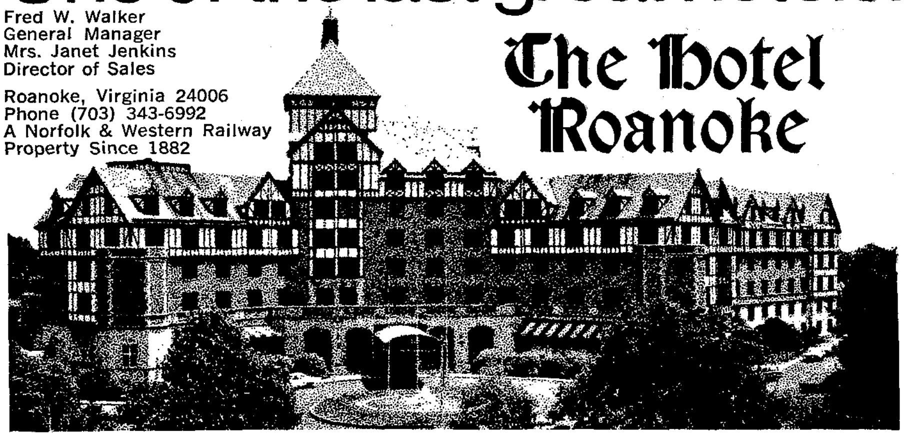

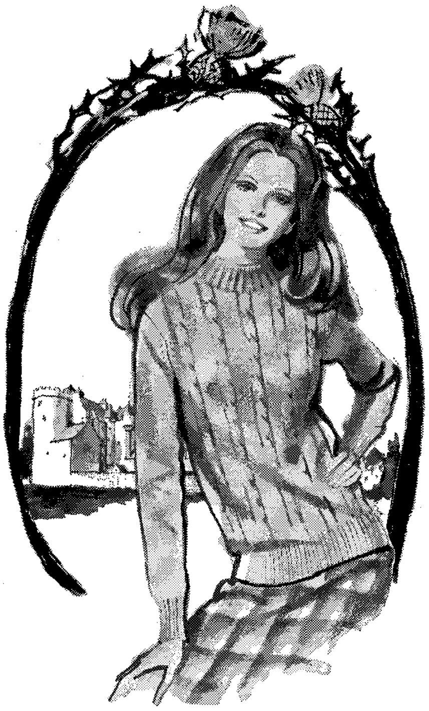

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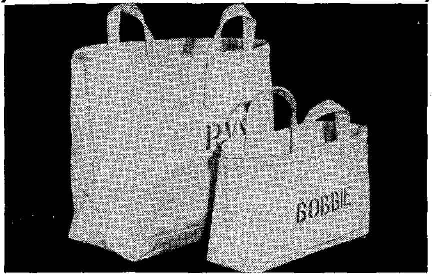

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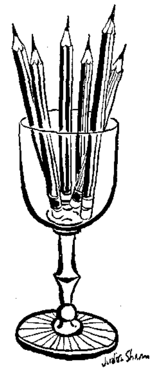
School for Girls. It took an effort of memory to visualize the building I had known, which had been razed by fire years before—a long two-story building with classrooms beneath and a honeycomb of cubicles above, each separated from its neighbors by wooden partitions and from the main hallway by white curtains, which were nearly always fluttering in a brisk wind.

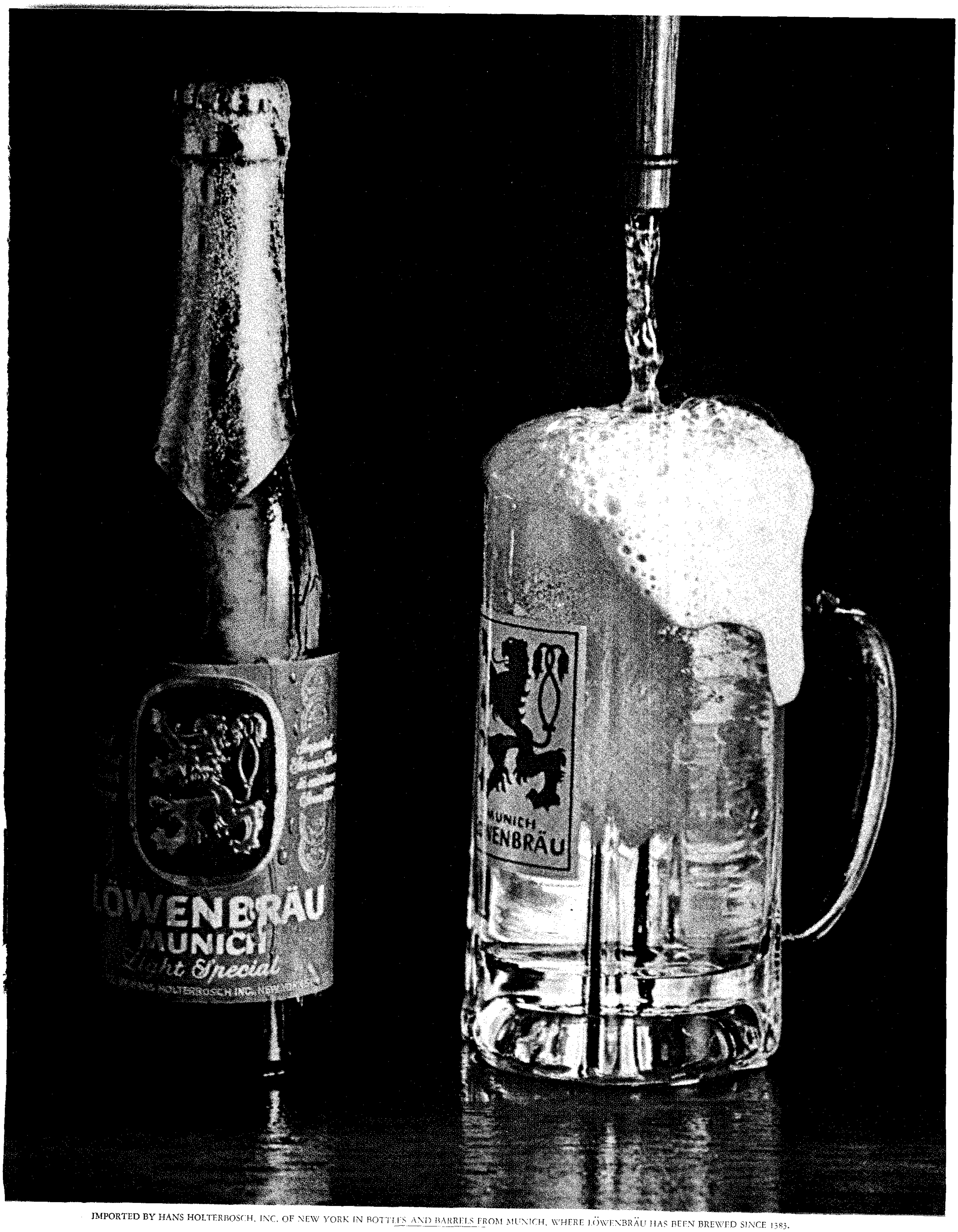
The school was founded by the Bush Brothers of St. Barnabas, a Church of England order instituted not only to bring the official British religion to the pioneers of northern Queensland but, more specifically, to combat in these bush communities the dire effects of Irish Catholicism. The Bush Brothers, who had taken vows of chastity and poverty, were under the direction of John Oliver Feetham, the Bishop of northern Queensland. An attractive eccentric, lean and dark, with burning eyes, Bishop Feetham was often to be seen, during our school years, standing on the little railway siding nearby, his black gaiters stained with mud, a flat silver cross swinging on his purple bib, and his few worldly possessions strung over his shoulder in a sugar bag. The bishop before Bishop Feetham, mindful of the special problems of northern Queensland, had returned to England to speak to gatherings of theological students at the universities, calling for young men who could "ride like cowboys and preach like apostles" to serve in Australia's undeveloped north. In consequence, Oxford- and Cambridge-educated intellectuals became its first rural preachers and, in some cases, the first teachers in its Church of England schools. Soon a small group of church sisters (the Sisters of the Sacred Advent), some of them also graduates of famous universities, were to be seen on the St. Mary's campus, hurrying between the little church and the school building.



What eventuated from the long, bitter struggle between the Irish Catholics and the Anglo-Saxon Protestants was also interesting to consider in retrospect. Gradually, it appeared, the Protestant English and the Catholic Irish worked out their differences to the benefit of all concerned. To be sure, the Catholics were called credulous and superstitious—"no better than the aborigines"—and the Protestant English derided as "big-fingered, big-toed Calvinistic giants in hideous clothes." But in reality the Catholics had contributed a strain of anti-materialism, a Celtic wit, and a liking for oratory and storytelling, and the Protestants had brought—along with melancholy, droning hymns—Shakespeare and the Book of Common Prayer. They had also brought a feeling for intellectual liberty and the belief that throne, altar, and marketplace should all work together. For both Catholics and Protestants, Australia meant freedom and opportunity, and for the Irish, especially, the colony was a cure for lawlessness. In no country in the world—not even in the United States, where so many Irish sought refuge—have the Irish played a more prominent political role.

John Newell, the uncrowned king of Herberton, was himself of Irish ancestry. A short, active man with a pointed Vandyke beard, regular features, and small, often twinkling black eyes, he was not only director of the Great Northern tin mine but a mayor of Herberton and, subsequently, a member of the Lower Assembly in two Parliaments, under four Prime Ministers. When my sisters and I were growing up, his house, Elderslie—a wide-verandaed house on a hill, with a flagged court at the back, a tennis court, dovecotes, and a stable, the whole surrounded by flowers and trees and conveying a sense of repose—became our refuge from the boredom of school life. Now I found that Elderslie had fallen into neglect, and this disappointment made the whole town seem ugly to me. And unquestionably the town was more static than it had been even thirty years ago. During my schooldays, the role of principal mining frontier had passed from it to the Cape York Peninsula; then to the Northern Territory; and, finally, to the Kimberleys.

As we drove on from Herberton to Irvinebank, we were always coming upon signs of the past—an abandoned tin shack, the wooden posts of a house or a gate, a junked car, and, in the middle of the bush, a single flowering mango tree. Irvinebank itself, when we reached it, appeared to be covered with a mantle of dust. The water at the great Irvinebank dam, which had been the home of wild ducks and ibis, was low, exposing the pilings. A few houses were dotted over the dry landscape, and a line of splendid weeping figs stretched along a creek bed. John Moffat's old house, the largest visible, stood on a hill. Near a two-story wooden hotel was an old red brick business building, its windows broken. It was Sunday, and the town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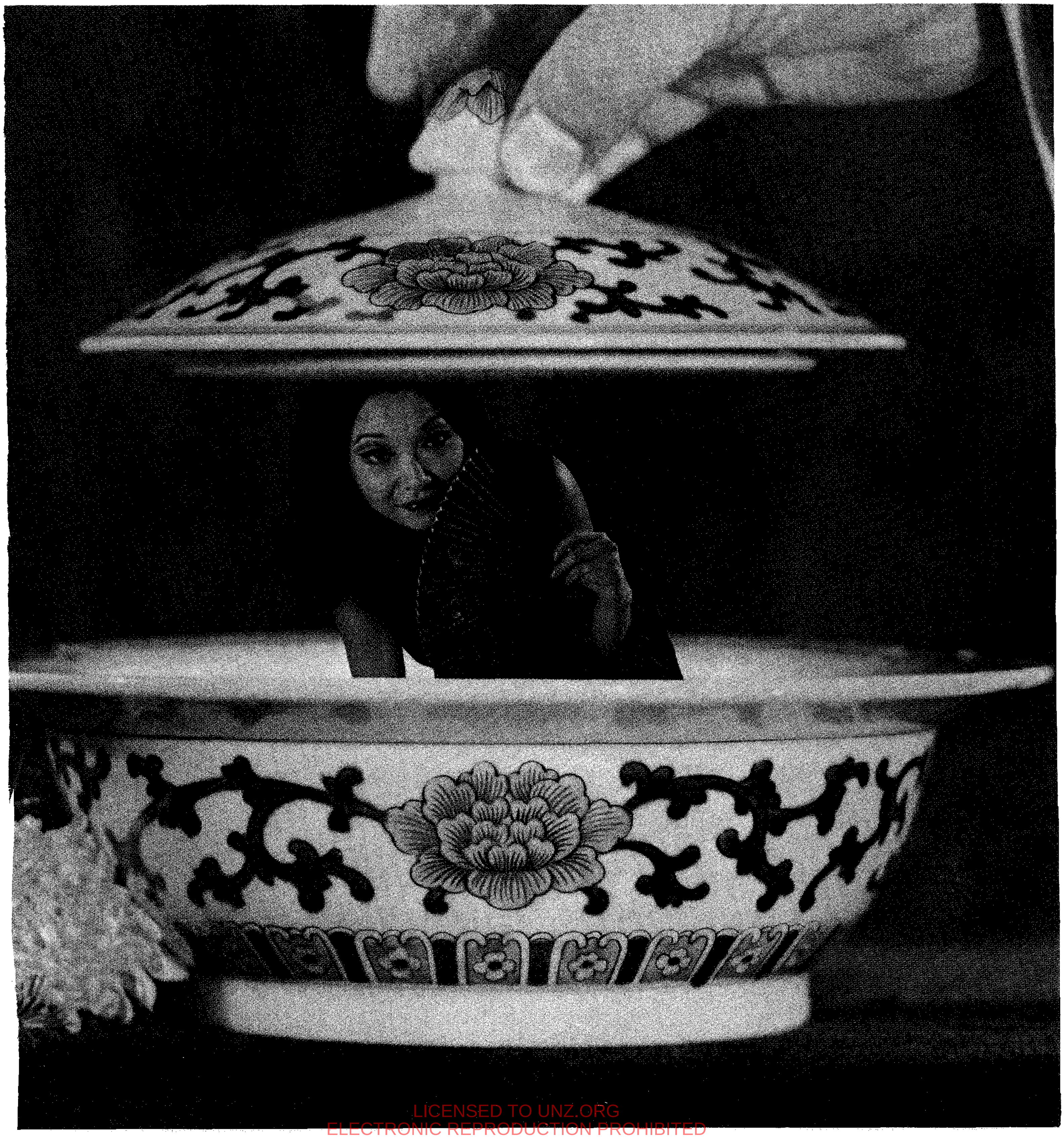

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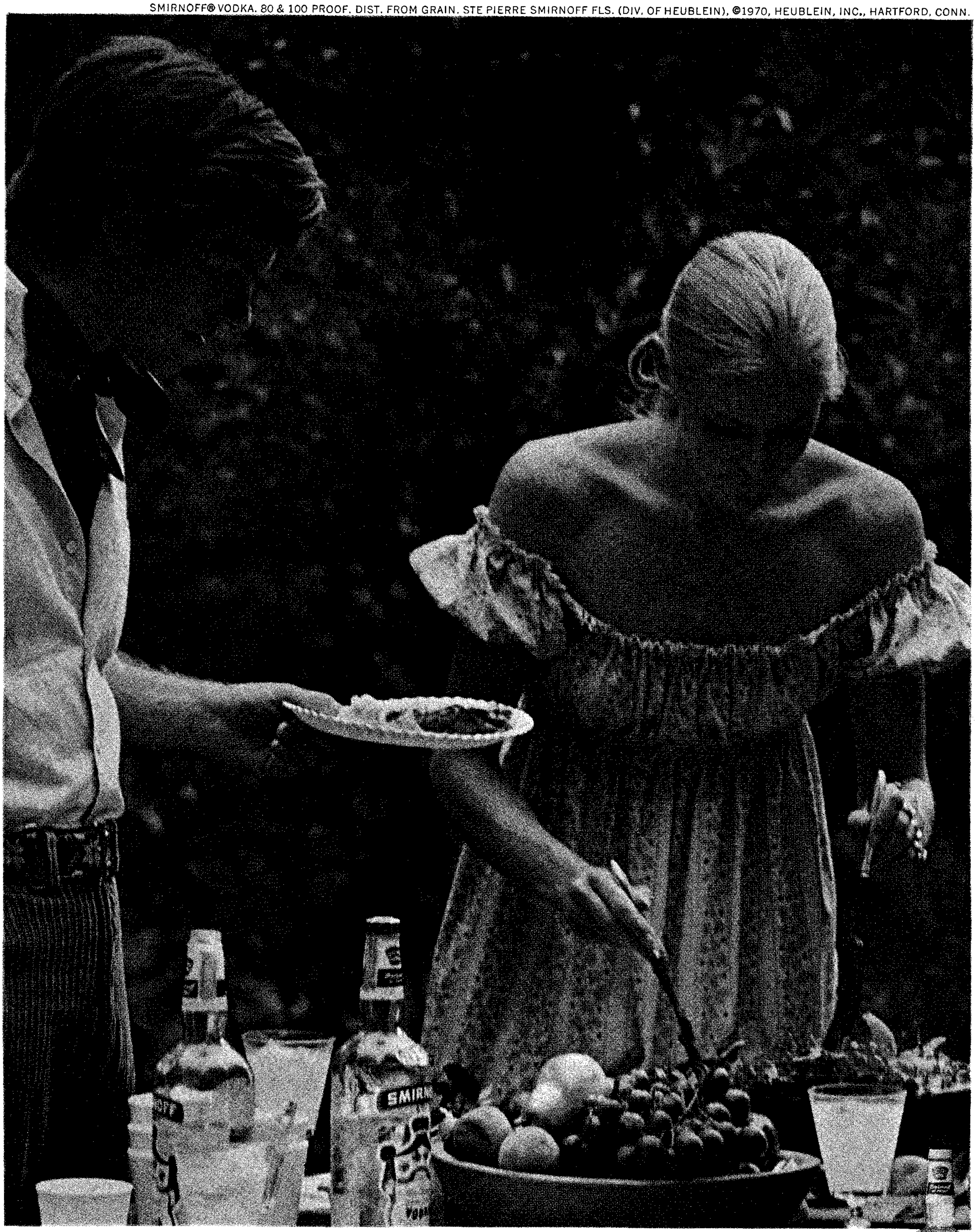

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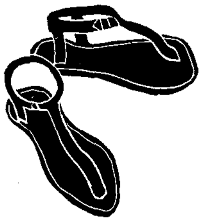
hall was locked up. Over all, there were few signs of life except at the hotel, where, pushing open the door, we found two or three unshaven old-timers drinking their midday beer. Actually, however, Irvinebank was benefitting from the general revival of mining in Queensland, as I learned when we got into conversation with these men. The past couple of years, they said, had seen more tin come out of the town's smelters than had come out during the preceding ten. At the turn of the century, the town had been one of the world's leading tin producers, and now there were rumors that the old lode, which in John Moffat's time had made his mine, the Vulcan, one of the deepest tin mines in Australia, had been picked up again on the other side of the ranges. Information about this was vague, but it was certain that, following a recent great increase in the world price of tin, various small groups were active in the hills roundabout, and that the battery, which in recent years had operated only irregularly, was now crushing three times a day. One of the old men pulled his battered dust-colored felt hat down over his eyes and assured my brother-in-law that the number of men working for wages there was increasing. "There was more metal left in than was ever taken out, and now the big men are around again and ready to take over the show," he said. "They can't get tin other places, and prospecting is restricted in the east, so they had to come back to old Irvinebank."



After wandering around the deserted, dusty streets and reading a plaque on the town's memorial to my uncle ("In Memory of Charitable and Philanthropic John Moffat—Mining Pioneer N. Queensland—Founded Irvinebank—The Children Ended Their Prayers 'God Bless John Moffat' "), we at last approached John Moffat's big house, which, after my uncle's death, had been taken over by the Queensland government, along with the mine. Although I knew that I had been born in this house, I found that at this point I had no wish to inquire into that event, let alone to pin it down to a certain room at the back, now stripped of furniture except for a cedar cupboard set into the wall. Most of the old grandeur of the house had faded, and several rooms in an office section, which had been added to the front of the original house, seemed to be occupied by itinerant miners, their beds unmade, their boots standing about stained with the local ochre-colored clay, and their work clothes hanging to dry from a makeshift line on the veranda. The whole place—a confusion of rooms, interlocking passages, and cubbyholes stuffed with mining records—still had about it signs of the kind of life familiar to me from reading old newspapers or from the tales of relatives. Fine cedar from the tablelands—by present-day standards invaluable for veneer—had been dragged up the ranges on muleback to form the main structure of the house, and had also been used for much of the furniture, including the long oval table in the "big room," where dusty glass doors gave onto a garden with stone-banked beds holding gnarled bougainvilleas.

From what I can gather, Moffat was a man understanding enough to take into consideration the wandering instincts of the working miners and of the unsuccessful tin scratchers who, after paying the charges on the scanty tin they had brought in to be assayed, would often, without his generosity, have had nothing left for themselves. He was also responsible enough to institute a patriarchal form of welfare. But what he was admired most for was his honesty, which seems to have been proverbial from one end of Queensland to the other. In 1887, he had pioneered at Chillagoe, northwest of Irvinebank, and, finding nine years later that more capital was needed to develop the copper field there, had sold out to a Melbourne company, retaining twenty-five thousand shares of stock for himself. In 1901, it came to light that there had been some sharp practice, including considerable false publicity, on the part of the company which made the share-pushers rich, and that the field contained less copper than had been thought. The company thereupon tried to float a loan for fifty thousand pounds to retain its position. John Moffat vetoed this, even though he had held on to his shares all through the boom period, when he knew that they were overvalued. At a crowded meeting at which shareholders hissed the company men, they cheered John Moffat, because he had risen to say, "If the shares were worth their top prices, I *would* not sell; if they were not, I *could* not sell." He had behaved in much the same way regarding the insolvency of his early general store, eventually repaying his creditors to the last penny, although he was not legally

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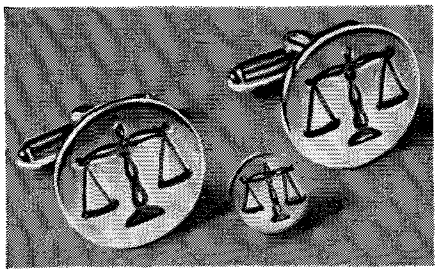

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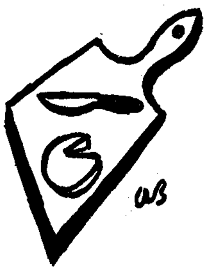
obliged to. Now it was evident to the shareholders in the copper mine that at a time when he could have cleared two-thirds of a million pounds he had chosen not to do so. The aftermath of this story was that the Chillagoe mine closed down. In December of 1901, there were eighteen hundred people in the town, and on New Year's Day, 1902, not a drink was sold there—a most unnatural and expressive fact. The miners were deserting the field, going to nearby Thornborough, going southwest to Cloncurry, going south to Kangaroo Hills, or giving up mining altogether and returning to the coast to work in the sugar fields.

My sister and her husband and I walked around the nearly deserted outskirts of Irvinebank searching out old-timers. We found one woman—a Mrs. Bender, a spry and talkative lady—who said that she was nearly eighty and had spent most of her life in and near Irvinebank, having married and brought up nine children there. She lived in a small wooden cottage with a tin roof, roughly furnished and rather run down, but with plants, including an unpruned rose tree, still flowering in the garden. Mrs. Bender told us she knew that at least one American had been there lately. "He went," she said. "But there's others been about. They're finding something up there, and they all want to come back. Some come up in the hills there above me and camp."

We asked her if she remembered John Moffat, and she nodded vigorously. "He was a good man for the place," she said. "Everything done here was done by John Moffat."

In the late afternoon, we drove out of Irvinebank on our way back to the coast, and just before dark we came to a little triangle of park, at Mareeba, where a battered old cannon from the First World War stood near a memorial plaque inscribed to John Atherton, who discovered the Tinaroo field. We were leaving behind part of northern Queensland's early history. Farther on, to the west of the road, under the shadow of the Bellenden-Ker Range, lay our old family homestead, a low, spreading wooden house, looking smaller than I had remembered it, in the way of family houses revisited after many years. After the death of my father, the property had been bought by one couple and then by another. The present owners, my sister told me, were Italians—representatives of a new wave of immigrants sweeping across the Australian cities and rural areas. They may have come too late to arrest the decay of the old place. The house now looked lonely, for much of the distant scrub had been felled, robbing it of its dark background. In the ruin of the garden—once bright with beds of flowers and sweet-smelling lemon verbena—hoary roses without blooms and wildly spreading lily plants grew among the stones of a fallen fernery. The trees were gone from the garden, too—dead or cut down. The fences, which had always been kept mended and painted, were broken and faded. The steps on all four sides of the veranda were rotting. The barns, the dairy, the cream house, the paddocks, the sheds—all were stained with mud and half hidden by weeds and rusting machinery.



THE rest of my northern journey was to take me high on Cape York, to Weipa, where bauxite production was booming, and then southwest to Mount Isa and Mary Kathleen, five hundred miles inland, where there were rich stores of copper, silver, lead, zinc, and uranium. No contrast could be greater than the one between the complex operations of the big companies there and the individualistic efforts of the vanished pioneers. The old struggle between manager and miner that had become inevitable when the companies turned to deep mining had now been resolved; the miner had traded his liberty for the best economic terms. In these days of social security, though, one is apt to forget what it was that made men miners in the first place. Today, Australia needs new types of metals, and has found them. From one end of the country to the other, rich fields have been discovered and eager prospectors are searching for still more. But increasingly the working of the fields is being organized on an international basis. It is natural, in our technological age, to think with faint regret of the human scale of the past—even though it meant so much human struggle. Safeguards are now set up to protect men from harm, but one can ask whether health and welfare precautions, modern conveniences, and a good salary have quite made up for the inspiriting hope of "striking it rich."

My years of absence in the United States had prevented me from experiencing the steady closing of the gap between the world I had deserted and the more advanced and mechanized world I found on my return. Anthony Linedale, in describing his first trip to northern Queensland, when he travelled the coast with a shipment of supplies for John Moffat and rode for three days with packhorses up into the ranges, talked of the joy he had felt when he first looked out over the dramatic Barron River valley sloping away to the coast and caught the unforgettable, lemonlike scent of the citrus gum. Like the penniless nomadic miner with his swag on his back, like John Moffat, like John Newell, and like my father, he had had confidence in his own strength and his own efforts, and had looked out on a world that he expected to conquer.

—Joan Colebrook

•

Once Upon a Time...

There was a bookstore by the name of Downtown Book.

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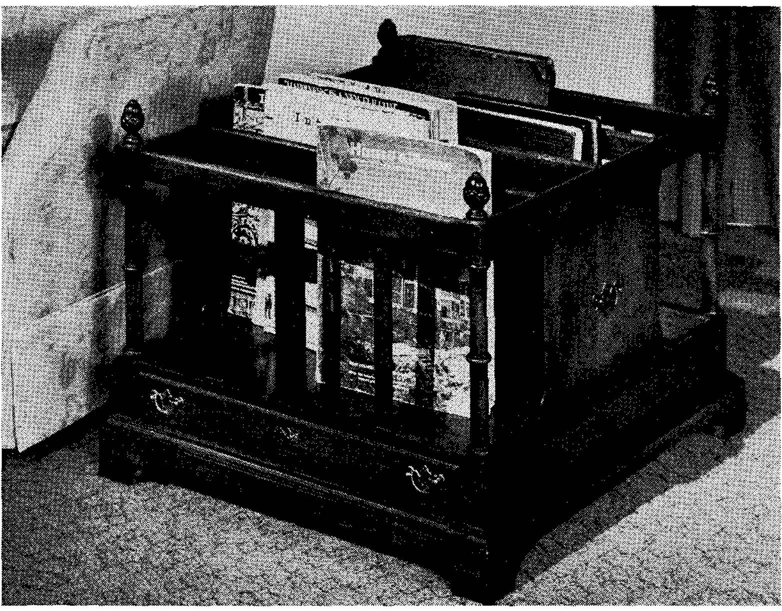
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From a review in the London Times Literary Supplement*]

The problem that Professor Cunliffe sets out to study and, so far as it can be done, solve, is the fondness of Americans for electing soldiers to high office—John F. Kennedy is the only naval officer to reach really high office; and Professor Cunliffe tells us at the beginning that he is going to ignore the Navy.... The President is Commander-in-Chief to keep the military in order, not to exalt the President into a kind of Prussian War Lord, but the office can be held with good conscience by Quakers like President Hoover and President Nixon (although, since President Nixon has been an officer in the United States Navy, he is not a Quaker of the highest Pennsylvania orthodoxy).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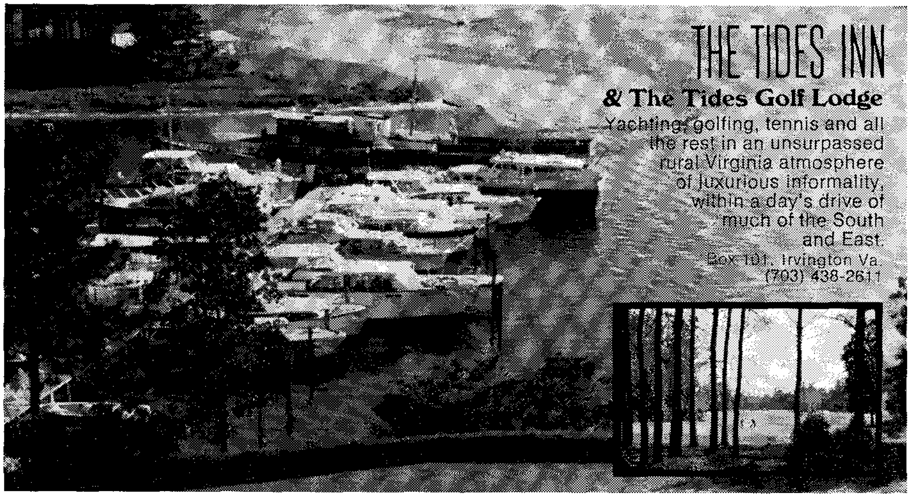
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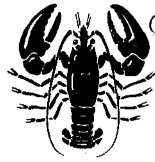
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the olivetti collection

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2. Lettera 31. Rectangular in shape with a low silhouette. Designed for economy as well as beauty. 12¼″ x 13½″ x 3½″. 9¼ pounds.
3. Studio 45. Designed by Ettore Sottsass. The Brightwriter movement began with the Studio 45. Denuded of unessential frills, the Studio 45 was designed to fit in any modern home or office environment. Blue or Grey. 13½″ x 15½″ x 5½″. 15 pounds.
4. Lettera 32. Successor of the Lettera 22. Emphasizes perfect fluidity of line, shape and proportion. Precision engineered to provide all the essential features of a standard typewriter. A truly complete portable. 13″ x 13¼″ x 3½″. 9¼ pounds.
5. Valentine. By Ettore Sottsass. Designed in Milan. This typewriter breaks restrictions of dull colors. Bright red crash helmet material. Molded case. 13″ x 13″ x 4″. 10 pounds.

Individual pieces are available at Olivetti dealers and fine department stores.

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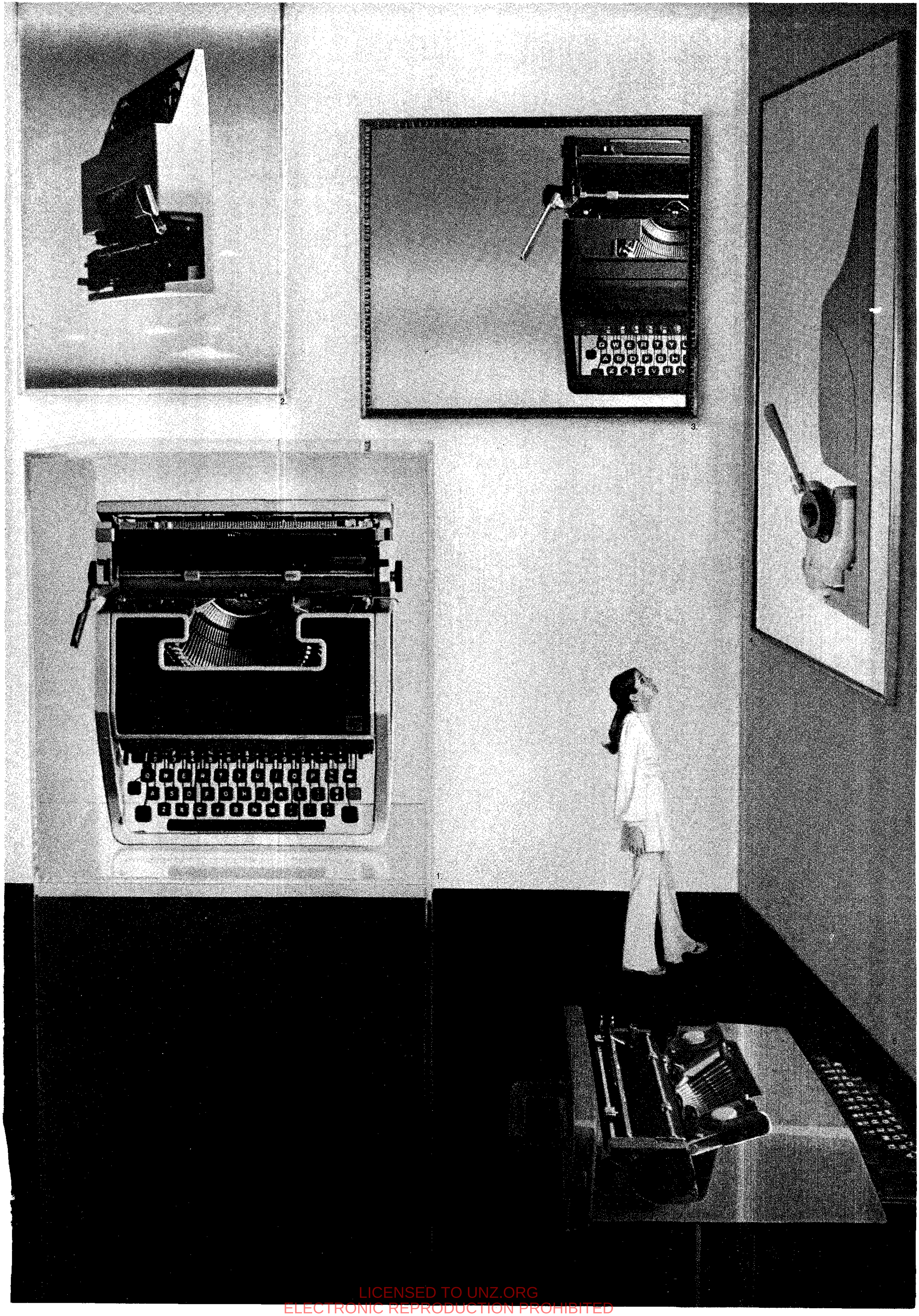
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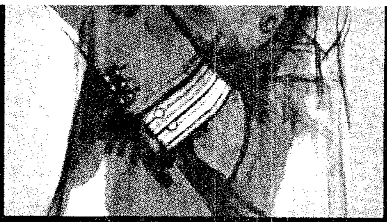

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THE RACE TRACK

Sunset at Saratoga

HARDLY a season goes by without the appearance of at least one two-year-old whose speed and brilliance dazzle everybody. A year ago, it was Silent Screen. This year, up to last weekend, it was Executioner. He'd won Saratoga's Sanford Stakes so easily from Raise Your Glass, Proudest Roman, and five others that he was odds-on for the Hopeful Stakes there last Saturday. As you probably know, he finished seventh—next to last—and about ten lengths behind Proudest Roman, who won by a length and a half from Pass Catcher, Executioner's stablemate. Cool Moon was third, and Raise Your Glass was fourth. Curiously, there's always rain and rough going the fourth week at the Spa, and a good old-fashioned downpour the day before the Hopeful left the track still muddy for the race. As I caught it on television, Executioner was well up for about half of the six and a half furlongs, then began to drop back. Afterward, it was said that he didn't like the going. Proudest Roman was away well, but Rotz eased him back just off the pace until he was ready to make his run. A well-made dark-bay colt by Never Bend out of Roman Song, Proudest Roman is owned by Mrs. John A. Morris, whose colors are "all scarlet"—her husband's family's for more than a hundred years—to which she has added a light-blue cap and light-blue collar and cuffs. It was Proudest Roman's fourth victory in five starts.

THE final week at the Spa began with the Diana Handicap, for fillies and mares, in which Shuvee, running to her best form, wore down Dark Emerald, to whom she gave eleven pounds, in the last strides of the nine furlongs. Obeah, the heroine of the Delaware Handicap, tired in the stretch and was passed by Native Partner for third money. The Spinaway Stakes, the meeting's biggest prize for two-year-old fillies, was a topsy-turvy scramble in which Forward Gal had all the racing luck. A forward gal throughout the six furlongs, she won by a length from Patelin, winner of the Schuylerville, who was the favorite. Deceit, who early in the season ran up a string of six straight, was third. Bonnie and Gay, winner of the Astoria, was fourth, but she caused so much interference in the running that she was disqualified and placed last. As had been expected, the meeting was financially the most successful ever; attendance for the twenty-four days was 423,736, and $34,788,472 was bet in the tote.

SO we're back at Belmont Park again, and we will have racing there through October 17th. This weekend, three-year-old fillies will run a mile and a furlong in the Gazelle Handicap, and on Labor Day the Governor Nicolls Stakes will bring out the best of the older horses in training—such as they are.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*Letter from the New York Subways Advertising Company*]

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SIXTH AGE

His manly voice . . . turns again toward childish . . . treble sound

LAST SCENE OF ALL

Ends this history. Sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything.

Well, 'tis bootless to exclaim. Here's the presentation of the contemporary creative man. . . .

WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

SEPTEMBER

You're back in town from the beach or the mountains or wherever and you're looking for something to ease the shock. Friend, you've come to the right place. "Holiday On Ice" is still captivating Garden crowds through (13) and its joyous fun and spectacle are just what a family needs to readjust to the metropolitan scene.

Lots of Garden goodies in the offing this month too. The only world's heavyweight champion ever to lose his title and regain it, Floyd Patterson, embarks once again on the comeback trail (15) with Charlie (Devil) Green providing the non-cooperation.

Then on (23) and continuing through October 4, New York will be introduced to a simply marvelous new kind of entertainment entitled "Disney On Parade". Imagine if you can all the characters created by the genius of Disney coming to living, breathing life in an extravaganza that combines music, spectacle, dancing and comedy in glorious proportions.

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You and your whole family will want to meet Mickey, Minnie, Donald, Pluto, the Three Little Pigs, Alice, Cinderella, the Jungle Book Animals and all the rest of your all-time favorites In Person. So come and enjoy!

But that's not all! Still another great spectacle comes to the Garden when the massed bands, pipes, drums and dancers of Britain's famed Coldstream Guards and the Black Watch march in for three performances (16) (17) and (18). Then they all march over to the Felt Forum for two additional shows on (20). Five shows in all—each an unforgettable display of skill and pageantry.

You'll long remember September at the Garden.

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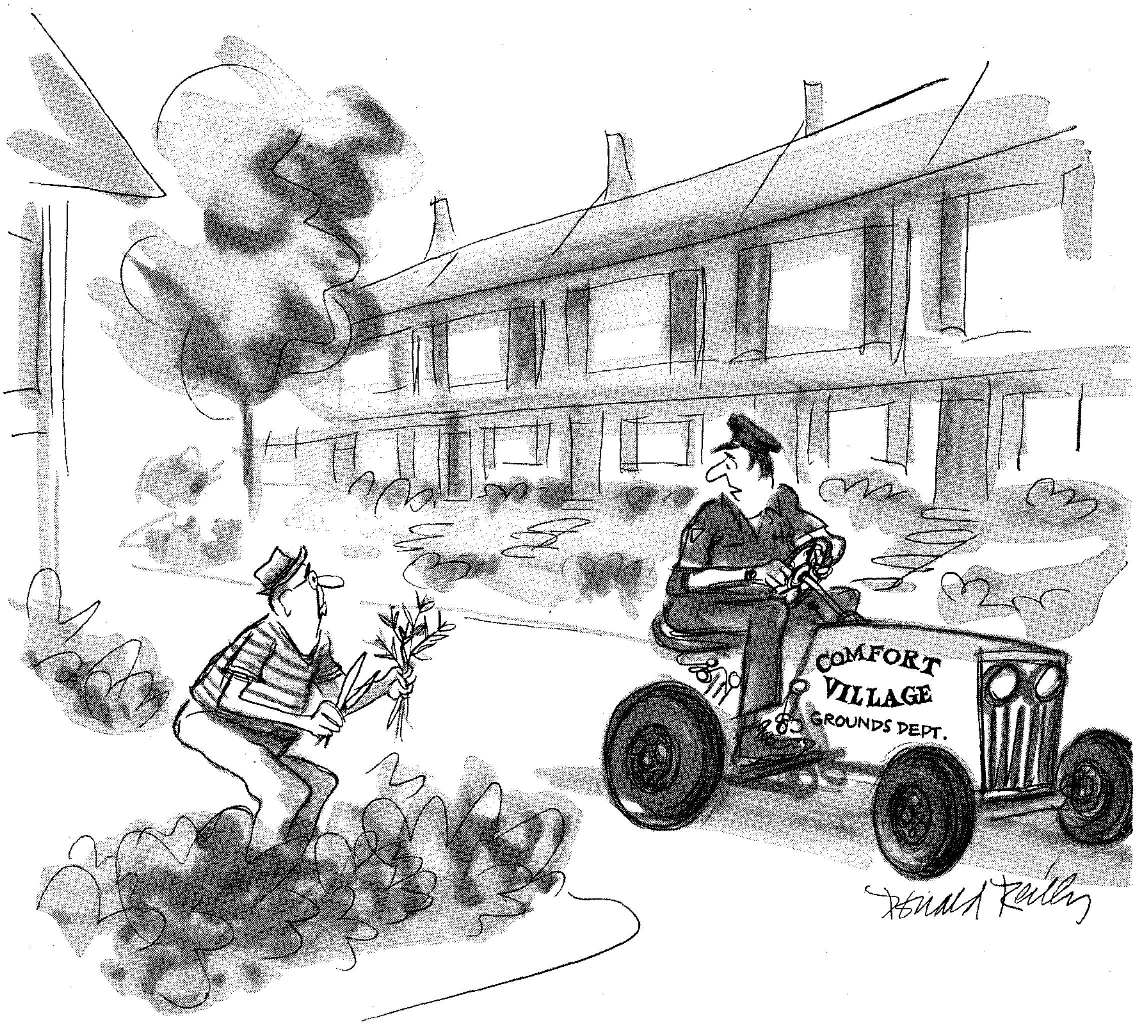
BOOKS

Still and Quiet Consciences

HISTORY tells us that the United States of America came into being because unconventional, scorned, rebellious people were willing to risk suffering and death in order to live as they believed it right to live. Some of our first settlers had been jailed or threatened with jail in England because their ideals offended the government, if not the dominant majority. And over the centuries this "new world" has attracted millions of people who felt despised and persecuted or exceedingly vulnerable to all sorts of arbitrary political force.

It is too early to know what future history will say about the kind of country the United States became in the second half of the twentieth century, but those who choose to read Dr. Willard Gaylin's "In the Service of Their Country: War Resisters in Prison" (Viking) may well conclude that we are no longer a sanctuary for the hunted, the proudly different, the stubbornly independent but that we, like George III and many others more recent, regard dissenters, however thoughtful and peaceful and sincere and earnest, as people to be punished, to be treated as castoffs rather than citizens. Perhaps later history will note the irony: men fight and die so that they and their descendants can say what they think, believe as they will, live as their consciences tell them they must, and then, gradually but relentlessly, under the banner of "defending freedom" abroad, lose the freedom to speak out against their government, its laws, its practices, its purposes, and the freedom to say that this loss is a violation of a law higher than any that a particular Congress has enacted and a particular President (God save his endangered soul) has set out to enforce. It is arguable that we have come so far from our professed ideals as a democracy that we have nearly betrayed our own revolution. How does one know, though? Sometimes events are dramatic and clear-cut. Yet things can change slowly enough to confuse but not frighten us, not make us stop and think. We merely discuss these matters, too often abstractly, rhetorically, with self-justifying pieties and simpleminded slogans. And, indeed, no anti-pollution law will clear the air of all the hysteria, the abusive words, the apocalyptic warnings, the sly appeals to hate, the open calls for violence; as long as we remain free, our ears will suffer the noise of wily and banal propagandists.

Meanwhile, dozens of citizens are in jail because they have refused to fight in Vietnam, and by no means are all these young men leftists or members of "extremist" groups. Some of them voted for Goldwater and consider themselves staunch conservatives; some have had no political involvement at all. What they do have in common is an opposition to the war we are waging, an inability (according to their draft boards) to qualify as "conscientious objectors," and a refusal to flee the country, or to claim a wide range of medical and psychiatric deferments, or to declare themselves drug addicts or homosexuals. Simply, directly, these young men have said they are conscience-bound not to help our war in Vietnam. They have resorted to no violence, they have invaded no draft-board headquarters, they have shouted no obscenities, they have not taken jobs that enable deferments, they have not enrolled in an academic program that helps them stay out of the Army. Stubbornly, they have pushed themselves and their draft boards and perhaps all of us to the legal and moral limit. And thus they may help the nation decide



"It's nothing to do with you personally, Mr. Pillsbury. It's just that if we let you do a little puttering we'll have to let everybody do a little puttering."

some of the large political, philosophical, and historical issues so many of us are thinking about, and with concern.

Dr. Gaylin, an experienced psychoanalyst, teaches—at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center—young psychiatrists who want to become analysts. He also teaches at the Union Theological Seminary. He embarked upon the research he describes in his book not because he was politically active against the government and wanted to use war resisters as a basis for a critique of America's foreign policy; in point of fact, his research began when he was asked by a friend to see his only son. The son, a graduate student, had been deferred, but the urgency of the war had ended that deferment. He was not a religious objector or a pacifist, and he did not wish to leave the country. The father knew his son would go to jail if, against a background of good health and a reasonably sound mind, he persisted in refusing to heed the demand that he put on a uniform. Both father and son thought it was wise to talk the issue over with an analyst. Analysts have that famous "distance;" they can try to sort out the rational from the irrational, weigh alternatives, ponder difficulties, stresses, and strains. Dr. Gaylin heard out the troubled son's very real dilemma, and one gathers that the Doctor himself became troubled and confused, and began to wonder about the war resisters who went to prison. Who were they, and why did they voluntarily let such a fate befall them? How did they manage—these idealistic youths, so different from others behind bars? He went through the "literature" available, but he found no answer. He asked the federal Bureau of Prisons if any research was going on that might provide answers. No, there was not even an effort to determine the number of imprisoned who were resisters, or what proportion of the nation's draftable population they were, or what their racial and religious backgrounds were, or why they chose prison.

No doubt by then the Doctor was, as it is put in his profession, "involved." (There is danger in that word; it is as if psychiatrists ought to maintain a fine impartiality, a scrupulous neutrality toward everyone and everything.) The question was what to do with that "involvement." Analyze it? Forget it? Hope someone else would turn in a report? Do one of those "research proposals" that Dr. Gaylin says are almost invariably "half promise, half puff, and all pitch"? He decided that he would go it alone,

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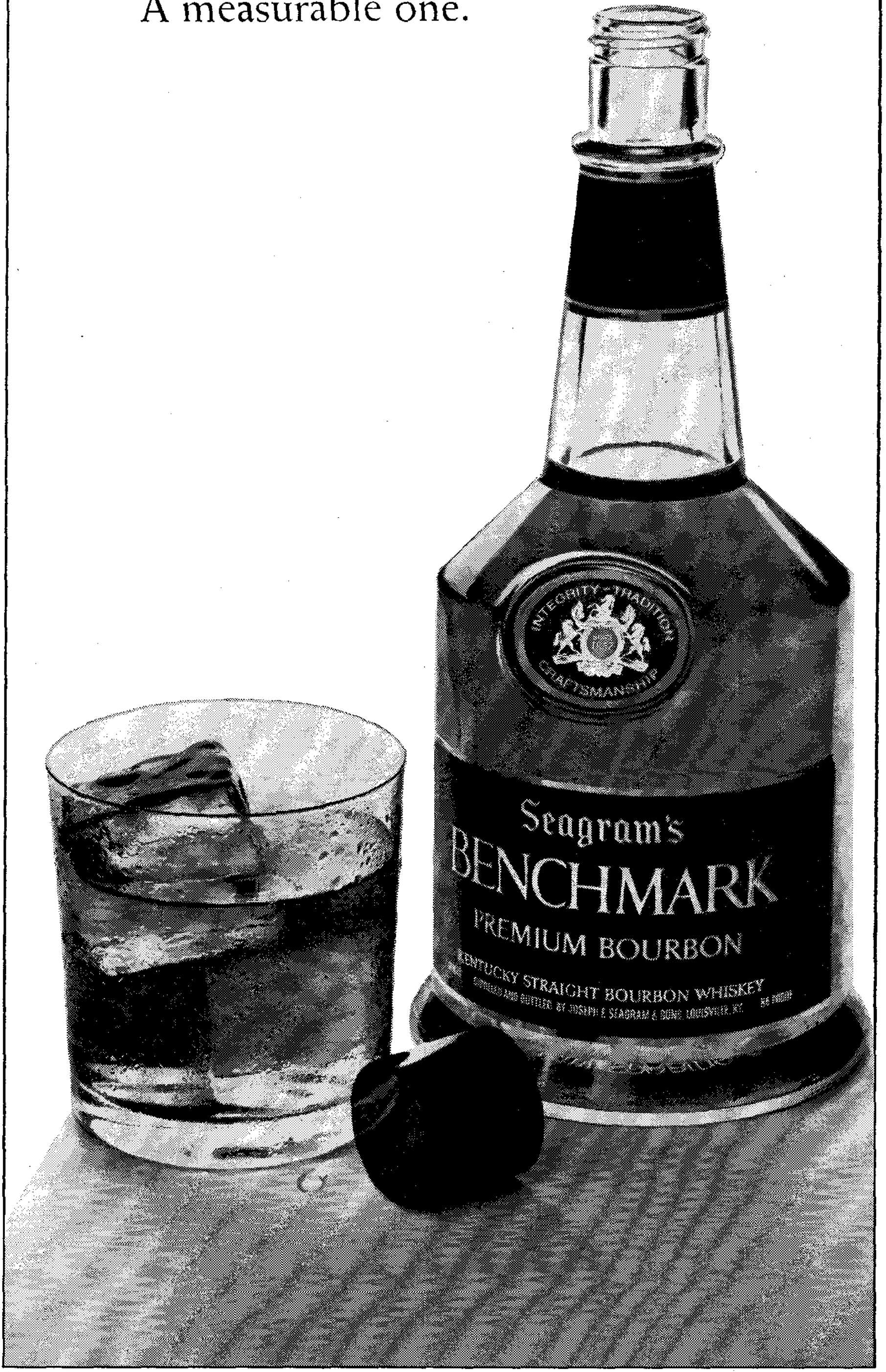

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without help from even the more imaginative foundations; as for the federal government and its largesse, the Doctor reasoned that "the preparation and processing of a proposal for the National Institutes of Health has been known to take longer than the performance of the proposed research." He did, though, petition the government for permission to visit its prisons. He feared his project would become entangled in the delays that the National Institutes of Health force applicants to endure, but he was greeted with respect, interest, and coöperation at the Bureau of Prisons, though at the prisons themselves the situation was different. Yet at least he could spend hour after hour with war resisters in two prisons. He describes his attempt to make sure he saw a wide range of youths, and the obstacles put in his way by nervous, suspicious, and not always intelligent prison bureaucrats who wanted only that routine be followed to the letter. He describes the quiet, patient, almost plodding way a psychoanalyst does his work, the prisons he visited, the things he looked and listened for as he brought his watchful eye, his trained ear to bear on over two dozen young men. And then he offers some conclusions; he describes the values, hopes, and fears of those men, and their responses to prolonged confinement.

The subject matter of this book and the author's thoughtful, dedicated way of setting down his observations in themselves justify respect and interest. But Dr. Gaylin wishes to tell us more, for he is a careful and methodical psychoanalytic investigator, a tactful and kind observer, a warm and giving person, able to keep his silence and to prompt things from others, a man sympathetic and responsive, a man outraged in the presence of the stupid, degrading side of prison life. And he is a writer; each of the young men becomes a person, not a bundle of "neurotic problems" or a tormented youth who needs years of "treatment." Yet "whenever I have discussed this group in the psychoanalytic community I have encountered a bias that assumes in advance a high degree of psychopathology." Yes, indeed; one can hear the words he heard over and over about these young men: they are masochists, they have a deep-rooted guilt, they are psychotic. The Doctor tries to understand his colleagues, but one can feel his impatience, his wry amusement, his barely concealed annoyance as he writes, " 'To the pathologist all is pathology' is a favorite axiom of medicine—and the psychopathologist is no different," pointing up the narrow-mindedness and condescension of our psychiatric and psychoanalytic "community." Perhaps this book will be read widely in that community and have an effect. In any event, a much larger community—a whole nation—needs to know what happens when a young American citizen quietly follows his conscience and is jailed.

We find out what happens by reading Dr. Gaylin. He does not give us "case histories" or the conventional biographies. He manages to make each youth not just himself but a stand-in for many who would never let themselves go to jail yet who certainly have taken notice of the hypocrisy and deceit that flourish not only in Washington but all over the world. Slowly, with muted irony and humor, with lean and precise prose, Dr. Gaylin brings these prisoners to us, and there is about his writing a novelist's ability to unfold a story compellingly, to bring alive its implications, its drama, its significance. Of one of the young men he says:

> I was particularly concerned about this deterioration because, while there was good psychological evidence to anticipate it, I had not expected it to occur so rapidly. At no time during the course of this research have I experienced the frustration of a psychoanalytic investigator to the degree I did at this moment. As an investigator one sees all the pathology that is available to the therapist, yet with none of the opportunities to reverse it, and with only minimum capacity to alleviate the suffering. It is particularly distressing with a group so innately attractive.

Of another, he says:

> Toward the end of this session, which was our second last, Matthew asked when I would be coming back. I asked him why, and with some embarrassment he said he was wondering if he would see me before his discharge. I indicated that I would try to, and he told me how much he looked forward to meeting with me and added with great embarrassment that he liked me.

One can understand Matthew's getting to like Dr. Gaylin—a development not to be taken for granted. These were men hounded for a long time before they were sent to jail. Once locked up, they were constantly being ordered about, reprimanded, herded. They lived in sight of gun turrets. Every moment, every move was controlled. Their letters were opened. They had few, and carefully regulated, visitors. They were surrounded by robbers and arsonists, and the danger of homosexual rape. Something would have been

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wrong indeed had such youths not been fearful of a man with a tape recorder who wanted to know, in the psychoanalyst's wide-ranging way, whatever came to mind. But they must have felt something in the Doctor that was not an abstract effort to become "aligned with the subject," as it is put in certain clinical conferences—something suggested by words like "grace" and "decency." "Sentences," says Dr. Gaylin, "were often left unfinished, like the phrases of a bop solo, with the implication that the point was made halfway through and there was no sense in killing it with obviousness." And here is a passage from one "research project": "And as our time ran out, I became aware that this time I was reluctant to see the meeting come to an end, for with John it was not just the end of the interview but in all probability the end of a relationship. Despite all the training and discipline, this comes hard to a psychiatrist, too."

To extract such remarks from a book is to risk distorting the nature of an author's work. Before John and Dr. Gaylin could feel free with one another, there were the hours when observer and observed probed at and kept their distance from each other. It can be dangerously easy for us—no doubt a little guilty and more than a little sympathetic—to become ecstatic over both those young men and the doctor whose tenacity and imagination made such a study possible; when, therefore, we come across evidence, and plenty of it, that the imprisoned men are largely intelligent and honorable and admirable human beings, we are saddened by what has happened to them (and to our country, because it has done what it has done to them), and we are impressed by and grateful to Dr. Gaylin for what *he* has done. His account of his talks is quite unsentimental. The youths are prone to self-criticism and a hard-headed, undeluded characterization of their motives and their predicament. They are quick to see the martyr in themselves surface. They know the struggle they must wage if they are not to become arrogant, self-righteous social critics. They do not come across to us as ideologues, so they have waged a successful struggle. They do not rant. Many of them possess a profoundly religious sensibility. They know that, and know their imperfections (which admittedly makes for a degree of saintliness), and so does their observer:

> *He then went on to mention a few* of the men who annoyed him. He particularly resented those few who seemed eager for martyrdom or those who were

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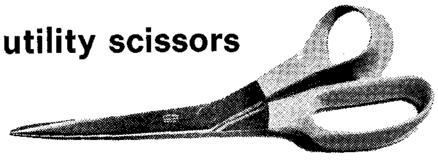

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the most polemic. These were characteristically the newer inmates. It was generally true that the men who had served a longer time had little patience with what they saw as the jingoism and pomposity of many newly arrived prisoners.

Whatever their faults, and however they acted or spoke when they arrived in jail, these were not youths prepared by their lives for imprisonment. Talking about Hank, a black man, at twenty-one a veteran of many a civil-rights demonstration, a sullen and angry youth who could at the same time be restrained, introspective, and gentle, Dr. Gaylin notes, "I wanted to be sure, to comfort him, to reassure him, but our relationship was beyond lies, deeper than reassurance. I merely shrugged." He shrugged because he could not answer Hank's civilized question "Are you still so sure I'm not capable of violence?" And how could he be sure? Had he not seen that in prisons a small number of armed men obtain the fearful compliance of a large number of men by separating them, isolating them, curbing them, encouraging passivity, lethargy, undermining self-confidence, pride, manliness, and individuality? Men are not rehabilitated that way; instead, the idea of future violence is planted.

Dr. Gaylin starts out with war resisters, but he ends with yet another critique of our outrageous prisons. Like Warren Burger, he sees our jails as self-defeating institutions; the criminal becomes more of a criminal, at huge expense to all of us. The war resisters did not become the thieves and killers they never could have been, but they, too, had to pay—with bitterness and hurt and self-doubt. Even in the last pages of his book, Dr. Gaylin gives us no cause for joy. True, they will all get out, maybe in a year or two, or five. But they will be a particularly sensitive and impressionable group of men, unlikely to forget what they have experienced.

In living up to their difficult ideals, imprisoned war resisters are not, in general, political activists. "Most do not even think in political terms." They are, in the main, Christian pacifists. They "are a different population from the college radicals," Dr Gaylin says. "They are not for the most part organizers, and when they attempt such activity often fail." Rather than exhort their fellow-man, they "believe in action by example and witness," and so make themselves vulnerable and lend themselves to all sorts of exploitation. Prison wardens, like political leaders, and maybe even draft boards and judges, know who has a "constituency" and

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can stir up a storm of protest, and who is utterly alone. For all the pain these war resisters have known, will continue to know, Dr. Gaylin seems to have found in them what Shakespeare called "a peace above all dignities, a still and quiet conscience." I fear that most of us crave quite other dignities, and that we know rather well how to silence whatever noise our consciences make in those occasional moments of honesty we have with ourselves.

—Robert Coles

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Gold in the Glass, by Virginia Chaquet (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A most enjoyable novel—casual, civilized, and with a touch of astringency that sometimes seems like defiance—about an aged American lady, Mrs. Jugson (Jug), who has lived for fifty privately riotous years in a very small French town, a villagey place called Villemont. At the height of her career as a ballet dancer, world famous and universally adored, illness forced Jug's retirement, but why she chose to bury herself in Villemont remains a mystery. Her house, a falling-down ruin, is splendidly stocked with books, pictures, wine, brandy, and evident memories, but more splendidly stocked still is Jug's mind, where she has found such diversion that for twenty-three years she has done her best to discourage the visitors who travel from everywhere in the hope of having a few words with her. The busy little village, with its few shops and its volcanic resources of gossip and conjecture, and kindness and cruelty in almost equal parts, forms a poignant background to Miss Chaquet's unfolding story of the last days of a doughty expatriate American. This is Miss Chaquet's first novel.

GENERAL

The Resurrection of Richard Nixon, by Jules Witcover (Putnam). Nothing in this absolutely first-rate account of a remarkable political comeback is likely to change the reader's estimate of the President who made it all the way from the two defeats of 1960 and 1962 to the victory of 1968. Those who like or admire President Nixon will find justification for their affection in Mr. Witcover's description of his doggedness and nerve, of his party loyalty and his political astuteness, of

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his logical mind and simple tastes. Readers who see the President as ambitious, bitter, withdrawn, and, if not unprincipled, lacking an inspiring political vision may well imagine that Mr. Witcover sees him that way, too. The fact is that Mr. Witcover, a thorough, honest reporter who has deftly put together a lot of facts, does not sacrifice complexity to vividness. He tells an intricate story about complicated events and about people who, like the President, are not nearly as simple as perhaps they would like to be.

IN SPITE OF MYSELF: A PERSONAL MEMOIR, by Winthrop Sargeant (Doubleday). Toward the end of his forties, the author, then (as now) a writer and music critic, ran up against a psychic block that brought him to a full stop. He was unable to write, unable to think rationally, unable to go about his daily life. This book, written nearly twenty years ago and then shelved, describes not so much how he extricated himself, with the aid of a psychoanalyst, from his fearful corner as how he thinks he came to get into it in the first place. Casting back over his entire life, from infancy until his collapse, he touches upon many things—among them a love-hate relationship with a smothering mother and a disastrous false start as a child prodigy. As an essay on the vexed vagaries of human personality and as the partial autobiography of an interesting man, these confessions are of a high order, and they are written with wit and grace.

GRANT AS MILITARY COMMANDER, by General Sir James Marshall-Cornwall (Van Nostrand). An assessment of U. S. Grant's generalship by a British soldier, geographer, and authority on Napoleon's campaigns. Like several other European historians, Sir James rates Grant very high—above Lee, Sherman, Stonewall Jackson, or any of the others—but he sees Grant's success more as a harvesting of his native virtues of common sense, imperturbability, dogged fixity of purpose, and courage than as the result of brilliance of mind or intuitive genius. Sir James is a no-nonsense writer: he solves the old problem of dealing with a war in which the names of the leaders of both sides were often confusingly alike by putting all Confederates in italics; as for considerations of Grant's general slovenliness and his occasional bouts with alcohol, he brushes these aside as of no importance, the way Lincoln did. The book, which is written as a straight narrative from the time Grant was a thirty-eight-year-old clerk in a Galena store and an acknowledged failure to the climactic meeting at Appomattox Court House, benefits from the author's interest in the terrain of the fighting (he has gone over much of it map in hand) and from his refreshing approach, for he writes not for an audience of Civil War buffs but as though he were telling this history for the first time. Illustrations and maps.

THE DISCIPLE AND HIS DEVIL, by Valerie Pascal (McGraw-Hill). A turgid biography that leaves Ouida far behind in the use of the purple passage. The disciple is Gabriel Pascal, the Hungarian-born producer and director who made four of Bernard Shaw's plays into movies; the Devil, of course, is Shaw; and the biographer—whose true subject is herself—is Pascal's Hungarian-born widow, who left a husband in Budapest to seek out Pascal in Paris and marry him at the height of his success. Little is known about Pascal's background, and it has never been clear why Shaw gave an unknown and penniless adventurer the rights to turn "Pygmalion" into a movie. Mrs. Pascal makes nothing clearer, and her peculiar account even obscures some things. "Shaw was unhappy about Gabriel's choice of Leslie Howard for Professor Higgins," she says, and never mentions that Howard and Anthony Asquith co-directed the movie. The author divorced her husband a month before his death, in 1954, and the book ends with unpleasant personal wranglings at the hospital where Pascal was dying of cancer, and unpleasant legal wranglings later in court over who would share in his estate, but the writing is gooey to the last sentence—"Yes, it was a divine privilege to love him."

NOTE: Dial has published "Moon Rocks," an account of the events surrounding the Apollo 11 mission and of the subsequent debate over its findings, by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. Most of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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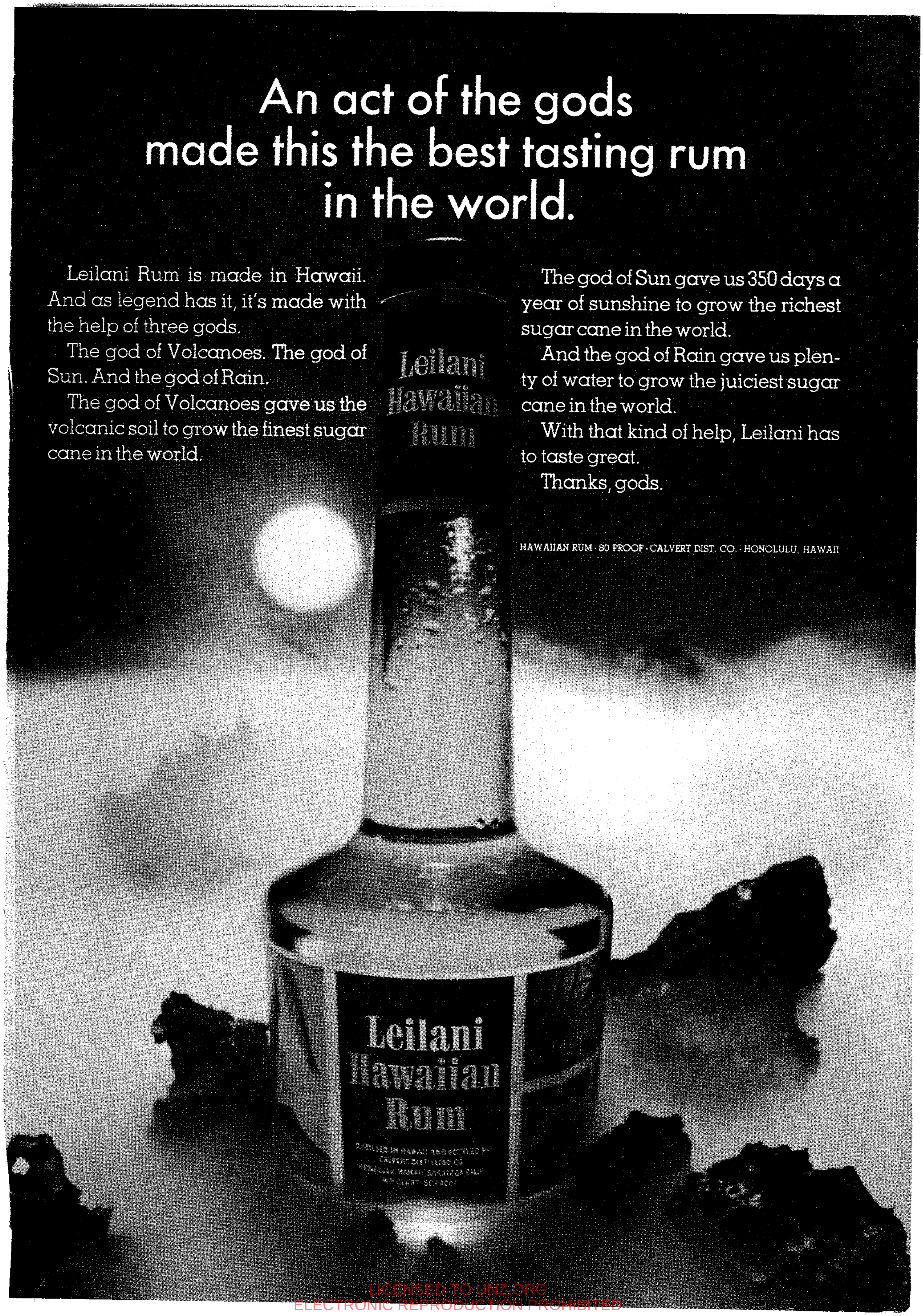
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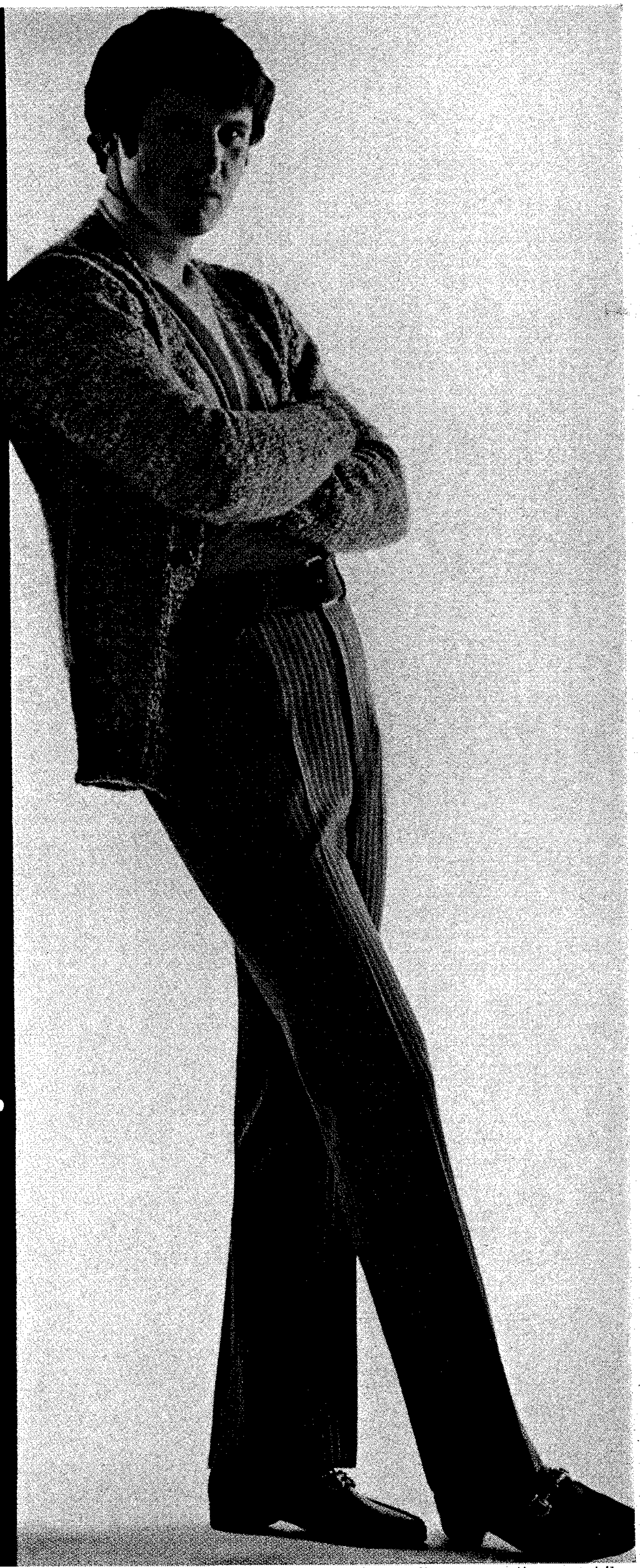

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